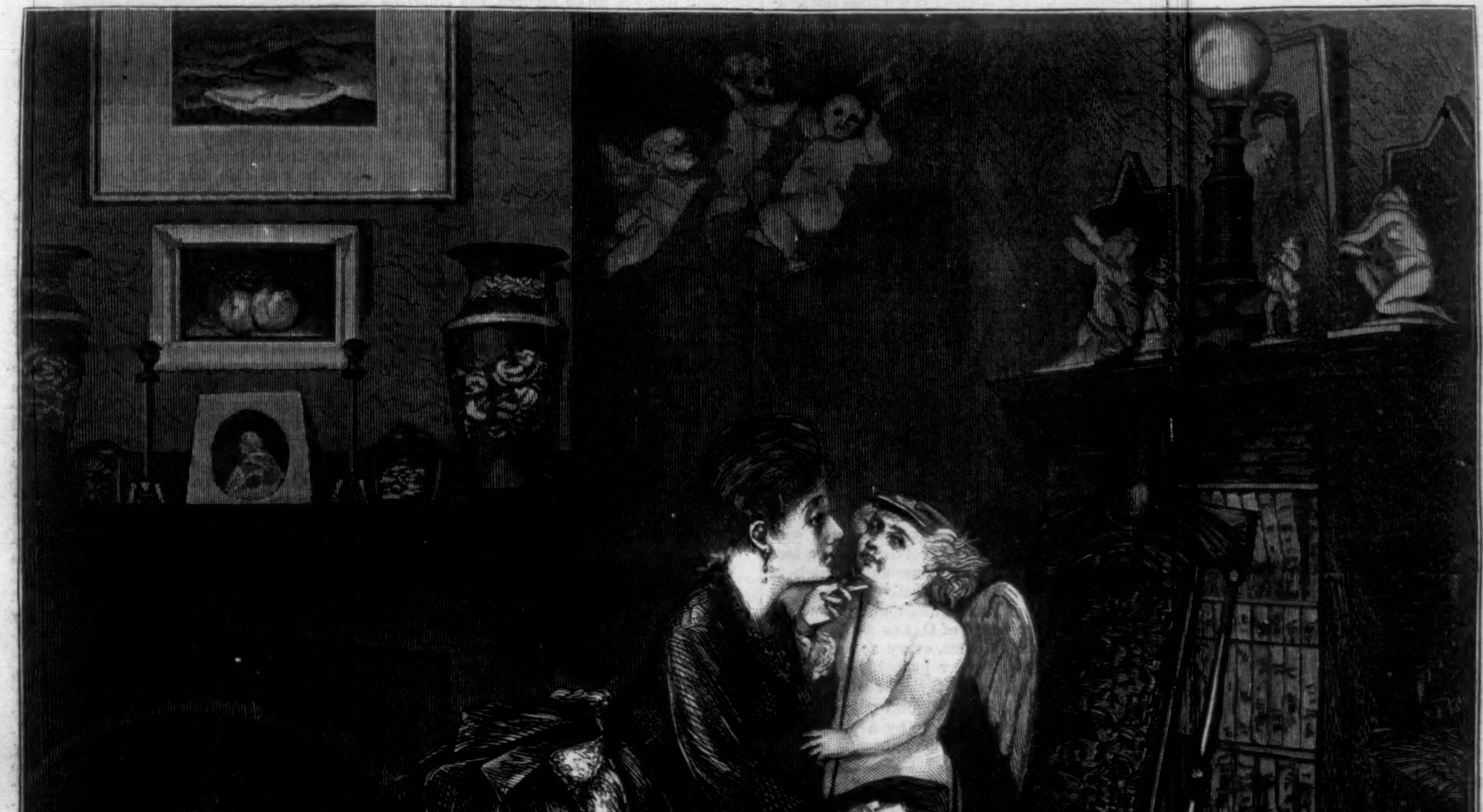
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVII.—No. 842.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



ROBBING THE UNITED STATES MAIL.—[Drawn by Gaston Fay.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a large installment of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY"

and the concluding chapters of

"MIDDLEMARCH,"

together with other interesting matter.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Tenth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

OAKES AMES AND THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

MR. OAKES AMES is a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts. He is a man between sixty and seventy years of age, who is engaged in large business enterprises, and who is supposed to be very rich. It was known that he was interested in the Crédit Mobilier, a company which had contracted to build the Pacific Railway, and which, assuming a great risk at the outset, had subsequently made a great profit. Last summer, in the midst of the exciting campaign, a list of some of the most eminent members of Congress was published as having been bribed by Mr. AMES to favor legislation for the benefit of the Pacific road, of which the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier had become the controlling owners. The charge was published on the eve of the Maine election, and was especially directed at Speaker BLAINE, whose guilt, the New York *Tribune* stated, was "proved." The Speaker instantly fully and conclusively denied the truth of the charge, so far as it affected him. When Congress assembled he moved for a committee of inquiry, and the investigation has established the utter falsity of the accusation against him.

Most of the other gentlemen named immediately hastened also to deny the allegation not only of bribery, but of ownership. But Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, was dead, and although Mr. BOUTWELL'S name is on the list, he said nothing, and it is known that he had no connection whatever with the stock, while the character of such gentlemen as Mr. COLFAX, Mr. PATTERSON, Mr. GARFIELD, and others seemed to be a sufficient answer to what seemed to be a desperate campaign slander. The committee of investigation, however, was ordered by the House, and the inquiry began. Its method has been remarkable. Mr. M'COMB had charged Mr. AMES with corrupting members of Congress. The proper course for the committee, therefore, was to hear Mr. M'COMB as a witness, and then to hear Mr. AMES'S explanation; and if they decided that there was such evidence as would warrant further proceedings, the House should have taken action. But the committee allowed Mr. M'COMB to appear with counsel as prosecutor.

The suspicion with which the alleged transactions were regarded arose from the fact that a stock appeared to have been allotted at par which was paying enormous dividends, and that it was to be "carried" until the dividends themselves paid for it, upon condition only that the future or nominal owners paid the interest. They would thus virtually receive the stock for nothing. The owners knew also that it was an enterprise to which Congress had granted the public money, and other Congressional favors might be asked. It was not surprising, therefore, that however innocently the gentlemen might have originally procured it, they should have felt that it would be very damaging to have any connection with it revealed. Yet the ownership was not criminal, nor was it necessarily compromising, but the developments of the investigation have filled the country with amazement. The charge of bribery is sustained by no evidence, and has virtually disappeared. But there is a painful feeling that the gentlemen implicated have strangely prevaricated, if no more.

In the case of Mr. PATTERSON, after an absolute denial of any kind of ownership of the stock or of the receipt of dividends, receipts have been produced which have not been disproved, and a letter from the Senator has been published which was plainly meant as an instruction to Mr. AMES how he should testify. And the letter is not denied. The statement of Mr. COLFAX we considered conclusive, and said so. But subsequently Mr. AMES asserted that upon a certain day he gave him a check for twelve hundred dollars upon the sergeant-at-arms, who in turn testified that it was paid, although he does not say that it was to the Vice-President. The books at the bank in which Mr. COLFAX kept his account show that on the following day he deposited twelve hundred dollars in bank-notes. To explain this remarkable coincidence Mr. COLFAX states that he will show that the twelve hundred dollars which he deposited came from another source. Yet there is the check, "to S. C. or bearer," which was paid by the sergeant-at-arms.

As no honorable man will willingly believe that men whom the country has loved to honor are corrupt, so he will be slow to believe them falsifiers. Still less will such a man maunder Pecksniffian sorrow over their moral fall. The tragedy is not that the gentlemen should have owned the stock, but that they should not have told the whole simple story of their ownership. Their course has tended to persuade the country not only that they did own it, but that they themselves thought the ownership to be shameful or suspicious. Nevertheless, it is impossible to believe—probably there are very few persons in the country except the malevolent who really do believe—these gentlemen to be corrupt or of ill intent. A foolish timidity and pride of consistency are very probably the keys to their painful situation; but we do not relinquish the hope that they may yet satisfactorily explain.

As for Mr. AMES, his object was probably to gratify fellow-members, and to incline them favorably to an enterprise in which he was deeply interested, but for which no legislation was either proposed or pending, although, as we have said, since the government had already aided it, it was certainly possible that farther aid or some kind of legislation might be asked. In all the melancholy history one thing only is clear, and that is the universal conviction among the persons implicated that public opinion would severely punish any public man who was even suspiciously involved. It is a testimony to the public conscience which is most honorable and suggestive; and whatever the result of the affair may be which has made the name of OAKES AMES so unpleasantly conspicuous, every accused public man will hereafter probably prefer to meet such charges as Speaker BLAINE met them, by a point-blank denial which no development can disturb, or by a plain relation of all the facts which subsequent testimony can only confirm.

ANOTHER SECTARIAN SOP.

THERE are undoubtedly intelligent American citizens of Irish birth, sincere Roman Catholics, who regard political sycophancy toward them and their faith with profound disgust. They see how hollow it is, and they know very well that it is wholly selfish. Such citizens do not approve the attacks of the priests of their Church upon the common-school system of this country, for they know the principles of the government, and they have seen and still see in Europe the consequences of clerical control of the schools. They see, above all, that ecclesiastical politics are always narrow, intolerant, and intolerable, and that the necessary result of the assault upon the schools in this country is to cover their Church with suspicion as an influence disturbing to free political institutions. Such citizens undoubtedly regard with the unqualified disapproval which is felt by all other intelligent persons the proposition recently made in Congress by Mr. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, a Representative from New York.

He proposes to admit certain foreign sectarian books free of duty, on the ground that they were for the reading of the poor! The books named, as specified by Mr. ROOSEVELT, are all Roman Catholic works. But there are poor people who are not of that sect, and who are quite as fond of reading. Why should not their books also be released from duty? We suggest that, if Mr. ROOSEVELT is so considerate for the poor, he should amend his proposition by asking that the books of all sects and of all sciences and of all kinds, and every other commodity of every nature which is to be used by the poor, should be admitted free of duty. A more absurd evasion of the tariff was never proposed. Yet it is only part of the persistent effort made in some quarters to make the Roman Catholic denomination the especial pet of the government.

And it proceeds always from the Democratic party—from the party whose doctrinaires profess that the state should have nothing to do with religious sects, except to secure the equal liberty of all. That, indeed, is the doctrine of all true Americans and of all sound political thinkers. But the practice of the Democratic party is constantly hostile to it. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S proposition is a wretched appeal to Buncombe. It is an act of homage to a sect to which probably many of his constituents belong. It is part of the old Ring policy in this State—the policy of grants and favors to a single sect—which we have hitherto exposed, and shall continue to expose, as one of the most insidious and fatal thrusts at American liberty and equality, and at free institutions every where. The Democratic party was so long in abject thralldom to the great slave lords—it was so mere an agency for executing the will of the most odious aristocracy in the world—that those who were educated in it seem instinctively to betray the great principles of popular government.

Thus while the Lower Empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON flourished it had no American apologists so servile as certain Democratic newspapers. While the colored race in this country was enslaved, and while its full freedom was yet to be secured, the colored people had no such contemptuous enemies as the Democratic party. Yet when the Irish-born element of the population became politically important, although as a class it is generally the most ignorant and lawless, the Democratic party groveled to secure its vote. In the same spirit and for the same purpose it tramples on the fundamental principles of a free government by subsidizing the sect to which the great majority of the Irish-born citizens adhere.

We would certainly do no injustice to Mr. ROOSEVELT, but we have no doubt that his reason for proposing the free admission of the books he names is not that they are intended for the poor, but that they are Roman Catholic. With all his sympathy for the poor, it would not have occurred to him to propose to admit, duty free, a dozen Baptist, or Methodist, or Israelitish works of the same relative character. While probably the great mass of the Roman clergymen applaud his act, and their ignorant followers will be told that it shows which party is their friend, the intelligent Roman Catholic citizens will deplore it as exciting those sectarian animosities which it is the duty of every public man to assuage.

A SIGNIFICANT EVENT.

THE nomination of Mr. BENEDICT as Surveyor of the Port of New York is not only the filling of an office, it is a most happy and significant event. The surveyorship of this port has long been one of the prizes of party. It has been obtained by great political influence, and has been held by a political tenure. President GRANT, regarding the position as intended for the public welfare, has nominated a faithful and experienced officer, who stood next in position, and who is entirely familiar with the duties. His action is in strict accordance with the rules by which he has announced that he will be governed in making such appointments, and it will be hailed with the utmost satisfaction by all who wish that character, capacity, and special fitness should determine the selections for such positions. It shows, moreover, as in the case of the Philadelphia Post-office, that the President does not hesitate, when he has good reason, to violate precedents which the ordinary politician regards as sacred.

The principle of promotion, which the President thus respects, stimulates every man in the service to greater fidelity and efficiency, and it attracts capable men to enter it, because they see in it the prospect of advancement. The good effect of such a spirit can not be overestimated. But it should be distinctly understood that the President has adopted no rule which requires him to nominate the next subordinate to succeed his superior. It is sometimes tauntingly said that an officer has been removed or has resigned, and that his immediate subordinate has not been appointed to the vacancy. And why should he necessarily be? In a system founded chiefly upon patronage, as ours has hitherto been, the presumption is rather against the incumbent. The President, therefore, wishing to improve the whole system, says merely that when a superior office, like the surveyorship of New York, is vacant, he will consider first whether any of the subordinates is a proper and suitable successor, and if upon the whole he thinks not, that he will then look elsewhere. The reason of such a rule for the improvement of the system is evident. For if he were bound to take the next in position he might be bound to take a very unsuitable officer.

The spirit of such a rule can indeed be very easily evaded, and a President might fill all the higher offices by mere political candidates upon the plea that no subordinate was suitable. But when the President adopted the rules their enforcement depended wholly upon his good faith. And his sincerity has been amply proved. He has checked the political traffic in offices. Even members of Congress have learned that appointment to office is made by the Constitution and laws an executive and not a legislative function. Fitness and capacity are beginning to displace influence and patronage, and examination of the real qualifications of candidates is found to be quite as good a method of filling the public service as obedience to the dictates of interested politicians. The President is quietly beginning a great and long-needed reform, and he is entitled to the warm sympathy and support of all intelligent and patriotic citizens. Congress will move when it sees the country to be in earnest. General BUTLER, indeed, will continue to think that he knows better than any body else who ought to be postmaster in Lynn, until he sees that the people do not consider his interest identical with the public service, and then the nimble general will discover that he always agreed with them.

THE "CENTRAL" AND THE "SEVENTY."

THE New York Legislature of last year was elected as a reform Legislature, but its majority failed to do what had been expected of them. It is not, however, to be condemned altogether, for not only were there honest and able members who strove to stem the evil tide, but the Legislature impeached the judges who have been removed. The Legislature of this year began well in its choice of officers, and it will be held to a very strict account for its general conduct. One of its most urgent duties is to the city of New York. This city lies to-day under the yoke of the TWEED charter—an instrument devised to facilitate robbery and to protect the robbers. The vital defects of that charter have been well stated by the Mayor in his message, and they must be remedied as soon as possible. The Legislature is largely Republican, and therefore all delays, all blunders, all inadequate action, and all failures will be justly attributed to the Republican party.

At the opening of the session the draft of a charter was published which was prepared by the Central Republican Committee, and the chief points of which are known. This was followed by suggestions of amendment by the Committee of Seventy, represented before the committee of the Legislature by conspicuous and uncompromising Republicans. They approve many points in the draft presented by the Central Committee, but some they thought should be radically changed. The real difference, however, although expressed in the form of amendments, is radical, for it is a difference of the theory of municipal government. The Central charter evidently contemplates government in the city by ordinary party considerations. That of the Seventy would, for municipal purposes, disregard those considerations. Its advocates hold, and with reason, that although the city of New York may be in general politics Democratic, yet that for the municipal government the experience of the last two years has shown that the mass of intelligent and tax-paying citizens will cordially unite without regard to party.

This is a result to be so earnestly desired that it ought to be favored by every good citizen. And the first condition of such a union is that the Mayor shall be the plainly responsible chief officer of the city, appointing the heads of the various departments, with the power of removal, as a necessary part of that responsibility. And upon this point the committees differ. The Central propose that the Mayor may nominate the heads of departments to the Board of Aldermen, and if at the end of twenty days they have not confirmed any of his nominees, that the Mayor and the president of the board may designate the officer; and if they can not agree, no provision is made, and the office is left unfilled. The Central also propose that officers who are appointed by the Mayor and Aldermen may be removed upon written charges by the Mayor or a majority of the board, showing intentional violation or neglect of duty, provided that two-thirds of the whole board elected concur. The Seventy propose that the Mayor alone may appoint and remove for cause stated in writing, to be filed and published.

The proposition of the Seventy is simpler and better, for the reason that it concentrates the responsibility, which will make the union of voters much more probable and successful. If the subordinate high positions depend upon the consent of the Aldermen, there will be a feeling among the voters that the intention of the charter is partisan and not truly independent, and the election will consequently be drawn back to party lines. On the other hand, if the candidate for Mayor, of whatever party, be, as in such case he infallibly would be, a man known to be honest and municipally non-partisan, all good citizens would gladly unite upon him, without suspicion of any sinister or hidden party possibility. Nor are the reasons urged for the Central proposition in this respect conclusive. They are, that it is contrary to the genius of the government to intrust such large powers to one man, and that the precedent is furnished by the national Constitution, which requires the confirmation of the Senate for the President's nominees.

But the very question is how to lodge the power so as to secure the objects which the people desire. If the power is properly guarded, it is all that they wish. They retain the control at the polls, and through the authority of the Governor to remove. Moreover, this reluctance to grant power, even when well guarded, and to concentrate responsibility, is one of the tendencies which has degraded our politics by multiplying jobbery of all kinds. As for the precedent of the United States Senate, it is a practice attended with grave evils, which it is well to remember in our city affairs. One of the chief of those evils is a virtual usurpation of the executive function in many most important respects; and this is the very result to be deplored in the city, not only because the practice breeds jobs, but because it confuses and alarms the voters. In our national system of appointments the Senate is now really the controlling power. If it should be introduced into our municipal system it would make the candidates for Aldermen the important figures in the election, and reduce the Mayor to an insignificance that would destroy the hope of securing men of the proper character for that position. But the Central Committee seem to be unwilling to trust their own regulation. As we said when they first proposed their amendments, if the veto upon appointments which they give to the Aldermen is valuable, it should be absolute, as it is in the Senate. When they limit it to twenty days, they make it useless. After the majority of the whole board has refused to confirm a nomination, the amendment permits one member of the board, who may chance to be himself the sole minority, to make the appointment! Surely this is utterly unreasonable.

Indeed, simplicity with proper safeguards in the municipal system is indispensable, and to that end concentration of responsibility is essential. The vital point for consideration is to find a method which, while it provides for the efficient and economical government of the city, makes the non-partisan union of good citizens most practicable. There can be little doubt that this is more successfully attained by the proposition of the Committee of Seventy than by that of the Republican Central Committee, while those who urge it are also among the best and most sagacious Republicans.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

SENATOR MORTON's speech upon the electoral college is a timely and admirable statement of the convictions of all intelligent citizens. The Presidential electoral system has become absolutely obsolete. It has been superseded by an unwritten but most inflexible law of custom; and yet the old system not only verbally remains, but it is plainly perilous. The variety and scope of these perils are clearly stated by the Senator, and they have been increased by the twenty-second joint rule of the two Houses, adopted in 1865, which provides that if the two Houses disagree upon the question of the validity of the vote of a State, the vote shall not be counted. Moreover, the Vice-President has virtually absolute power of decision between two sets of electoral votes from a State, each claiming to be lawful. And there are many minor objections, all of which may become in certain circumstances most important.

It would seem to be a rule of the plainest good sense, when a constitutional provision has utterly and by common consent failed to secure the purpose intended, that it should be set aside. The theory of the electoral college was that the people could not select a candidate for the Presidency so wisely as they could select a body to select him. But the practice of the country has shown the error of the theory. Not only has the doubt upon which it was founded disappeared, but the people have decided that they are quite as little liable to be improperly influenced as a select body elected by them. The nominating convention, therefore, represents the immediate choice of the majority of a party, if there be such a choice, and he becomes the candidate, and, if the party prevails at the polls, the President. If, however, there be no distinctively majority candidate, either by instruction or by common consent, the nominating convention really assumes the function of electors, and designates the candidate.

Senator MORTON frankly states his preference for a direct choice of President by an actual majority of the voters in the country. But he doubts if the smaller States would consent, and he therefore proposes the division of each State into as many districts as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress, the vote of each district to be counted in favor of the candidate who receives most votes in it. Senator TRUMBULL, who agreed with Senator MORTON as to most of the evils of the system, reminded him that the Constitution did not provide for a democracy, but for a republic, and did not mean that the majority should have all the power. That is undoubtedly true; but in amending the Constitution we shall naturally be governed by our own views, and not by those of our fathers. Amendments arise from an experience which the fathers necessarily could not have, and they may properly affect theories as well as methods. Is there, then, any serious objection to the election of the President by the actual popular majority? Is Senator MORTON correct in supposing that the smaller States would object?

It may fairly be doubted. The equality of the States is secured in the Senate. The people of the State districts elect the Representatives. To complete the system the President should be the direct choice and representative of the majority of all the people of all the States. Party feeling is so strong, the sentiment of union is so pronounced, and the government is so essentially one of party, that there is a deep sense of injustice in the nullification of an immense popular majority in one State by a small adverse majority in another. And this feeling is deepened when by the same means the choice of the actual majority of the whole people is defeated by that of a minority. Under the present system a party majority of one hundred in New York would nullify an adverse party majority of a hundred thousand in Massachusetts, or Pennsylvania or Illinois. With the decline of the State jealousy which was so prominent in the beginning of our history, and with the formal equality of States maintained in the Senate, the election of President by the actual majority of the people would undoubtedly satisfy the national sense of propriety and justice.

CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN.

BEFORE this paper is printed we trust that the refusal of the hall of the Christian Association for a course of lectures upon SHAKESPEARE by Mr. JOHN WEISS will have been publicly withdrawn. The reason alleged was the unsoundness of the religious views of Mr. WEISS, and the refusal for such a reason is disgraceful. Mr. WEISS is one of the purest men, most accomplished scholars, most acute thinkers, and independent speakers in the country, and an insult of this kind offered to him is offered to every honorable man and honest scholar. Should the refusal be maintained, it must be understood that the condition of admission to the platform of Association Hall is a code of religious opinions satisfactory to the secretary or to the directors of the Young Men's Christian Association. Of course if an applicant for the use of the hall were a person of bad character, or proposed any violation of the decencies of the platform, we can understand that he would be refused. But Mr. WEISS had been invited to lecture by gentlemen among whom are some of the most distinguished citizens in the city, including at least one orthodox clergyman not wholly unknown, and the refusal of the hall is a declaration that they have asked a man to speak upon SHAKESPEARE who ought not to be allowed to speak.

We venture to say that no better man and no abler man has ever spoken upon the platform of Association Hall than JOHN WEISS. Nor can the secretary, who is understood to have refused the hall, plead that he has ever heard the least whisper against his character. Beloved and respected by those whose regard is an honor, Mr. WEISS treats every subject which he discusses with a candor and a charity that are usually reckoned as not least among the Christian virtues. The proprietors of a hall may undoubtedly control it, but we should like to ask the trustees of this hall whether they investigated the religious views of Mr. FROUDE and of Mr. EDMUND YATES and of Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS, and of the other acceptable speakers and readers who have appeared in their hall, before permission to speak was granted.

We presume, of course, that the trustees will have overruled the decision of the secretary; but if not, if he is sustained, it is to be hoped that they will issue a scale of beliefs necessary to entitle a person to speak in their hall. It would be desirable to add, also, whether it is a profession or a practice which is indispensable. If the former, their platform is open to any knave. If the latter, how do they justify the exclusion of Mr. WEISS?

PERSONAL.

MR. J. L. BENEDICT, who has been appointed Surveyor of the Port of New York, owes his appointment solely to his meritorious record as an officer. Originally a Democrat, he was found in office by Surveyor RUFUS F. ANDREWS, when that gentleman was appointed by President LINCOLN. Strong efforts were made to procure his removal on political grounds; but Mr. ANDREWS, knowing the integrity, experience, and value of the man, was firm in refusal, and he has since then been continued as Deputy-Surveyor by every successive incumbent of the office. The action of the President in thus promoting a competent and faithful officer commands the approval of right-minded persons of all parties.

—Mr. BOWLES, of the Springfield *Republican*, doubts if Mr. SUMNER will ever be able to resume an active part in the business of the Senate. His disease is one that seems to admit of no radical improvement—the only question being how long a constitution otherwise sound can make a successful stand against it.

—The late President TYLER having been reported as bankrupt when he became President, his son, Colonel ROBERT TYLER, denies the statement *in toto*. True, he did not save a dollar of salary during his term of office, nor did he ever receive any thing from his second wife's estate, but he owned some coal lands in Kentucky, which became profitable after his retirement from the Presidency, and his judicious investments from that source enabled him to live comfortably.

—There are a few authors in France who seem to be beyond the ultimate contingency of the poor-house. Among these, all of whom started in life with simply light hearts and airy trowsers, are VICTOR HUGO, who is said to be worth 600,000 francs; "George Sand," nearly twice as much; EMILE DE GIRARDIN, 8,500,000 francs; ADOLPHE THIERS, 1,000,000 francs; ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fils*, 400,000 francs; EDMOND ABOUT, 250,000 francs; ALPHONSE KARR, 100,000 francs; JULES JANIN, 570,000 francs; EDOUARD LABOULAYE, 100,000 francs; and VICTORIEN SARDOU, 500,000 francs. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER died a millionaire, and the widows of SCRIBE and PONSARD live in affluence.

—Mr. JAMES MORTIMER, formerly Paris correspondent of the New York *Express*, is making his mark in London as the editor of *Figaro*. Its sprightly style and pungent sayings, and its off-hand mode of dealing with current events, are a great relief to the proverbial heaviness of the London dailies.

—LAMARTINE is popular with our countrymen. It is said that during the last two years American travelers have purchased over 4000 "quills with which that author wrote *Jocelyn*."

—Lord LYTTON, as he appeared in his library five or six years ago, is thus described by a gentleman who had the pleasure of a chatty interview with him: "Lord LYTTON was seated in the library, in front of a large open grate, in which glowed a low fire. Around him were his books, and on a desk on his right a pile of letters, manuscripts, and papers. At his feet lay a heap of newly cut periodicals—German, Italian, French, and English. When I entered he was smoking a cigar; and as the footman announced my name his lordship rose languidly, and with an indescribable air of aristocratic hauteur and dignity motioned me to a seat. He was dressed in an elaborately embroidered dressing-gown, the heavy folds of which all but hid the red morocco slippers. Tall, thin, and reserved—with heavy mustache, elaborately trimmed, carefully brushed dark hair, long Mephistophelian nose, prominent chin, and bushy eyebrows—I could hardly realize that I saw before me the author of some of the most brilliant fictions in the English language. He looked more, much more, like a languid, fashionable fop, whose whole soul was in his rouge-pot and his stays, than like the accomplished scholar and astonishingly industrious student he undoubtedly was. When, however, he entered into conversation, he showed to better advantage." At a subsequent visit Lord L. expressed to the same writer his belief that *The Lady of Lyons*, *King Arthur*, and *The Last Days of Pompeii* were the best of his works. DICKENS, on the other hand, who was present, preferred *Money*, *My Novel*, and *The Caxtons;* and the two disputants grew rather hot, and drank a good deal of wine before they ceased their polite but animated debate.

—The works of GEORGE CHAPMAN, a dramatist of the seventeenth century, have been collected, and are about to be published in London. As it has been asserted that his plays are a near approach in excellence to those of SHAKSPEARE, the forth-coming edition will be looked for with interest. He enjoyed the society and friendship of SHAKSPEARE and SPENSER. He was the earliest English translator of Homer, and his versions were greatly admired by Dr. JOHNSON, POPE, and COLERIDGE. POPE says, "A daring, fiery spirit animates his translation, something like what one might imagine HOMER to have written before he had arrived at years of discretion."

—Mr. J. M. BELLEW, the latest of those who have come from over sea to give us intellectual entertainment, proves to be one of the best. His readings at Association Hall were so admirable as to elicit the very warmest applause from a large and critical audience, and his success in this country may be considered as secured.

—The artful District Attorney who conducted the prosecution against Mrs. LAURA D. FAIR asked Dr. STILLMAN, who testified to her insanity, if he had ever read *Stobel on Insanity*. He replied that he had; whereupon the artful D. A. told him that there was no such author, which is the fact.

—Mr. GLADSTONE completed his sixty-third year on the 29th of December last. Mr. DISRAELI entered his sixty-eighth year on the 31st of December.

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, who has been at the point of death for the last five-and-twenty years, says that he is now in better health than he has been for many years, and that in 1872 he was not confined to his bed by illness a single day.

—Kaiser WILLIAM has a strong friendship for his War Minister, VON ROON, and on raising him to the rank of Field-Marshal, wrote a neat letter, in which he said: "I have begun many a new year with a sensible feeling of deep gratitude to you for the services which you have rendered to me and to my army. This year the sentiment is impressed upon me with especial force, since I have to remember the self-denying devotion with which you have not only discharged the ordinary duties of your office, but have also added to that mission fresh duties still more onerous and difficult. I wish, therefore, to give you to-day a special proof of the high esteem which I hold both for your services and yourself personally. Without interference with your former duties, I nominate you Field-Marshal."

—Mr. LUTHER TUCKER, editor of the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, who died at Albany on the 26th ult., at the age of seventy, was one of the veterans of journalism in this State. Forty-six years ago he established at Rochester the *Daily Advertiser*, the first daily newspaper west of Albany. Five years later, in 1831, he began to issue, at Rochester, the *Genesee Farmer*, one of the best papers of its class then published in this country. In 1852 he removed to Albany, and started the *Country Gentleman*, which he conducted up to the period of his decease. To him belongs the credit of having been the pioneer in the successful introduction of agricultural periodical literature among the masses of the American people.

—Prince HUMBERT of Italy has appeared in a new character, that of author, and with success. His work is entitled *The grand Manœuvres of the Year* 1872, being a thorough report and review of the organizations of the various troops under his command as general in chief.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the House of Representatives, on the 27th January, the Senate amendments to the bill abolishing the franking privilege were adopted, and the bill now goes to the President for signature.—The principal event in the Senate, on the 28th ult., was the action of Vice-President Colfax in vacating the chair to request that a committee of the Senate be appointed to investigate his conduct in the Crédit Mobilier matter. Mr. Thurman opposed the proposition, on the ground that if the Vice-President be open to trial, it must come by a formal impeachment by the House, in which case Senators would sit as judges, and it therefore would be unbecoming for the Senate to take any preliminary steps in such an investigation. In the House, the Senate amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill were discussed and disposed of, after which the bill for the admission of Colorado as a State was argued until four o'clock, at which hour the death was announced of Julius D. Strong, late Representative from Connecticut, and appropriate eulogies were made upon the character of the deceased until the House adjourned.—In the Senate, on the 29th ult., the Legislative Appropriation bill was cut down $10,000 as a consequence of the abolition of the franking privilege. In the House the Colorado bill was tabled.—The Legislative Appropriation bill was passed by the Senate, on the 30th ult., including the Morrill amendment, prohibiting the payment, unless by special act of Congress, of judgments of the Court of Claims to claimants whose loyalty during the rebellion was in doubt. The House adopted a resolution restoring to the pension-rolls those pensioners from the war of 1812 who were cut off by their residence in the South during the civil war. The Fortification bill was also passed.

In the New York State Assembly, on the 27th ult., a bill was introduced for the construction of a ship-canal from the Hudson River to Lake Champlain.—The Senate, on the 29th ult., resolved to continue the canal tolls of last year. In the Assembly a bill was passed to punish persons who may, without permission from the authorities, carry concealed weapons.—In the Senate, on the 31st ult., the committee of investigation in relation to the Harlem Court-house frauds reported strongly against Mr. Henry Genet, and called upon the municipal authorities to "take such action thereon as justice and the interests of the city may require."

A cold-blooded murder was perpetrated in Chatham Square, in this city, on the afternoon of the 21st ult., by Michael Nixon, a bill-poster. The victim was riding slowly along on horseback, when the murderer rode up behind him in a light wagon, and a quarrel ensued about the right of way. Nixon drew a revolver and shot him instantly dead. Detectives George Van Buskirk and Fitzsimmons, of the Fourth Precinct, arrested the murderer very soon afterward, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, entitling them to praise.

Nine members of the House committee appointed by the Massachusetts Legislature on the liquor law have reported a bill to repeal the beer clause. Three of the members presented a minority report opposing any change.

Commodore Matthew F. Maury died at Lexington, Virginia, on the 1st inst., aged sixty-seven years.

In the Board of Aldermen of this city, on the 27th ult., a resolution was introduced, at the instance of Mr. Henry Bergh, requiring conductors to placard the street cars "full" when all the seats are occupied. The penalties for violation of the ordinance is fine or imprisonment, and it is also made a breach of the peace to attempt an entrance to a car so placarded.

The National Theatre, in Washington, D. C., was entirely destroyed by fire on the morning of the 28th ult. The total loss is estimated at $120,000.

The case of the People against William M. Tweed was given to the jury, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on the evening of the 29th ult. On the following morning the jurors came into court, and declaring their inability to agree upon a verdict, were discharged.

Minister De Long, our representative in China, has resigned his place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Italian government has issued a decree, taking formal possession of the sixteen convents in the city of Rome.

The Pope has threatened to leave Rome if the establishments of the heads of religious orders are suppressed by the Italian government.

The trustees of the fund raised for the relief of the operatives during the cotton famine in England held a meeting in Manchester on the 24th ult., and resolved to found a hospital for convalescents with the $520,000 remaining in hand.

Rev. Adam Sedgwick, the English geologist, is dead. He was eighty-five years old.

It is announced that Russia has proposed to England the establishment of a neutral zone, guaranteeing the independence of Turkestan.

The Royal Military Academy at Woolwich was burned on the 1st inst.

A terrific snow-storm fell upon Great Britain on the 1st inst., causing great destruction of life and property on the coasts.

American bankers are reported to have loaned the late Napoleon £200,000 for an intended *coup d'état*, and the money has been returned since his death.

M. Thiers declares that he will not accept the project submitted by the Legislative Committee of Thirty.

The German Admiralty have decided to defend the coasts with monitors and torpedoes, and to build no more large iron-clads.

The bill amending the constitution regarding the relations between church and state passed the second reading of the German Chamber of Deputies on the 31st ult.

The Carlist insurgents have had another engagement with the national forces, in which thirty-five of the former were killed, many wounded, and twenty taken prisoners.

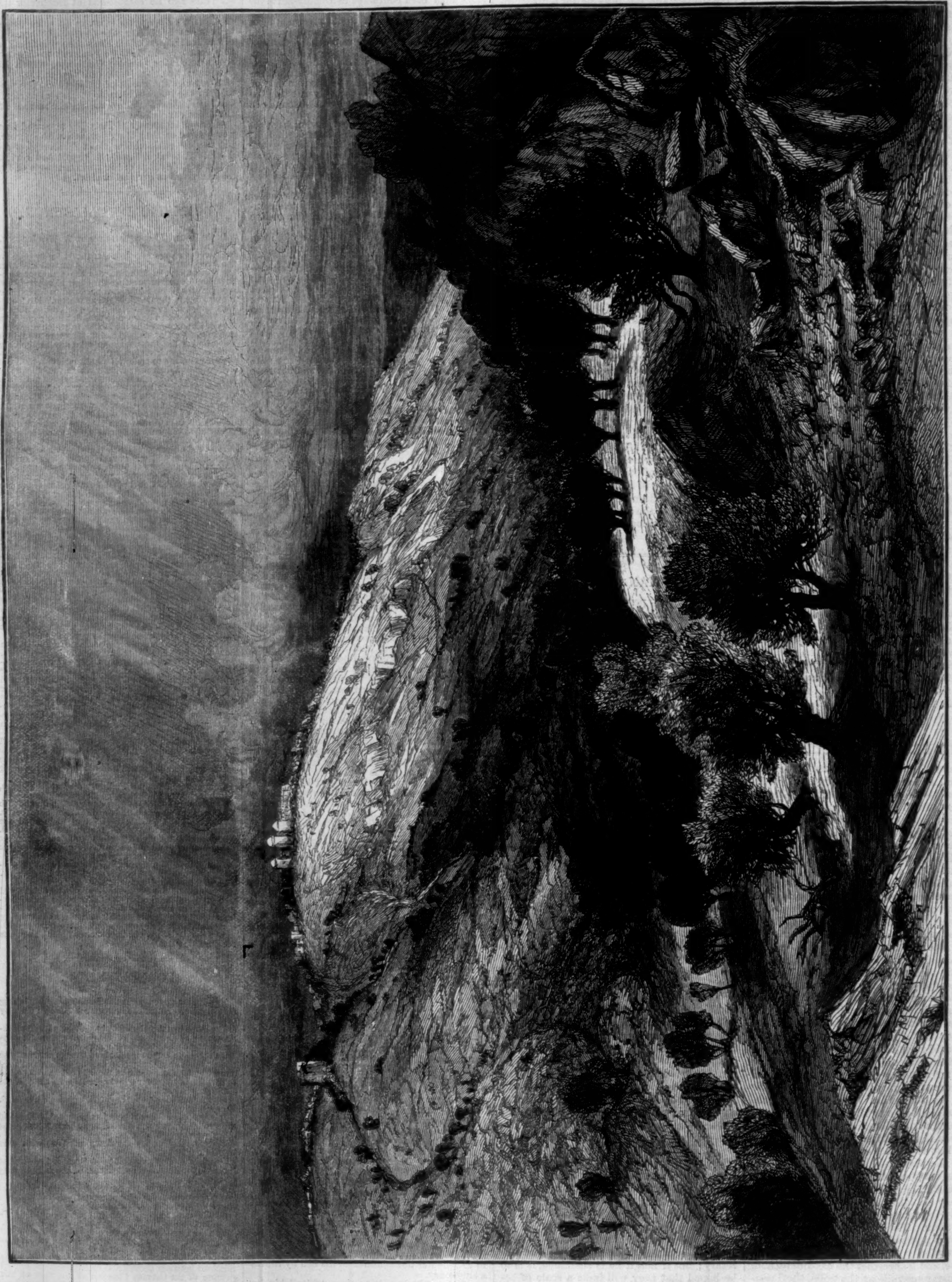
According to advices of the 11th ult., the yellow fever was then raging at Rio Janeiro.

Prince Lunalilo has been elected by the popular vote King of the Sandwich Islands, but the action has yet to be confirmed by the Assembly.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

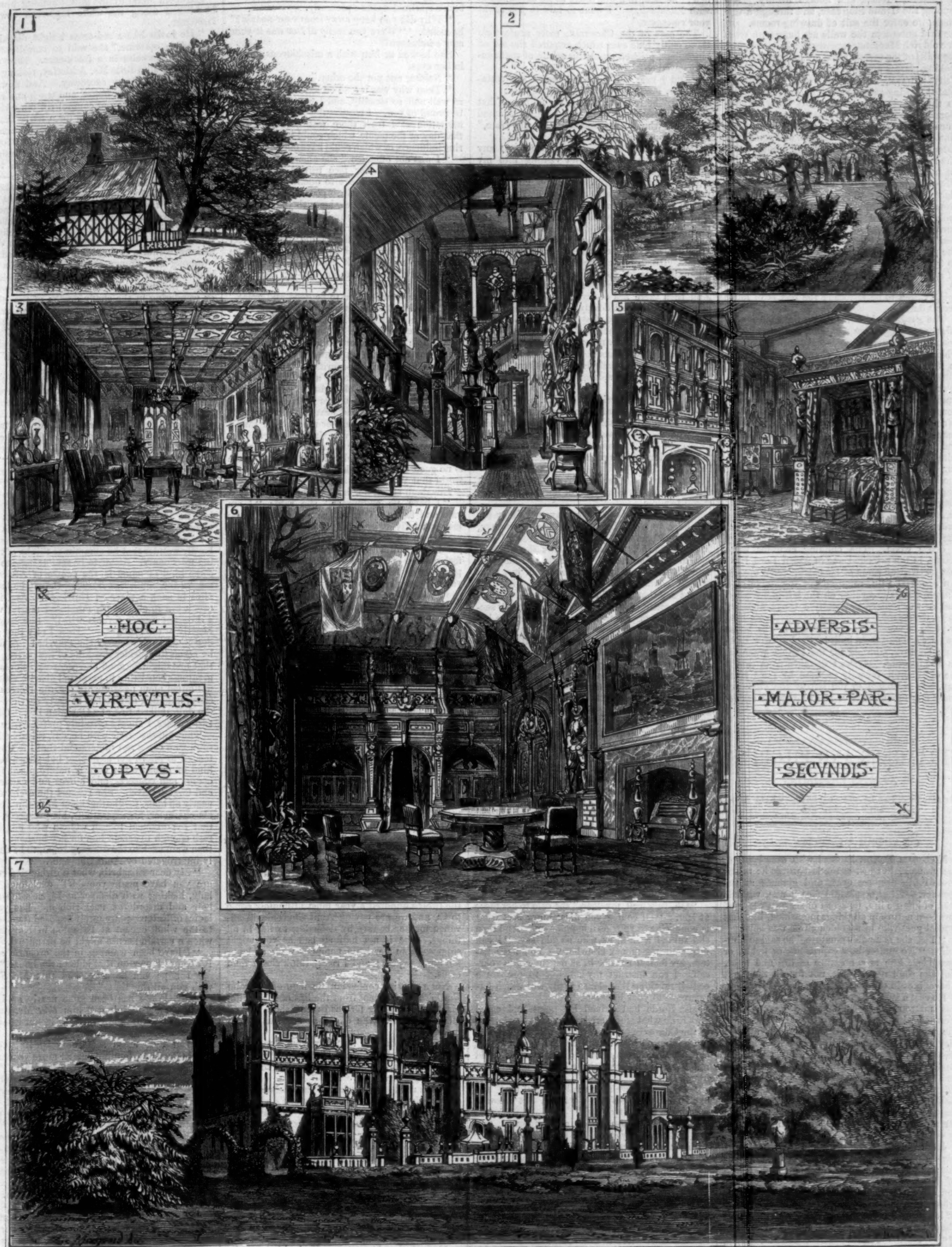
THE admirable view of the memorable mountain of Olivet, given on this page, is one of a collection of more than seventy sketches and drawings of remarkable scenes in the East, by Mr. H. A. HARPER, now on exhibition in an English collection. The place and its sacred associations have been so often and so fully described that our readers will not fail to recognize the points of the picture at a glance. Over its gentle slopes and winding paths the Saviour of men, with His disciples, often walked on errands of love and mercy, and in the Garden of Gethsemane, somewhere near its base, many prayerful hours were spent by the Redeemer. It was on this mountain that He delivered some of His parables, and passed the last night before He was seized and delivered to PILATE. The plateau in the foreground of our illustration, where the small olive-trees are, is believed to be the site of the crucifixion. Dr. THOMSON, in his *The Land and the Book*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has a vivid description of the mountain and its surroundings. Of the garden, he says:

"When I first came to Jerusalem, and for many years afterward, this plot of ground was open to all, whenever they chose to come and meditate beneath its very old olive-trees. The Latins, however, have within the last few years succeeded in gaining sole possession; have built a high wall around it, plastered and whitewashed; and, by planting it with trees, seem disposed to make it like what they suppose it was when our Lord retired thither with His disciples on that mournful night of His 'agony.' Whatever may be thought of this idea, all travelers regret the exclusiveness which makes access difficult, and renders it impossible for most of them to visit the spot at all. The Greeks have invented another site a little north of it, and, of course, contend that they have the true Gethsemane. My own impression is that both are wrong. The position is too near the city, and so close to what must have always been the great thoroughfare eastward, that our Lord would scarcely have selected it for *retirement* on that dangerous and dismal night. In the broad recess northeast of the Church of Mary there must have been gardens far larger and more secluded, and, as we have before suggested, it is nearly certain that all the gardens around the city were thrown open, during the great feasts, for the accommodation of the pilgrims, so that He could select the one best adapted to the purpose for which He retired from the crowded city. I am inclined, therefore, to place the garden in the secluded vale several hundred yards to the northeast of the present Gethsemane, and hidden, as I hope, forever from the idolatrous intrusion of all sects and denominations. The traditions in favor of the present location, however old, have but little weight, and fail to convince the mind; and there is no reason to think that a single tree, bush, or stone on either of these had any connection with the mysterious agony of the Son of God, when 'His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground.'"



MOUNT OF OLIVES AND VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.—[FROM THE DRAWING BY H. A. HARPER.]

The Plateau in the Foreground is believed to be the Site of the Crucifixion.



1. The Fishing Cottage on the Lake. 2. Horace's Garden. 3. The State Drawing-Room. 4. The Staircase. 5. Queen Elizabeth's Chamber. 6. The Great Hall. 7. The Garden Front.

KNEBWORTH PARK, SEAT OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON.

LORD LYTTON'S MANSION.

Knebworth (or Knebba-Worth, as it was known in olden times) was the residence of the late Right Hon. Lord Lytton, whose portrait was given in a recent number of the *Weekly*. The name literally signifies the estate of Knebba, who was a chieftain before the days of William the Norman. The ancient mansion of Knebworth, modern though it be, compared with its Roman or Saxon predecessors, dates from the time of Edward III. It was originally a large quadrangular building, part of which had formed a fortress, but three sides of the pile, as being too vast and too ruinous to inhabit, were removed by the late Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, and the fourth side, which was built in the reign of Henry VII. by Sir Robert de Lytton, forms the present residence, which was repaired and restored by Mrs. Bulwer Lytton and the late possessor, Lord Lytton. The present mansion (Sketch 7) presents a long façade of the early Tudor style of architecture, and with its numerous towers and gilded vanes presents that sort of broken sky-line in which artists delight.

On the right of the entrance hall we pass through a screen, draped by Venetian hangings of the seventeenth century, into the Banqueting Hall (Sketch No. 6). The ceiling of the hall is of the date of Henry VII., the carved screen-work at the entrance that of Elizabeth, and is emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Sir Rowland Lytton, of that time. The chimney-piece and wainscot paneling were added in Charles I.'s time from a design by Inigo Jones. The shields in the ceiling contain the armorial bearings of families from whom the Lyttons descend in the female line. Suits of armor and trophies of arms form the appropriate decorations of this fine hall. The banners represent the battles in which the family of the former owner have borne arms, from Hastings to Alma. At the lower end of the hall is the music or minstrels' gallery, larger than is usually the case, and capable of holding a large band of musicians. From the hall we enter the Oak Parlor—that usual appendage and retiring-room from the Banqueting Hall. This charming apartment is hung with a long line of ancestors of the family. From this room is one of the entrances to the Library, which is fitted up in the rich and elaborate style of Henry VII. It is modern, but very effective. Another door from this room leads us to the Grand Staircase (Sketch 4), hung with pictures and suits of armor, very rich and quaint. Passing this, we enter the Gallery, a room some seventy feet long; the walls are richly hung with gilt leather, over which will be found a series of most interesting portraits, embracing many of the most celebrated characters of English, French, and Scotch history. Ascending the Grand Staircase, and through a vestibule, we enter the suit of drawing-rooms. In the first anteroom the walls are hung with some fine old rich Medicean tapestry, worked in bugles; the walls of the second room are embellished with looking-glasses and brackets, in the best style of Chippendale. From this room we enter the State Drawing-room (Sketch 3), formerly known as the Presence-chamber. This finely proportioned room presents an exceedingly rich appearance of florid modern Gothic. It contains some fine paintings by the old masters, and some very interesting portraits of the Lytton family. But the two objects which most attract the eye in this room are two unique kneeling figures of negroes, life-size, holding large crystal candelabra for lights. These were brought by Lord Lytton from Venice. Crossing the Music Gallery overlooking the Great Hall, we enter the bedroom corridor, and pass at once into Queen Elizabeth's Bedroom (Sketch 5), in which she slept in the year of the Spanish Armada, when on a visit to Sir Rowland Lytton, who was commander of the forces of Essex and Herts at Tilbury Fort. A portion of the old tapestry was in sufficient preservation to be restored; the rest is of more recent date.

The garden, which fronts on the mansion, is of an unusually large size, and is adorned with beautiful specimens of vases and classical statues, which give it that palatial character so desirable in formal gardening of this kind. Passing through a rustic arbor on the right, we find ourselves in the Garden of Horace (Sketch 2); a small piece of water fronts us, with steps leading down to it, and a narrow winding path brings us to a series of nooks or green recesses. One great beauty of the park is in its avenues of Spanish and horse chestnut trees, and that which constitutes another is its herds of deer. We take our course through one of these fine avenues to the lake, on the other side of which is a picturesque fishing cottage (Sketch 1), built in the old English style of panels in dark wood, framing plaster-work. The cottage is surrounded by groups of Scotch firs, planted at the period of the restoration of Charles II., and backed by a dense wood. The building contains three rooms, in the principal one of which Lord Lytton has written some of his most popular novels. An artificial ruin, representing the gable of a church, stands in a valley on the left of a bridge, and at the eastern extremity a broad flight of steps, decorated with statues, descends to a lower piece of water. On our return to the house we pass a mausoleum built by the late Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, admired for the simple grace of its architecture. A short distance from this is the old church, recently restored by Lord Lytton. In a chapel to the left of the altar are many fine monuments of Lord Lytton's ancestors.

(Continued from No. 840, page 95.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

Malcolm Forde listened with eyes bent on the ground; but just at the last words he raised those dark, deep-set eyes, and glanced at the speaker. What a splendid face it was, with its look of intense life, its scorn of scorn, or love of love!—a nature in all things intensified, like that typical poet who in a golden clime was born.

"Yes, she *is* a noble creature," he said to himself. "No matter how capricious, or fickle, or unstable. She is a creature of fire and light, and she shall not be lost, not for all the Aunt Chevenixes in the world."

He cast a swift glance of defiance at the harmless matron in brown silk and flaxen plaits crowned with blonde and artificial roses, as if she had been the foul fiend himself, and he playing a desperate game of chess with her for this fair young soul. He had always disliked the family fetich, when she had been only a remote and unknown image to be invoked ever when there was question of the proprieties. But he disliked her more than ever now when she was seated within the citadel, and was poisoning the atmosphere of Elizabeth's home with her worldly spirit.

He was swift to condemn and to suspect, perhaps, since he had seen very little of the lady as yet; but that inane small-talk, that stale gossip of Eaton Square and Lancaster Gate, that bismuth-shaded cheek, that practicable eyebrow, which elevated itself with a trained expression of irony, or drooped with a studied languor—all these artificialities told him the nature of the woman, and told him that she was the last of creatures whom he would care to see in daily communion with a girl whose wayward disposition had of late been curiously interesting to him.

That dogmatic assertion of his superiority even to a bishop, hurled at the very teeth of the family idol, pleased him mightily. It was not conceit that was gratified—it was sweet to him to discover that, in spite of all her affected scorn, this girl appreciated him.

He did not acknowledge her compliment, except by one brief smile—that slow, quiet curve of the firm, thoughtful lips, which was sweeter than common smiles. He went on patiently with the morning-caller talk, listened tolerantly to small scraps of information about the Lancaster Gateites, until he could fairly rise to depart. But he did not mean to leave the Rectory with his mission unfulfilled.

"Will you give me a few minutes in the garden?" he said, in a low voice, as he shook hands with Elizabeth. "I want to talk to you about your cottagers."

The ears of the Chevenix, more acute than those chilly blue eyes which required the aid of binoculars, pricked up at this sound of confidential converse.

"Did I hear you say something about cottagers, Mr. Forde?" she demanded, sharply.

"Yes," he replied; "I was speaking of that order of creatures." He was strongly tempted to add, "who do not inhabit Lancaster Gate," but judiciously held his peace.

"Then I must beg that you do not put any more nonsense about district visiting into my niece's head. It is all very well for Gertrude, who is strong, physically and mentally, and is not of so impressionable a nature as Elizabeth, and is some years older, into the bargain. I consider there is more than enough done for the poor in this place. My brother gives away half his income, and spends as much of his time among his parishioners as—as—his health will permit. Besides which, he has of course a powerful auxiliary in his curate, whose duty it is, naturally, to devote himself to that kind of thing. And then there are always maiden ladies in a place—good-hearted dowdy souls, who delight in that sort of work; so that you can hardly be in want of aid. But, however that may be, I can not possibly allow my niece to fatigue herself and excite herself as she has done, at your suggestion. I found her in a really low state when I came here—depressed in spirits, and nervous to the last degree."

Elizabeth flamed crimson at this.

"How can you talk such nonsense, aunt?" she cried, angrily, being the only one of the sisters who was not habitually overawed by Aunt Chevenix. "I am sure I was well enough; but those London doctors put such twaddle into your head."

Mrs. Chevenix sighed gently, and gravely shook the head which was accused of harboring professional twaddle.

"If your niece is to go to heaven, I fancy she will have to travel by her own line of country, without reference to you, Mrs. Chevenix," said Malcolm Forde. "I do not think she will submit to be forbidden to do her duty among her father's flock. It is not a question of just what is most conducive to health or high spirits. I do not say that I would have *her*"—this with an almost tender emphasis on the pronoun—"sacrifice health or length of years even for the holiest work, but we know such sacrifices are only the natural expression of a perfect faith. I am not asking her to do any thing hard or unpleasant, however. For her the yoke may be of the easiest, the burden of the lightest. If you knew, as I do, how in two or three months she has contrived to win the hearts of these people—what good her influence may do almost unconsciously on her part—I think you would hardly talk about forbidding her to give some time and thought to her father's poor."

He spoke warmly, and it was the first time that any thing approaching praise had dropped from his lips. Elizabeth looked at him with a glowing face, dark eyes that brightened as they looked.

"Thank you, Mr. Forde," she said; "I did not know I was of any use, and I got disheartened; and when Aunt Chevenix came I gave the business up altogether. But I shall begin again to-morrow."

Aunt Chevenix stared at Elizabeth, and from Elizabeth to Mr. Forde, with the stony stare of speechless indignation.

"Oh, very well, my dear," she said to her niece at last. "Of course you must know best what is conducive to your own happiness." And then she sniffed a sniff, as who should say, "I can bequeath my money elsewhere. You have sisters, my foolish Elizabeth, as dependent as yourself. I can instruct my solicitor to prepare a codicil revoking that clause in my will which has reference to your interests."

Mr. Forde had gained his point, and cared very little what smothered fires might be glowing in the Chevenix breast. Elizabeth went out into the garden with him, bare-headed, heedless of a chill October nor'wester, and heard all he could tell her about her neglected poor, questioning him eagerly.

"Poor souls, are they really fond of me?" she exclaimed, remorsefully. "I did not know it was in me to do any good."

On this Malcolm Forde grew eloquent, told her, as he had never told her before, the value of such a soul as hers, gifted with rare capabilities, with powers so far above life's ordinary level; urged her to rise superior to her surroundings, to be something greater and better than the common new-bonnet-worshiping young-ladyhood of Hawleigh.

"I am not depreciating your home or your family, Elizabeth," he said, remembering that she had accorded him this free use of her Christian name; "but the world has grown so worldly, even religion seems to have lost its spirituality. There is a trading spirit, an assumption of fashion, in our very temples. Indeed, I am sometimes doubtful whether our floral decorations and embroidered altar-cloths are not a delusion and a snare. It should be good to make our churches beautiful; yet there are moments when I doubt the wisdom of these things. They make too direct an appeal to the senses. I find myself yearning for the stern simplicity of the Scottish Church—that unembellished service which Edward Irving could make so vast an instrument for the regeneration of mankind. He had no flower-decked chancel, no white-robed choir. It was only a voice crying in the city wilderness."

This he said meditatively, straying from the chief subject of his discourse, and giving expression almost involuntarily to a doubt that had been tormenting him of late. He brought himself back to the more personal question of Elizabeth's spiritual welfare presently.

"Why did you keep away from your people?" he asked. "Were you really ill? or was it your aunt's influence?"

She looked at him with a mischievous daring in her eyes.

"Neither one nor the other."

"Then why was it? You had been going on so well and so steadily, and I was beginning to be proud of you. I trust"—this slowly and with hesitation—"I trust there was nothing I said that day at the picnic which could have a deterring influence, or which could have offended you."

"I was not offended," she answered, her lips quivering faintly, her face turned away from him. "What was there to offend me? Only you made me feel myself so poor a creature, my highest efforts so infinitely beneath your ideal of perfect womanhood, my feeble struggles at self-improvement so mean and futile measured by your heroic standard, that I did, perhaps, feel a little discouraged, a little inclined to give up striving to make myself what nature had evidently not intended me to be—an estimable woman."

"Nature intended you to be good and great," answered Mr. Forde, earnestly.

"But not like Alice Fraser," said Elizabeth, with a bitter smile.

"There are different kinds of perfection. Hers was an innate and unconscious purity, a limitless power of self-sacrifice. She was the ideal daughter of the manse, a creature who had never known a selfish thought, to whom the labors which I press upon you as a duty were a second nature. She had never lived except for others. I can not say less or more of her than I told you that day—she was simply perfect. Yet you have gifts which she did not possess—a more energetic nature, a quicker intelligence. There is no good or noble work a woman can do in this world that you could not do, if you chose."

Elizabeth shook her head doubtfully.

"I have no endurance," she said; "I am vain and feeble. Oh, believe me, I have by no means a lofty estimate of my own character. I require to be sustained by constant praise. It is all very well while you are encouraging me, I feel capable of any thing; but when I have gone plodding on for two or three months longer, and you take my good conduct for granted, I shall grow weary again, and fall away again."

"Not if you will look to a higher source for support and inspiration. My praises are a very poor reward. Trust to the approval of your own conscience rather; and forgive me if I urge you to keep yourself free from the influence of Mrs. Chevenix. It seems impertinent in me, no doubt, to presume to judge a lady I have only seen for half an hour—"

"Oh, pray don't apologize," exclaimed Elizabeth, in her careless way; "I have a perfect appreciation of Aunt Chevenix. She is the family idol, the goddess whom we all worship, conciliating her with all manner of sacrifices of our own inclinations. She presides over us in spirit even when at a distance, imparting her oracles in letters. Of course she is the very essence of worldliness. Is it not written in all the roses that garnish her cap? But she married a clever barrister, who blossomed in due course into a county-court judge, and died five years ago of a fit of apoplexy, which was considered the natural result of a prolonged series of dinners, leaving Aunt Chevenix twelve hundred a year at her own disposal. She never had any children, and we four girls are all she can boast of in the way of nephews or nieces, so it is an understood thing the twelve hundred a year must ultimately come to us, and we are paying Aunt Chevenix in advance for her bounty by deferring to her in all things. She is not half so bad as you might suppose from her little pompous ways and her fan and eyeglass; and I really think she is fond of us."

Not a pleasing confession to a man of Malcolm Forde's temperament from the lips of a beautiful girl. This waiting for dead men's shoes was of all modern vices the one that seemed to him meanest.

"I hope you will not allow your conduct to be influenced by any consideration of your reversionary interest in Mrs. Chevenix's income," he said, gravely.

"You need have no fear of that," she answered, lightly. "I never took any one's advice in my life—except, perhaps, yours—and as to being dictated to by Aunt Chevenix, that is quite out of the question. I am the only one of the family who defies her; and, strange to say, I enjoy the reputation of being her favorite."

"I don't wish you to defy her," said Mr. Forde, with his serious smile. She seemed to him at some moments only a wayward child, this girl whom he was urging to become good and great. "You may be all that a niece should be—kind, affectionate, and respectful—and yet retain your right of judgment."

He looked at his watch. He had been at the Rectory more than an hour, and half that time had been spent walking to and fro beside the autumnal China-asters and chrysanthemums, with Elizabeth for his companion.

"I have been detaining you longer than I intended," he said. "I shall tell Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Brown that you are coming to see them. Good-by."

He stood by the broad barred gate—a homely farm-house-looking gate, painted white—a tall vigorous figure, unclerical of aspect, with the erect soldierly air that had not departed from him on his change of profession, a man who looked like a leader of men, the dark earnest eyes looking downward at Elizabeth, the broad strong hand clasping hers with the firm clasp of friendship. Verily, a tower of strength such a friend as this, worth a legion of the common clay which men and women count as friends.

Elizabeth stood by the gate watching him as he walked along the white high-road toward Hawleigh.

"He looks like a red-cross knight disguised in modern costume," she said to herself; "he looks like Hercules in a frock-coat. How different from slim little Mr. Adderley, picking his steps upon the dusty causeway. And now he will go from house to house, and teach and read and exhort and help and counsel till ten o'clock to-night, with only just time for a hasty dinner between his labors. And yet he is never weary, and never thinks his life barren, and never longs to be in London among happy crowds of refined men and women enjoying all the delights that the science of pleasure can devise for them—operas and concerts and races and picture-shows and flower-shows, and a hundred gatherings together of taste and beauty and refinement. Does he ever long for that kind of life, I wonder, the very fringe or outer edge of which is delightful, if one may believe Aunt Chevenix? Or does he languish for a roving life—as I do sometimes—among fair strange countries, sailing on the blue waters of the Adriatic or the Archipelago, among the sunny islands of the old Greek world, or wandering in the shady depths of the Black Forest, or on thymy mountain-tops, or amidst regions of everlasting snow? Has he no hours of vain despondency and longing, as I have? Or did he concentrate all his hopes and desires upon Alice Fraser, and bury them all in her grave?"

She was in no hurry to return to the drawing-room fireside and the Chevenix atmosphere of genteel idleness. Instead of going back to the house, she went from the garden to the orchard, and paced that grassy slope alone, circulating slowly among the moss-grown trunks of the apple and cherry trees, thinking of Malcolm Forde.

"How good he is," she said to herself; "how earnest, how real! What a king among men! And yet what hope is there for him in life? what prospect of escape from this dull drudgery, which he must surely sicken of sooner or later? He has no interest that can advance him in the Church—I have heard him say that—so his preferment will most likely be of the slowest. I hardly wonder that he sometimes thinks of turning missionary. Better to be something—to win some kind of name in the centre of Africa, or among the South Sea Islands—than to be buried alive in such a place as Hawleigh. And if he ever were to change his mind and marry, what a brilliant career for his wife!" She laughed bitterly at the thought. "How I pity that poor demented soul, whoever she may be! And yet he seems to consider this kind of life perfect, and that one might be good and great—goodness and greatness consisting in perpetual district visiting, unlimited plain needle-work for the Dorcas Society, unfailing attendance at early services—all the dull, dull routine of a Christian life. Of the two careers, I should certainly prefer Africa."

Thus did she argue with herself, this rebellious soul, who could not understand that life was intended to afford her any thing but pleasure, the kind of pleasure her earthly nature pined for—operas and concerts, and horses and carriages, and foreign travel. She roamed the orchard for nearly an hour, meditating upon Malcolm Forde, his character, his aspirations, his prospects, and that hypothetical foolish woman who might be rash enough to accept him for her husband; and then went back to the drawing-room, to be sharply interrogated by Aunt Chevenix.

"My dear Elizabeth, what a disheveled creature you have made yourself!" exclaimed that lady, looking with disfavor at Lizzie's loosened hair and disordered neck-ribbon. The young ladies of Eaton Square rarely exposed themselves to the wind, except at Brighton in November, when a certain license might be permitted.

"I have been walking in the orchard, aunt. It's rather blowy on that side of the house."

"I hope you have not had that Mr. Forde with you all this time."

"Mr. Forde has been gone nearly an hour. I wish you wouldn't call him *that* Mr. Forde. You may not mean any thing by it, but it sounds unpleasant."

"But I do mean something by it," replied Aunt Chevenix, fanning herself more vehemently than usual. "I mean that your Mr. Forde is a most arrogant, disagreeable, under-bred person. To presume to dictate to my niece—to override my authority before my very face! The man is evidently utterly unaccustomed to good society."

"You might have said that of St. Peter or St. Paul, aunt," replied Elizabeth, in her coolest manner; "neither of those belonged to the Eaton Square section of society. But Mr. Forde is a man of good family, and was in a crack cavalry regiment before he entered the Church. So you are out of your reckoning."

"A crack regiment!" echoed the matron. "Elizabeth, you have acquired a most horrible mode of expression. Perhaps you have learned that from Mr. Forde, as well as a new version of your duty to your relations. If ever that man was in a cavalry regiment, I should think it must have been in the capacity of rough-rider. What a man-mountain the creature is, too! I should hardly have thought any sane bishop would have ordained such a giant. There ought really to be a standard height for the church as well as for the army, excluding pigmies and giants. I never beheld a man so opposite to one's ideal of a curate."

"Oh, of course," cried Elizabeth, impatiently. "Your ideal curate is a slim, simpering thing with white hands—a bandboxical being, talking solemn small-talk like a fashionable doctor—a kettle-drumish man, always dropping in at afternoon tea. We have had three of that species, varying only in detail. Thank Heaven, Malcolm Forde is something better than that!"

"I can not perceive that you have any occasion to feel grateful to Providence upon the subject of Mr. Forde's character and attributes, let them be what they may," said Mrs. Chevenix; "and I consider that familiar mention of your father's curate—a paid servant, remember, like a governess or a cook—to the last degree indecorous."

"But I do thank Heaven for him," cried Elizabeth, recklessly. "He is my friend and counselor—the only man I ever looked up to—"

"You appear to forget that you have a father," murmured Mrs. Chevenix, sitting like a statue, with her closed fan laid across her breast, in a stand-at-ease manner.

"I don't forget any thing of the kind; but I never looked up to *him*. It isn't in human nature to reverence one's father. One is behind the scenes of his life, you see. One knows all his little impatiences, his unspiritual views on the subject of dinner, his intolerance of crumpled rose leaves in his domestic arrangements. Papa is a dear old thing, but he is of the earth, earthy. Mr. Forde is of another quality—spiritual, earnest, self-sacrificing, somewhat arbitrary, perhaps, in the consciousness of his own strength, but gentle even when he commands; capable of a heroic life, which my poor feeble brain can not even imagine; his eager spirit even now yearning to carry God's truth to some wretched people buried in creation's primeval gloom; ready to die a martyr in some nameless isle of the Pacific, in some unknown desert in Central Africa. He is my modern St. Paul, and I reverence him."

Elizabeth indulged herself with this small tirade half in earnest, half in a mocking spirit, amusing herself with the discomfiture of Aunt Chevenix, who sat staring at her in speechless horror.

"The girl is stark mad!" gasped the matron, with a faint flutter of her fan, slowly recovering speech and motion. "Has this sort of thing been going on long, Diana?"

"Well, nct quite so bad as this," replied Diana; "but I don't think Lizzie has been quite herself since she took up the district visiting. She has left off wearing nice gloves, and dressing for dinner, and behaving in a general way like a Christian."

"Has she, indeed?" said Aunt Chevenix; "then the district visiting must be put a stop to at once and forever, or it will leave her stranded high and dry on the barren shore of old-maidism. You may be a very pretty girl, Elizabeth Luttrell—I dare say you know you are tolerably good-looking, so there's no use in my pretending you are not—but if once you take up ultra-religious views, visiting the poor, and all that kind of thing, I wash my hands of you. I had hoped to see you make a brilliant marriage; indeed, I have heard you talk somewhat over-confidently of your carriage, your opera-box, your town-house and country-seat; but from what I hear to-day I conclude your highest ambition is to marry this preposterous curate—who looks a great deal more like a brigand chief, by-the-way—and devote your future existence to Sunday-school teaching and tea-meetings."

Elizabeth stood tall and straight before her accuser, with clasped hands resting on the back of a priedieu chair, exactly as she had stood while she delivered her small rhapsody about Mr. Forde, stately and spiritual-looking as Joan of Arc inspired by her "voices."

"Perhaps, after all, it might be a woman's loftiest ambition to mate with Malcolm Forde," she said, slowly, with a tender, dreamy look in her eyes; and then, before the dragon could remonstrate, she went on with a sudden change of manner, "Don't be alarmed, auntie; I'm not going to hold the world well lost for love. I mean to have my opera-box, if it ever comes begging this way, and to give great dinners, with cabinet ministers and foreign embassadors for my guests, and to be mistress of a country-seat or two, and do wonderful things at elections, and to be stared at at country race-meetings, and to tread in that exalted path in which you would desire to train my ignorant footsteps."

Mrs. Chevenix gave a half-despairing sigh.

"You are a most incomprehensible girl," she said, "and give me more trouble of mind than your three sisters put together. But I do hope that you will keep clear of any entanglement with that tall curate—a dangerous man, I am convinced; any flirtation of that kind will inevitably compromise you in the future. As to cabinet dinners and country-seats, such marriages as you talk of are extremely rare nowadays, and for a Devonshire parson's daughter to make such a match would be a kind of miracle. But with your advantages you ought certainly to marry well; and it is better to look too high than too low. A season in London might do wonders."

This London season was the shining bait which Mrs. Chevenix was wont to dangle before the eyes of her nieces, and by virtue of which she obtained their submission to her amiable caprices when ths more remote advantage of inheritance might have failed to influence them. Gertrude and Diana had enjoyed each her season, and had not profited thereby in any substantial manner. They had been "much admired," Mrs. Chevenix declared, with an approving air, especially Diana, as the livelier of the two; but admiration had not taken that definite form which the soul of the match-maker loveth.

"There must be something wanting," Mrs. Chevenix said, pensively, in moments of confidence. "I find that something wanting in most of the girls of the present day. Alfred Chevenix proposed to me in my first season. I was a thoughtless thing just emerged from the nursery, and his was not my only offer. But my nieces made a very different effect. Young men were attentive to them—Sir Harold Hawbuck even seemed struck with Diana—but nothing came of it. There must have been a deficiency in something. Gertrude is perhaps too serious, Diana too flippant. It is manner, my dear, manner, in which the rising generation is wanting."

"A season in town," cried Elizabeth, her dark eyes sparkling, her head lifted with a superb arrogance, and all thought of Malcolm Forde and the life spiritual for the moment banished. "Yes, it is my turn, is it not, auntie? and I think it is time I came out. Who knows how soon I may begin to lose whatever good looks I now possess? I am of a nervous temper; impressionable, as you suggested just now. I have a knack of sleeping badly when my mind is full of a subject, and excitement of any kind spoils my appetite. Even the idea of a new bonnet will keep me awake. I lie tossing from side to side all night trying to determine whether it shall be pink or blue. Living at this rate, I may be a positive fright before I am twenty; no complexion can stand against such wear and tear."

"You have been allowed to grow up with a sadly undisciplined mind, my poor child," Mrs. Chevenix said, sententiously. "If your papa had engaged a competent governess, a person who had lived in superior families, and was experienced in the training of the human mind and the figure—your waist measures two inches more than it ought at your age—his daughters would have done him much greater credit. But it was only like my brother Wilmot to grudge the expenditure of sixty guineas a year for a proper instructress of his daughters, while frittering away hundreds on his pauper parishioners."

"Now that is one of the things for which I *do* reverence papa," cried Elizabeth, with energy. "Thank Heaven, neither our minds nor our bodies have been trained by a professional trainer. Imagine growing like a fruit tree nailed against a wall; every spontaneous outshoot of one's character cut back, every impulse pruned away as a non-fruit-bearing branch! I do bless papa with all my free untutored soul for having spared us that. But don't let us quarrel about details, dear auntie. Give me my season in London, and see what I will do. I languish for my opera-box and barouche, and the kind of life one reads of in Mrs. Gore's novels."

"You shall spend next May and June with me," said Mrs. Chevenix, with another plaintive sigh. "It will be hard work going over all the same ground again which I went over for Gerty and Di, but the result may be more brilliant."

"Couldn't you manage to turn me off at the same time, auntie?" demanded Blanche, pertly.

"I am sorry Gertrude and I were not fortunate enough to receive proposals from dukes or merchant princes," said Diana, whose aristocratic features had flushed angrily at her aunt's implied complaint. "Perhaps we might have been luckier if we had met more people of that kind. But of course Lizzie will do wonders. She reminds me of Mirabeau's remark about Robespierre—she will do great things, because she believes in herself."

Elizabeth was prompt to respond to this attack; and so, with small sisterly bickerings, the conversation ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STOLEN KISS.

WITH blue eyes closed, and head thrown back,
  Within the easy-chair sat Kitty.
Thought I, "If now a pair of gloves
  I may not win, 'twill be a pity!"
But as I softly reached her side,
  The red lips parted with a murmur;
And oh, what joy! my name she breathed:
  Within my heart grew hope still firmer.

"Dost love me, Kitty?" whispered I;
  And soft in sleep came back her answer:
"I love thee not!" I stood aghast,
  Till love urged, "Kiss her while you can, Sir!"
But ah! the blue eyes swift unclosed,
  And glanced at me with mirth o'erflowing.
Thought I, "I'll let her think a while
  That I've heard something worth the knowing."

Then, drawing near, I slyly said,
  "Fair maid, your dreams have well betrayed you."
"For shame!" cried she, "to steal my thoughts,
  And get my sleeping tongue to aid you!"
All penitent, I humbly said,
  "But ah! the secret in my keeping
Has made me sad!" She answered low,
  "One never tells the truth while sleeping!"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR O. C. MARSH has lately made an announcement, which, if substantiated, must be considered as one of the most important paleontological discoveries of the day, and exceeding in interest, as far as the class of birds is concerned, that of the celebrated *Archæopteryx* from Solenhofen. Some months since he communicated to the public the discovery, in the upper cretaceous shales of Kansas, of a new form of fossil bird, to which he gave the name of *Ichthyornis*, describing several species, the type being *I. dispar*. Its most striking characteristic consisted in the possession of biconcave vertebræ. In close connection with the remains were found portions of the jaws of an animal having decidedly reptilian affinities, both jaws containing numerous teeth, implanted in distinct sockets. These were small, compressed, and pointed, and all similar in shape. There were about twenty teeth in each ramus of the lower jaw, and probably as many in the upper. The series extended over the entire margin of the dentary bone, the front teeth being near the extremity.

A careful separation of all the parts of the matrix of this specimen now satisfies Professor Marsh that the jaws really belonged to the bird remains; and that we have here an instance of the long-sought-for link between the bird and the reptile. The distance between the two had been narrowed by successive discoveries, and is now bridged over by this remarkable fact.

The greater part of the skeleton of this genus, according to Professor Marsh, is generally bird-like in character, the lower jaw being long and slender, and abruptly truncated just behind the articulation for the quadrate bone. This extremity, and especially the articulation, is said to be very similar in character to that of some recent aquatic birds. The skull is of moderate size, and the eyes placed well forward. The scapular arch and the bones of the wings and legs are strictly ornithic; and the sternum has a prominent keel and elongated grooves for the expanded coracoids. The metacarpals are united, as in ordinary birds. The bones of the posterior extremities resemble those of swimming birds. The vertebræ, however, are all biconcave, the concavities at each end of the centre being distinct and nearly alike. Although it has not yet been possible to determine the fact, it is surmised that the tail was elongated, as in *Archæopteryx*. Its size was about equal to that of a pigeon. A supposed second species of *Ichthyornis*, described as *I. celer*, proved, on subsequent examination, to be generically distinct, and has been termed *Apatornis celer*, and is made the type of the genus *Apatornis*. Upon the two Professor Marsh has founded a new sub-class, *Odontornithes*, and the family *Ichthyornidæ*.

To the very small list of authenticated crania of great antiquity, now best represented by the Engis skull and the Neanderthal skull in Europe, the Calaveras County skull, and that from the "drift" of Illinois, deposited by the Smithsonian Institution in the Army Medical Museum at Washington, is to be added one recently discovered in the loess of Nogy Kâp, in Hungary. This is announced by Luschan to the Anthropological Society of Vienna, and described in its *Mittheilungen*. The genuineness of the "find" is considered as quite beyond question, the most accurate investigation furnishing no reason to believe that it was not deposited simultaneously with the loess. A flood excavated a cutting through this formation to the depth of eight or ten feet, and at six feet from the surface the bones forming the subject of the announcement were revealed. The skull is purely brachycephalic, differing in this respect from the other diluvial European crania, which are dolicho-cephalic. Its largest diameter amounts to 144 millimeters, and the distance between the lateral orbits to 114 millimeters. The cubical capacity of the skull could not be determined, in consequence of its being filled with earth; but, as far as an examination was practicable, the capacity seemed to be about the average of that of men of the present day. There appeared to be nothing peculiar in the form of the frontal sinus, which constitutes so strong and marked a feature of the Neanderthal and Illinois crania just referred to.

The death of Babinet, an eminent French savant, is announced in the recent scientific journals. This well-known physicist was born at Lusignan in 1794, and was commissioned at an early age as lieutenant of artillery, in which service he continued until 1820, when he entered upon the duties of professor of physics. Various papers on subjects connected with physics and meteorology were published by him in the journals; among others, a series of papers on optical meteorology. In 1837 and 1838 he published a paper on the optical character of minerals, in which the principles of diffraction were applied to the explanation of colors of thin plates. This memoir procured for him a membership in the Academy of Science. His death took place in Paris on the 20th of October, 1872.

Dr. Haast, in discussing the subject of the moas (*Dinornis*) and moa hunters of New Zealand, advances the opinion that the various species of moa began to appear in New Zealand in the post-pliocene period, and that they have been extinct for so long a time that no trustworthy traditions have been handed down to the present day concerning them. He thinks also that a race of *Autocthones*, probably of Polynesian origin, was contemporaneous with the moa, by whom it was hunted and exterminated. A species of wild dog existed at the same time, which was likewise killed out by the moa hunters. These people, he thinks, were low in civilization, only using rudely chipped stone implements. The Maoris, their descendants, on the other hand, had, when the earliest Europeans arrived in New Zealand, attained the art of manufacturing finely polished stone implements and weapons. He believes he finds satisfactory evidence that the moa hunters were not cannibals, but that they cooked their food. They must have had access to the northern islands, where they procured obsidian, and likewise must have traveled far into the interior of the island to obtain the flint of which their stone implements were made. Many of these early implements were of nephrite and greenstone.

The report of Dr. M. C. Edmunds and Dr. M. Goldsmith, Fish Commissioners of the State of Vermont, of their operations for the years 1871 and 1872, has just been presented to the Legislature, and published by its order. They state that the previous Commissioner, Professor Hager, having left the State in 1870, there has been no report since 1869. Professor Hager's experiments, however, succeeded in placing some 40,000 salmon in the waters of the State, most of them in the Williams River, near Chester, the locality of his hatching house.

Some misgivings are expressed by the Commissioners as to the probable fate of these fish, which we fear will be confirmed by future experience, as the young fish were retained and fed in the hatching house too long after the yolk-bag was absorbed to give them that shyness which their safety required, while they were not kept long enough to pass through the period when any cyprinoid could readily devour them.

The present Commissioners are, however, of the opinion that all the streams heretofore inhabited by salmon can be restocked by this fish, especially if suitable fish-ways are constructed in the dams upon the rivers. A portion of the report is occupied by a statement connected with the construction of fish-ways at the dams on the Connecticut River, which at present prevent the upward passage of the fish to Vermont. They express the hope that, before long, legal action will be taken which will result in the removal of the obstructions.

They also report an experiment of introducing shad into the waters of Lake Champlain, fifty thousand young ones from Seth Green's establishment on the Hudson having been placed at Burlington Bay. As the same number had been deposited by Mr. Green, on behalf of New York, at Whitehall, near the head of the lake, about the same time, it is thought that these 100,000 young fish may serve as a satisfactory basis for this experiment.

In conclusion, the Commissioners recommend to the Legislature—first, the passage of laws for preventing the capture of any kind of fish during the spawning season, with the exception (and that under proper restrictions) of such fish as shad and salmon, which come into the waters of the State at the spawning season only; second, that the possessor of fish taken in the prohibited season be subject to the same penalty as the person capturing them; third, that fish-wardens be appointed, with proper authority; fourth, that the Legislature shall properly define and guard the rights of private property in fish and fisheries; fifth, that laws shall be enacted to compel all persons who build dams to provide them with suitable fish-ways. These, the most important of the recommendations, are supplemented by others looking to the same object—namely, the increase and maintenance in proper number of the more valuable food fishes of the State.

The death of Sir John Bowring, the well-known Orientalist, at the age of eighty, is announced as having taken place in London on the 23d of November. This gentleman has long occupied a prominent position in the world of politics, and filled a by no means unimportant one in science, as among the most strenuous advocates of an international decimal system of weights and measures, and as a regular attendant of the meetings of the British Association, where he devoted himself to the section of economical science.

The section of fisheries at the late Exposition of Scandinavian Industry at Copenhagen was very suggestive, and embraced many interesting illustrations. They included various fishing implements, fish-breeding apparatus, etc. One object attracting special attention was a model, by Mr. Fiegler, of a Danish lake, representing it with great exactness both in its physical and natural-history aspects. Specimens of fish were exhibited, as well as various specimens of the fauna and flora of the lake.

The British expedition for the exploration of the Congo River, for which Mr. Young, a friend of Dr. Livingstone, has given $10,000, started on its journey in the beginning of December, under the direction of Lieutenant Grundy. The necessary arms were furnished by the War-office, and the African Steamship Company has given the officers passage at half rates. Sir Bartle Frere, the leader of the antislavery expedition from the opposite coast, left England in the end of November, and was to be joined at Brindisi by Lieutenant Cameron and his party. They were to proceed by the Suez Canal to Zanzibar, at which point the farther movements of the expedition would be determined on.

We have thus two British parties, one proceeding from the west and the other from the east, in search of Dr. Livingstone, to be followed at no late date by one under German auspices, should the subscriptions now being collected prove sufficient for the purpose.

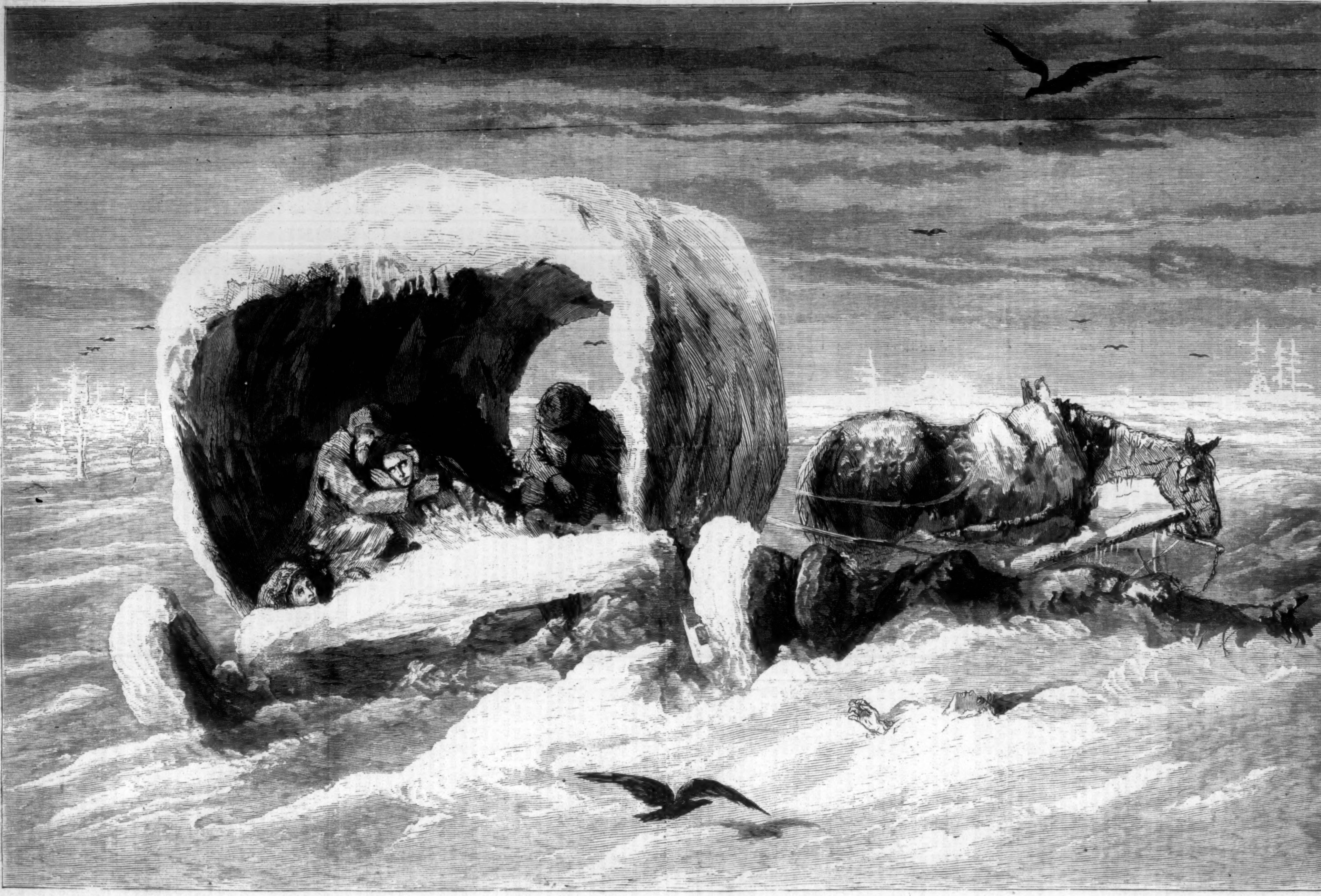
The Khedive of Egypt is also about to send a force of 5000 men, under Purdy Bey (an American named Purdy), in transports, to Zanzibar. The ostensible object is to co-operate with Dr. Livingstone in the exploration of the interior of Africa, but possibly to serve as a relief party for Sir Samuel Baker, who has been engaged for some time in the exploration of the Upper Nile.

A total sum of £2000 was voted by the British Association at its late meeting, in sums of from £10 to £400, for the purpose of assisting in the prosecution of researches by its members in physical and natural sciences. The largest amount mentioned was to a committee, of which Sir W. Thomson is chairman, for the purpose of prosecuting tidal observations. During the late meeting 2533 tickets were issued, of which 912 wese to ladies. The total receipts at this meeting were £2649.

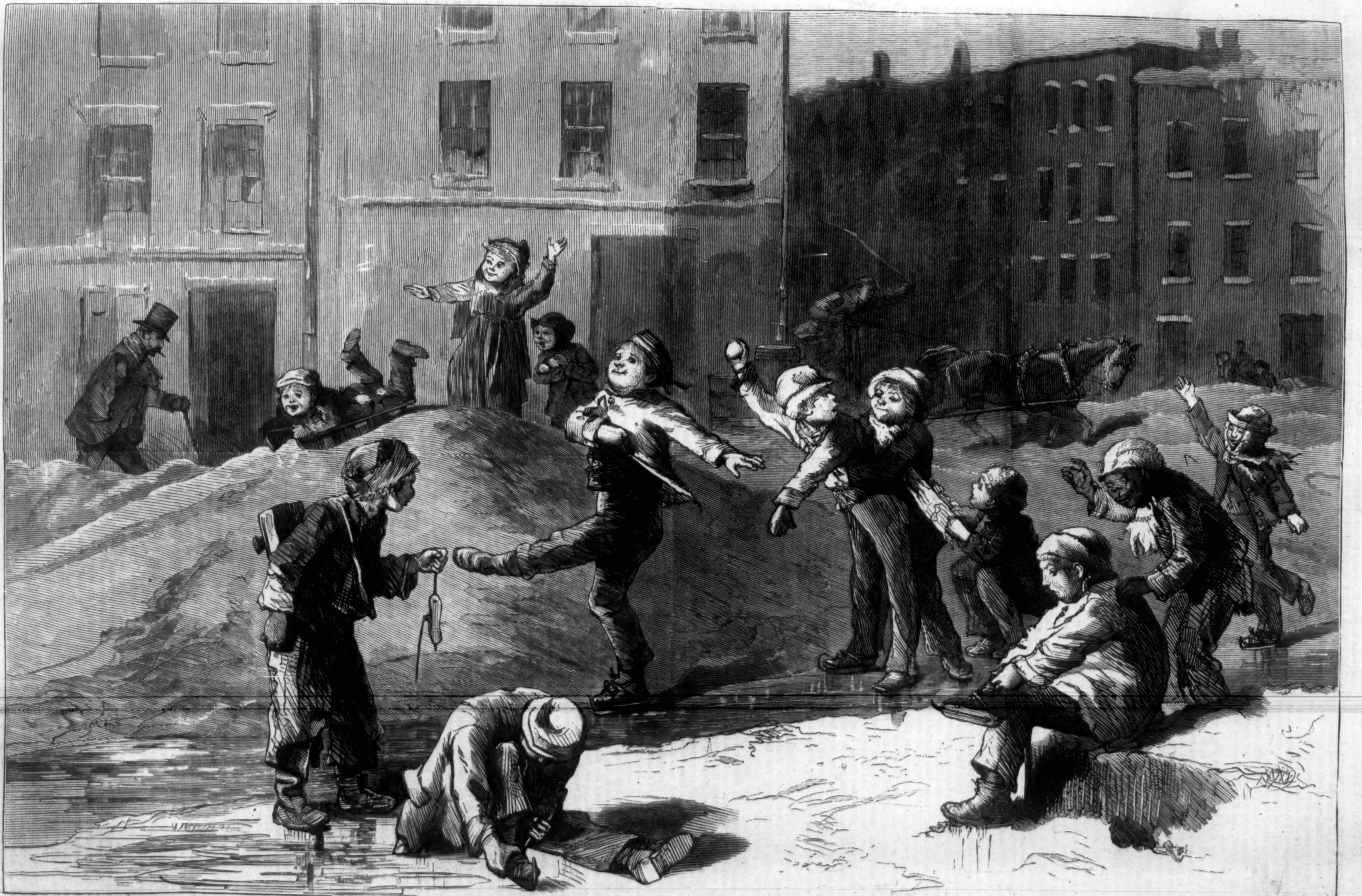
A recent number of *Nature* contains a communication from Edward Whymper, written in Greenland, detailing the result of his explorations in that country during the past summer. It will be remembered that this gentleman visited Greenland in 1867, but was unable to accomplish the work he had proposed to himself on account of various obstructions. On the present occasion, however, he has been more fortunate, and he has had an opportunity of visiting some very interesting localities. He reports that the season in Greenland has been long and brilliant, that the floe ice disappeared in Umenak Fiord in the middle of May, six weeks earlier than usual, and that men went about in summer attire in April at Godhavn. On the 6th of July, the date of his arrival in the country, the land was covered with flowers, and almost all the snow had vanished from the sea-level up to 2000 feet.

All this would appear to be highly favorable to the operations of Captain Hall and his band of explorers. Mr. Whymper reports having discovered a great valley leading into the interior of Disco. He also ascended one of the highest peaks on the Noursook side of the Waigat, but was unable to discover the lakes given as occurring on Rink's map; he, however, found a large one, which has one or more glaciers coming into it, at a height of 2000 feet above the sea. This valley is the most important one hitherto discovered in North Greenland. The stream traversing it has the appearance of a great river and not of a torrent. After descending, through many windings, a course of at least 100 miles, it pours into the sea a volume of water equal to that of the Rhone at the Lake of Geneva.

At Umenak Fiord he ascended a mountain about 7000 feet in height, taking his theodolite to the top, and making numerous observations. He was enabled to correct the geography of many of the points, and the estimated determinations of the heights. On Hare Island, which has a height of 1800 feet, he collected a large number of fossil plants, and from its summit at midnight he distinctly recognized a mountain, called Sanderson's Hope, near Upernavik, distant 140 miles. The general collections made by him were equal to those of 1867, and there was a greater number of fossil plants than he procured at that time. He obtained a great number of stone implements, and of good quality, and numerous zoological objects.



SNOW-BOUND.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 138.]



SLIDING ON THE HILL.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 138.]

SNOW-BOUND.

THERE have been but few winters, fortunately, in the lifetime of even the oldest inhabitant of the clime in which we dwell the severity of which has surpassed, or even equaled, that of the season now so nearly ended. There has been an almost perpetual fall of snow, hail, or rain, accompanied by winds of piercing cold, that forced the thermometer nearly down to zero in the warmer cities, and considerably below it in the open country. Streets were blocked, trains obstructed, mails delayed, and travel by land or water seriously impeded.

The suffering that followed was every where terrific, but nowhere so disastrous as in the far West, where an almost unparalleled record of death is presented. In Minnesota alone it is reported that upward of 300 human beings perished in the snow, while in other sections of the Western country an unusual number met the same fate. The severest of these storms opened unexpectedly on the night of the 14th ult., and continued without cessation for three whole days and nights. The day of the 14th opened with a bright sun and mild temperature, that gave promise of favorable weather. Taking advantage of these indications, hundreds of teamsters, farmers, and others left their homes in wagons or sleighs for the nearest settlements, with the view of obtaining such necessaries of life or of their avocations as they needed, and many of them leaving wives and children at home entirely unprepared for what was to follow. Dozens of these unfortunate men have been found—in some cases hardly 100 yards from their houses—frozen stiff and stark, with their horses and oxen frozen with them, while in humble cabins whole families of children have been discovered frozen to death beside their mothers, while out in the prairie lay the still forms of fathers who had perished in the snow. Some idea may be formed of the depth of the drifts when we consider that on the second day the snow was piled so high about a freight train, blockaded on the Davenport and St. Paul Railroad, near Delaware Centre, that teams drove over the tops of the cars. Upon the same line there were drifts 3000 feet long and fifteen feet deep. Near Blue Earth men could pass on foot over the telegraph wires, and in a drift at New Ulm was found a man frozen to death while sitting on the seat of his sleigh, his head being fully five feet under the surface.

The incidents of suffering and death are heartrending. Near Correctionville JOHN SPARKS and JOSEPH SANDERS went out to get some wood at a distance of four miles. The storm caught them, but they pushed on. When a mile and a half from home they threw out their load to go on more quickly, but just beyond the road made a curve; they passed this curve without turning, and so every step afterward was a step away from home. At night they camped under the sleigh about three miles from home. A trapper heard their shouts, but took them for the hooting of owls. During Wednesday, Wednesday night, and Thursday the men were alive and wandering up and down, bewildered by the terrible storm. The trapper followed them all day Wednesday, but could not find them. On Thursday night their horse came home, and following back his tracks, they found the two men seven miles away, about two feet apart, frozen stark and stiff. The dog which had accompanied them remained with the bodies, and had kept them from being covered by the snow. Each man left a widow and young children. SANDERS's family is left entirely destitute. The aged mother and sister of SPARKS have gone mad, and will probably die. In Sibley County a man named THOMAS O'CONNELL, a farmer residing in New Auburn township, met his death in this wise: While returning to his home, a distance of about eight miles, from the village of New Auburn, whither he had gone to procure some groceries, the storm overtook him. At some point upon his homeward journey he had left his oxen, and his dead body when discovered was found upon its hands and knees. The inference is that finding that he could make no further progress by walking, he resorted to the method of creeping. In this way he had gone a long distance, and the body was not more than eighty yards from a house when found. One yoke of the oxen was also frozen to death. Another sad case occurred in the same county. The children of a farmer living in the township of Kelso were at school, two miles from their home, when the snow commenced to fall. He left home with the intention of bringing them back with him. At a neighbor's house he was told that the children were in the house of another neighbor, where they had taken refuge, and he was asked to tarry until the storm should be over. But fearful that his wife would become alarmed at his continued absence should he remain, and dreading also that she might start out to search for him, and thus lose her life, he determined to venture forth to reach his home. He did so, but on the way death overtook him, and his frozen body was found on the road. In both these cases large families have been left in a state of destitution.

Here and there a man barely escaped with his life and succeeded in reaching his home, where an anxious wife was eagerly awaiting his return. To such a one the house that furnished shelter and the warm fire that thawed the frozen limbs were hailed with heart-felt gratitude. To the poor emigrant and his family, traveling on the prairie, however, there could be no hope of such relief. Far removed from any human habitation, the little company could only continue the effort to get on until the heavy drifts stopped their progress, and left them helpless victims of the storm. Our artist has given a thrilling picture of a scene like this on page 136, which is not in the least overdrawn.

But while the snow-storm brings such a terrible experience to the many, there is a brighter side to the subject, if we may believe the happy urchins who are sliding on the hill-side, as seen on page 137. To these the snow is a jolly thing, and the more of it the better.

CHISELHURST.

JANUARY 9, 1873.

THE marvelous man lies dead—
The man who shook the nations with his tread,
Stealthy and slow. The man who spoke no lie,
Impassible alike of lip or eye,
But whose whole life was one long patient fraud
Enacted fearlessly before his God.

Of matchless constancy,
He bore with equal firmness victory
Or ignominious failure. 'Twas a mood
That never passed the bounds of fortitude;
For courage was a stranger to his crest—
Such as had fired the first Napoleon's breast.

In every deed of war
He proved himself a recreant, and the star
Of the great Corsican grew pale and dim
O'er his dishonored 'scutcheon. Not for him
Was the fierce joy of battle, and the cry
Of headed armies, mad with victory!

Not his the hero's part,
Though impulse seemed to dominate his start
Upon the path of power: a reckless man,
His "coup d'état" was but the "get who can"
Of one long placed beneath a social ban,
By courtesy alone a Bonaparte.

So wisely he essayed
To be the Augustus of his age, and made
The flattered populace believe him great.
The glamour of "the gray-eyed man of fate"
At first deceived the masses: seemed he then
Cæsar indeed—the lord of "sword and pen."

But there were some who saw
His weakness through the mantle he would draw
Round his halt footsteps—who perceived him lame,
Aimless, and impotent in proxied fame,
Though, like Mokanna of the Eastern tale,
O'er his swart brow he flung a silvery veil.

To such as these his fall
Was not the wondrous end of Carnival
It seemed to those who saw no deeper down
Than the imperial mantle and the crown:
Minds that had marked him as a charlatan
Were not astonished that he failed—as man!

When once Ambition woke
In his mysterious soul, its galling yoke
Was never lifted more. The seething brain
That had planned out an empire o'er the main
Failed in the power its victories to sustain,
And hearts and covenants alike were broke.

France was the wealthy bride
Of an impoverished bridegroom, and her pride
Was fostered by the splendid gifts he gave
From her own coffers. Like the robbers' cave,
Their treasures seemed at first to know no cease
Beneath the "Open, Sesame!" of peace.

Uncounted gold a while
Rewarded his belovéd for her smile.
But soon a sterner spirit in him stirred,
He wearied of her beauty long preferred,
And all forgotten was the magic word;
So he decked Paris for her funeral pile.

His was the strange mistake
That mediocrity will sometimes make
In the delusive effort to be great.
He might have been a matchless magistrate—
He could not be a warrior! Yet he strove
To snatch the thunders of imperial Jove.

For still the voice that said,
"Added dominion is the only bread
Wherewith the discontented may be fed,"
Pursued him to destruction—and the foe;
He stretched his hand to grasp a crown, and lo!
Napoleon found himself at Wilhelmshoe.

And thence to Chiselhurst;
'Twas but a step—perchance the very worst
He could have taken for his future fame.
But the insidious spirit had grown tame,
The scheming brain was weary, and the breast,
Aching with disappointment, needed rest.

In grim and waxen state
He lies in his last slumber—truly great
Because of the surpassing spell that throws
Such majesty o'er all that thus repose.
The actor rests, the drama has its close.
Peace to thine ashes, "gray-eyed man of fate!"

METTA BARTLETT'S VALENTINE.

ONE hundred and seventy invitations had Miss Gildersleeve Pomeroy sent out for her valentine party, a number including, beyond the strict limits of her own set, all the attractive young people of X——, and still Metta Bartlett was not invited.

"An unpardonable slight to the whole family," said Aunt Phœbe.

"Very unkind to our Metta, and a considerable loss to the party," added Aunt Mabel.

"No one, I am sure, would enjoy it more," Metta remarked, rather sadly: "one good visit at Ryemere makes me happy for a month."

"Never mind, dear," was the doubtful consolation of her mother, who, accustomed to look on "the bright side" of every thing, would have been the first, had the invitation arrived at that moment, to hail it with rejoicing: "you could hardly have accepted, for you have nothing to wear."

"Oh, I would not have minded *that*, dear mother," said Metta.

"I should trust not," ejaculated the practical Miss Phœbe, "so long as there is the white muslin and the amber-colored ribbons."

"Yes," said Metta, with a quick smile, and, about to add, "Ambrose likes me in 'white and gold,'" paused suddenly. She had now no right to remember what Ambrose liked her in, and for an instant her face clouded. But she caught sight of her mother's wistful glance, and added, cheerfully:

"Probably the invitation has been mislaid; I shall not begin to fret until Tuesday. I hardly think, however Miss Pomeroy may regard me, she would care to give us pain by expressing her thoughts to the whole town."

But Miss Pomeroy did care to express to the whole town her thoughts about Metta Bartlett, and to express them pointedly and emphatically was exactly the motive of cogitation now exercising her scheming brain.

Miss Pomeroy was seated in her boudoir at Ryemere—if boudoir it might be called—which was hardly more than a closet in size, and contained no furniture excepting an escritoire and high-backed chair, overhung by a Damascus lamp, whose curious egg-pendant was a keepsake of her Oriental travels.

This interior, rendered columnar by the height of the ceiling, was lined from lamp-cord to floor with flutings of crimson silk; the windows, hardly more than loop-holes, were set in deep niches; and the air was pervaded with a red glow that tinted even the sallow cheek of the faded lady with "couleur de rose."

A perfume resembling the odor of the clove-carnation was vividly perceptible—the lingering fume of a censer swung there morning and evening, with incense composed from an East Indian formula of ingredients supposed to fortify memory and enliven the brain.

The escritoire consisted in main part of a series of locked drawers, like a jewel cabinet. It was from one of these drawers that Miss Pomeroy produced two miniatures, which she studied with profound earnestness.

One was a delicately tinted photograph upon porcelain, a likeness in profile of a young man, an Adonis, one might say, at first glance; but closer scrutiny forbade the judgment. The outline, clear, spirited, and almost femininely refined, had much strength in it, even severity, and certain deepened lines between the brows denoted reflection and sentiment. The complexion was fair, the mustache and closely curled hair golden; and altogether the portrait was sufficiently handsome and interesting to justify Miss Pomeroy's kindling glance of admiration.

The other was an unpenciled photograph, also a profile: the face of a young girl, not particularly remarkable, but level-browed, and with a contour prettily rounded, and showing, if one cared to examine critically, the head set upon the throat in an elegant manner, a delicate, fine-shaped ear, and a rarely sweet curve about the upper lip.

These pictures Miss Pomeroy held together as one holds the opposite pages of an open book; and her eyes darted from one to the other as if the lines of whatever text she read extended across both. And she further cemented this close association by words that, as she put the pictures away, broke from her lips:

"To love and to cherish till death us do part."

Then she disposed herself to write letters, and completed two missives—one a letter directed to Mr. Ambrose Gildersleeve, —— Medical College, New York, and the other a message, for telegraphic forwarding, to the same direction.

Tuesday came—one of the most beautiful days of the new year. Snow still lay upon the ground in shaded glens or untrodden coverts; but the bare trees had a glow of spring upon them, and the air was like the air of June.

It was a charming Valentine's Day. The birds could hardly have wished for more propitious weather to the proclaiming of their legendary choice. The two pair of pet canaries that hung in gilded cages in Metta Bartlett's bedroom seemed to have some surmises of the day's significance, for at dawn their songs began. But their fantastic trilling did not awaken Metta.

As she lay in her snow-white bed, in the whitening dusk, rendered transparent by reflections from walls and curtains no less snowy, with her tossed hair floating back on the pillow, and two bright roses burning on her cheeks—the result, if truth must be told rather derogatory to a heroine, of having cried herself to sleep—Metta's face was singularly winning.

This white bedroom opened into a vestibule leading to the apartments of the aunts, who, having dressed by candle-light, had already descended to the breakfast-room. The vestibule door stood ajar, and was now pushed cautiously open by an immense colored woman, whose portly figure as she paused on the threshold filled the whole space. Her turbaned head was turned watchfully toward the bed, and across her extended arms lay a muslin dress, newly bleached and smoothed in pleated ruffles.

"Nuffin, Miss Metty, but yer Indy mull," said Dinah, as Metta, awakening suddenly, lifted herself from the pillow with a confused air—"nuffin but yer Indy mull, lookin' s'prisin' nice enuff for a weddin'."

"Thank you, Dinah dear," said Metta, in the loving voice she always used to her old nurse. "It looks beautiful. Spread it carefully upon the couch. But you mustn't be disappointed if I can not wear it."

"Now, Miss Metty," said Dinah, when she had laid the dress down and spread it tenderly at full length, "jus' yer lissen a word to ole Dinah. Gib up 'flectin' no more 'bout Miss Pumwry's inwitashun. Let a-be wat yer can't git—dat's Dinah's flossfy. An' 'courage yerself up, Miss Metty, fur sumthin's gwine ter happen. I neber tole you nuffin ontrue, hev I, dear young chile?"

"No, Dinah; I have good faith in you," said Metta.

"No un knows better, 'cept Miss Phœbe, mebbe," said the old nurse, dropping her voice mysteriously, "'t when Dinah says sumthin's gwine ter happen, nuffin countrywise conwenes. When de Judge, pride an' 'light ob de hull county, was stricken away so orful suddin, no un seed trubble a-cummin, an' tole Miss Phœbe three days aforehand, 'cept ole Dinah, an' says, dat bressed mornin', 'Run up ter der gate, Miss Metty, an' kiss yer father a good-by;' an' de Judge driv away den fur de las' time, a-smilin' back ter his little daughter.

"Ob course," continued Dinah, "no un seed de hull foredainment. Sum t'ings is mercilly hidden: de prop'ty failin', frens droppin' off gratis, an' missus rakin'-scrapin' ter bring 'er two ends into meetin'. But neber-u-mine, Miss Metty. Good times is a-cummin, walentine or no walentine—an' Miss Pumwry's inwitashun go 'long!"

And here Dinah, having reached the climax of her discourse, continued, with marked emphasis, "Dat yere Indy mull, Miss Metty, is gwine ter be worn, an' suddin soon, 'pend on it, ter sumthin mighty nigh a weddin'."

"Not my wedding, I hope, Dinah," said Metta, with unaffected dismay.

"Not your weddin', s'pose," said Dinah, comfortingly—"not your weddin' yetwile, dear young chile, but Mr. Ambrose's, mebbe. 'Cause dey do say Miss Pumwry's gone an' senfur Miss Cartwright all de way ter Washington jus' ter 'tend dis yere walentine party an' marry her nevy. I did spect better p'formance of Mr. Ambrose. But neber-u-mine, Miss Metty. Parsin Plummer's mighty risin', an' no 'stake 'bout it—a burnin' light in de ministry nohow—an' de new parsnige is s'prisin' cunnin'."

Metta had arisen by this time, and with her face turned away from the searching eyes of her old nurse, asked, "Who told you, Dinah, that Mr. Ambrose would come to this party?"

"Wa'al, I dunno as he kin, Miss Metty; but Miss Cartwright's yere areddy, an tablose practis is all oberdone ter Ryemere. Miss Pumwry wisited der cullered school yes'day, an' specs all de chillen ter 'sist. Phœbe Ann's gwine to be a Cubid, an' Jake he's mighty set up 'bout firin' off de princess ryell. De tablose is all to be cullered. De hull cullered popperlashun is spected ter Ryemere Lake in hi' mass, 'cause Miss Pumwry 's up to sumthin magnaceous. But neber-u-mine, Miss Metty; nuffin ain't gwine ter 'fere 'bout dat yere Indy mull, jus' ye better bleve ole Dinah, an' 'courage yerself up."

Metta did encourage herself, having a motive to keep a bright face for the sake of her mother and aunts, who felt her trials and disappointments more keenly even than she felt them herself.

It is true that when evening came, and she was reading aloud to the grave little group gathered around the fireside, she found some difficulty in keeping her eyes quite steadily upon the page and her voice from faltering.

Never had horses' hoofs and rumbling wheels clattered so noisily as when they struck the bridge that opposite Metta's home crossed a wild ravine into the park of Ryemere. But every body went early, and by nine o'clock all was still.

The clock, indeed, had struck the half hour past, and the calm look had returned to Metta's face and the smoothness to her voice, when another carriage was heard.

"Some one is going late," said Miss Mabel. "The invitations were for seven."

"No," said Miss Phœbe, whose hearing was of the clearest; "that carriage is coming this way. Hear? it crosses the bridge in our direction." And when she had walked to the window and lifted the curtain to discover, she let it drop suddenly. "It is coming to our house," she said.

The last up train stopping that evening at X—— was nearly an hour behind time, and it was eight o'clock when Ambrose Gildersleeve, springing into the clarence that awaited him at the station, asked, anxiously, "How is my aunt?"

"Miss Pomeroy is quite well, thank you, Mr. Ambrose," answered the footman.

"When did she begin to improve?" asked Mr. Gildersleeve, with a sigh of relief.

"Miss Pomeroy has been quite well, and as usual, Sir, since you left," said the footman, respectfully, as the door closed. And Mr. Ambrose, whirled rapidly homeward, endeavored to recall the precise phraseology of the letter from which he had received the impression, heightened by a peremptory telegram, that his aunt was seriously ill, and required his presence at Ryemere imperatively.

"Some cruel hoax," he muttered, angrily, as coming in sight of Ryemere he saw the glare of the gate lamps, and the grove around the lake lighted festively with Chinese lanterns. "Some refined torture," he murmured, bitterly, as the windows flashed upon him ablaze with lights, and the music poured from the ball-room.

The carriage stopped at an obscure entrance, and when Mr. Gildersleeve reached by the tower stairway his own apartments he found every thing prepared for his reception: a side-table spread with supper in his little library, a fire in his dressing-room, every thing necessary for the evening toilet laid out, and a note upon the bureau.

"DEAR AMBROSE,—I trust you will make yourself agreeable to my guests to-night. To-morrow morning I have an important business matter upon which to consult you. M. B. is not here."

"Not here," thought Ambrose, as he flung himself into an arm-chair before the fire, and indulged in a few moments' reflection. "And why am I here? What annoyance is devised for me? But that this heartless woman is my mother's sister—but that I am indebted to her so deeply—nothing, not her death itself, could have brought me here to-night, after our last interview. And now this mockery! She, of all others, who knew so well, who saw our love ripening and deepening from childhood, encouraged it, smiled upon it, and then in the end betrayed us! Well, thank Heaven, I have a man's strength, and I may work out happiness yet, in spite of disinheritance."

Luckily nowadays no one wears his heart upon his sleeve. Half an hour afterward saw the elegant young nephew and heir-presumptive of Miss Gildersleeve Pomeroy gliding among her guests, with his blonde mustache curling blandly, and his golden head and pale, distinguished face appearing and disappearing in the bewilderments of redowa and deux-temps, in close proximity to the brunette coiffure and roseate countenance of the beautiful Miss Cartwright.

"What a pity, Mr. Gildersleeve, you should have lost the first tableau," she said, when they rested for a moment in the drawing-room; "it was exquisite: 'Valentine's Day. Part first, the Birds.' You must read my missive." She took it from her belt and gave it to him. "Miss Pomeroy is really inimitable in conjuring artistic effects. I suppose you know this bird piece was fundamentally the 'one little, two little,' and so on—please don't recall the execrable melody—of her charity school; but really, what with red and yellow flannel, and artificial beaks, and the expressive attitudes, you can't imagine how comical; and the cloud-work, white tulle and blue tarlatan—what do you think of it?" as Ambrose returned the missive—one of a multitude dropped after the tableaux from the beaks of the birds.

"The prophet is certainly commendable for his boldness," said Ambrose, reading over the explicit lines,

> "'Fair maiden, seize your happy fate:
> *This night* reveals your life-long mate.'"

"Methinks I see him now," said Miss Cartwright, with a glance across the room and a disparaging little grimace.

Ambrose followed the direction of her glance to a scholarly looking but decidedly awkward young man, who at that instant was furtively brightening his spectacles over the engraving table, and said, with a start of color to his marble cheek, "That is Mr. Plummer, the clerical pride of 'our village'—a very fine fellow."

"Mr. Plummer?" plaintively re-echoed Miss Cartwright. "Then my first inspiration as to my own destiny is an ignis-fatuus; for Mr. Plummer, they tell me—and he really *is* talented-looking, isn't he?—is engaged to Miss Bartlett."

Then the second tableau was announced—a graceful vision in Pompeian style: dusky figures upon cloud-white ground, grouped at the moment when lovers had been chosen by lot, excellently managed in perspective, and superbly colored in costume—"The youthful Court of Juno, in the Feast of the Lupercalia."

The car of the goddess, a gorgeous affair drawn by peacocks, was transported to the drawing-room, and found to contain "valentine gifts," which were presented in sealed caskets, to be opened on the morrow.

"Did you know," asked Miss Cartwright, when, after a few round dances thrown away upon the unsophisticated jeunesse dorée of X——, she found herself lounging through the Lancers with Mr. Gildersleeve, "that the last tableau to-night is to be something absolutely serious? Not to you, fortunately, nor to me, but to these young people who reside in X——. There is to be a lottery for lovers, according to the antique custom, only Miss Pomeroy has considerately abbreviated the classical term of devotion, a year, to something more modern in period of fidelity, a few weeks—the interval until her first-o'-the-May fête."

The tableau was, "Saint Valentine in the chivalrous Days of the Lupercalian Restoration," an enthronement of the "immortal go-between," after the query of Charles Lamb—"Or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves?" and "attended by thousands and ten thousands of little loves."

It was from the quivers of these little loves, numerically modified for the occasion, that arrows, winged with numbered plumes, were distributed among the gentlemen.

There was some delay about the production of the feminine counterparts of these magical numbers, which were worn conspicuously as decorations, but after supper the corresponding numbers were served by sable Cupids in heart-shaped leaves upon a rose-wreathed plate.

The matching created quite an excitement. Chance coupled some curious contrasts, among these Miss Cartwright and Mr. Plummer. Ambrose Gildersleeve alone of all the company could find no counterpart for his scarlet arrow, No. 37.

"It can not be," said Miss Pomeroy, summoned to meet this emergency, "that Saint Valentine would show such undeserved partiality. Let us go back to the gallery, and look for the lost number."

Her return was a signal of movement to the whole party. They found the white curtain dropped for another tableau—"The Daisy: February's Flower. 'He loves me, he loves me not.'"

Under the inscription was the heart-shaped leaf No. 37.

Slowly the curtain rose. The scene lay in a garden, and Miss Pomeroy's conservatory had been ravished for pink camellias and heart-dropping begonias and flame-like oleanders, that made the place bloom, in which stood a lovely young girl, the very ideal of Burns's description:

> "The daisy for simplicity and unaffected air."

Her simple draperies were white and gold: and with downcast eyes she foretold her lover's faith by that soothsaying flower whose petals are said to fall truly on Valentine's Day—"He loves me, he loves me not."

Miss Pomeroy, who had read every thing that the library afforded relative to the holiday's customs and symbols, could have given a dozen quotations to emphasize this floral personification. But one word, and one word only, escaped the lips of Ambrose Gildersleeve—hardly more than a whisper, but so intense, so thrilling, that the lady who stood gazing at the picture by his side started as if she had received an electric shock—"Metta!"

The burning of the effigy on the lawn was the closing spectacular effect of the evening, and the sable members of Miss Pomeroy's charity school, with their pockets well stuffed with nuts and oranges, officiated in this immolation of "the old love," under the bare elms by the lake, with quite picturesque gamboling.

Ambrose Gildersleeve, with a white-robed figure close beside him, stood in one of the drawing-room balconies. "Metta," he asked, "is it 'till the first o' May' only?"

She looked up into his eyes silently, with an answer that made him clasp closely the little hand he held, and with a quick impulse rearrangé her cloak, to give excuse for the shadow of an embrace.

"What does this evening mean, Ambrose?" she asked, softly.

"It means you are MINE," he said, fervently. "It means happiness, Metta; it means Heaven smiles on us, and that my aunt is an angel, after all."

A few delicious dances, prolonged some time after midnight, and then, when the guests began to drive away, a message was brought to Mr. Gildersleeve—"Take Metta into my boudoir; I have a word to say to you."

They went through the conservatory, into the only apartment that had not been opened to the company—the little crimson closet: unchanged from its usual air excepting by ottomans drawn in for two expected guests. The Damascus lamp was faintly lighted, and the space still held its subtle perfume—an odor that, associated with that night, Ambrose and Metta could never afterward breathe without a sensation of ecstasy.

Miss Pomeroy came to them presently, rather pale and agitated, and seated herself before them in her escritoire chair.

"My dear children," she said, "you will forgive me, I think, my little stratagem, when I have explained to you its motive. One article of creed amounts, perhaps, in my faith almost to superstition. You know, Ambrose, something of my unhappy early life; and, Metta dear, perhaps another day I shall tell you a brief love-story. You will understand then why I, of all women—possessing unclouded happiness, and losing it, by one stroke, suddenly and forever—do so deeply hold to the faith that

> 'The course of true love did never yet run smooth.'

Your unquestioned devotion, your perfect happiness, made me tremble. I prepared for you the trial, which I know has been none the less severe that it came from your closest friend. But how was it possible, Ambrose, that you could believe me against myself, and really expect complete disinheritance from a heart that is as your mother's own?—Metta, my darling child, I thank you for your faith. You will never regret that you rejected Ambrose for my sake; and believing my loving instinct must be somehow for his good, you trusted Heaven, as you said, to bestow its gifts *in its own harmony*. There is no discord now. In your brief parting you have learned the depths of your own hearts, and have looked into life with the only eyes that can look beneath its surface—the eyes of love and suffering. Happiness, I feel sure, awaits you.—You will go on with your life-work, Ambrose, and be as faithful, I trust, in your profession as if you did not possess Metta, and as if the greater part of my fortune were not already yours, as it is indeed in good legal form, my dear boy. And, Metta—" But here Miss Pomeroy's voice failed her, and when she recovered her composure it was but to say,

"Now, Ambrose, drive home with your treasure. I know Mrs. Bartlett will be sitting up for the child, waiting. So go to her at once, my children, and receive her blessing, *as you have mine.*"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is rather tantalizing, to be sure, while half buried in snow-drifts, to read the enthusiastic letters of those who, having fled from Northern winters, are serenely sunning themselves under Florida skies. To those who shiver in the cold blasts of January and February, and whose eyes weary of the monotonous white garb in which the earth has been so persistently robed, it is delightful to hear of roses and jonquils filling the air with fragrance, of birds warbling their cheerful songs among the magnolia-trees and in the orange groves, and of summer attire, and thermometer at 79° in the shade—all in the month of January! But there are two sides to every subject—and to every place. Florida and many far-famed Southern resorts are not free from evils any more than our own more Northern residences, though the evils are of a different nature. If we have severe cold and heavy snows, in milder climes there is perchance malaria, and warm days abruptly followed by severe frosts at night. Our fresh wintry breezes impart to healthy constitutions an activity and vigor seldom gained where only soft and balmy breezes blow. There is no question but the climate of Florida, for example, is very beneficial to certain classes of persons. Confirmed dyspeptics, who require a great deal of out-door life, but have not the strength to battle with severe and stormy weather; those whose lungs are peculiarly sensitive, and who are in danger of becoming confirmed consumptives—such delicate persons experience usually great advantage from a mild Southern climate. But those who have lived in Florida, and have gained knowledge by experience and observation, say that many consumptive persons are made worse rather than better by going there: the advantage gained depends upon the nature of the case and the constitution of the individual. Moreover, it is said that Florida is no place for bilious persons; the diseases of the country are of a bilious type, and those suffering with liver complaints are likely to grow worse rather than better. In the temperate regions, where come alternations of heat and cold, it is unquestionable that there is a more perfect development of vigorous activity both of mind and body, in all healthy individuals, than in tropical countries.

A singular phenomenon was witnessed by the passengers on the steam-ship *India*, of the Anchor line, on her recent passage from Glasgow. A heavy rain-storm fell, the drops freezing immediately, until the whole exterior of the vessel—masts, yards, and rigging—was thickly coated with ice. All the rigging running in a horizontal direction was fringed with large icicles, and two closely reefed sails became solid sheets of ice. When the storm was over, and the sun shone out, the spectacle was magnificent, such as no one on board the *India* had ever beheld.

During the year 1872 the whole number of new books and pamphlets printed in England was 4814; of these 782 were theological and biblical, 744 were novels and works of fiction, 533 were scientific and artistic, and 439 educational and classical.

The reception given to Miss Emily Faithfull in Steinway Hall by the women of New York was an occasion of much interest, and will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant literary reunions ever held in this city. The audience embraced representative women from various classes—journalists, authors, artists, teachers, and industrial—as well as many others who were interested in the educational and industrial progress of our country. The hall was crowded long before the hour for opening the exercises. Mrs. H. M. Field presided, and made the opening address. Miss Faithfull then spoke at length, dwelling earnestly on the necessity which existed of throwing open to women the lighter branches of employment. Her address was received with warm applause. The evening was enlivened by the singing of Miss Antoinette Sterling and Mrs. Van Zandt.

From all indications at the time of this writing, the skating season will last for weeks—yes, for months—unless "Old Probabilities" reports a change of "tidal waves." So every one may as well enjoy this exhilarating exercise just as much as is possible. To those who have really learned the art, skating is a positive luxury: the swift, airy, gliding motion has a fascination peculiar to itself. The beginner, however, meets with many difficulties and mishaps, half of which come from lack of confidence. A few primary rules should be understood, and then nerves should be left at home; they are out of place on the ice-pond. Fearlessness is essential. If you think you are going to fall, you probably will. Dash ahead firmly: the skater who deliberates is lost.

The Turkish Princess Nazlé was recently married to Khalil-Pasha, on which occasion certain innovations took place in established customs in Turkey. As a rule brides of that country wear rose-colored dresses, embroidered with gold; but when Princess Nazlé arrived at her husband's palace she was attired in a French bridal costume of white silk, trimmed with orange flowers. Her wreath of the same blossoms was surmounted by a diadem of brilliants, and a long veil of tulle illusion fell partly before and partly behind her head. It was her own choice to be dressed in this fashion. Another noticeable thing was that Khalil-Pasha gave his arm to the bride—quite contrary to the custom. Before the guests assembled at the wedding breakfast the princess retired into her boudoir and changed her Parisian costume for a Turkish dress of pink velvet almost covered with gold embroidery, but still wearing her wreath of orange flowers and diadem of brilliants. The ladies honored by admission to her presence describe her as dazzling them with her youth and beauty, remarkable for her elegance and refinement, and sparkling with priceless jewels.

In February the French historian and statesman Guizot will celebrate his golden wedding, and the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the French Academy.

About thirteen years ago—so states the *Christian Weekly*—the American Bible Society sent an elegant copy of the Bible to Dr. Hepburn, in Japan, as a gift to the emperor. The government was then so hostile to Christianity that he did not think it wise to present it, and there have since been many changes, so that he has delayed till now. Recently he presented it, through the American minister, to the enlightened and liberal Mikado, who has acknowledged the pleasure with which he received it.

Salmon eggs to the number of 750,000 were recently shipped from Bremen to this country. Two-thirds of these are a present from the German government; and they will be distributed by the Smithsonian Institution to the various fish-breeding establishments in the country.

Hans Christian Andersen, whose name and writings are so widely known, is almost totally blind and partially paralyzed. His death must be expected soon.

We quote briefly from the latest parody on *Abou Ben Adhem*, making a short explanatory preamble:

"Adam MacAdam (may his tribe increase!)" awoke at midnight, like his illustrious predecessor, at the approach of a ghostly visitor, whose business was to write the names of "those who love their fellow-men." Adam's name not being found on the brief list, he meekly explained that as he was a poor daily laborer, he seldom answered to the public call for money, but went on to say:

> "But this I do—now lend attentive ear:
> Each wintry morning, when the dawn grows clear,
> I take my bucket to the ash-hole dim,
> And there I fill it to the very brim,
> Then on the sidewalk take my slippery stand,
> And scatter ashes with a liberal hand.
> So at my gate no broken heads I see;
> No cripple shakes his gory leg at me;
> In kind regard I'm held by rich and poor—
> Save by the surgeon who resides next door."
> Thus Adam told his tale, and thus the while
> The great scribe listened with a brightening smile,
> Then vanished. The next night he came again:
> "See here," he cried, "the list of great-souled men
> Who answer promptest to sweet Mercy's call!"
> Lo, A. MacAdam's name o'ertopped them all!

The Turkish Sultan has given orders for the suppression of the infamous female slave-trade, of which Adrianople is the centre. The Governor of Adrianople, who encouraged the traffic, has been deposed and banished to Bagdad.

It is related that at a reception given at Cincinnati to Fredrika Bremer, during her visit to this country, a rich parvenu sought an introduction to the distinguished lady, and bent upon doing the agreeable, began conversing in this wise: "How do you do, Miss Bremer? How is your brother Frederick? I'm mighty fond of Fred Bremer's books. Capital books your brother writes. I am proud to meet his sister."

Probably no bigger book was ever constructed than one which is now being made. It is the book which will contain the names of those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects. The list comprises 380,000 names, and will form a volume of 13,163 pages. Seven presses are used in the printing, and 125 compositors have been employed on the work for the last three months.

If apples, potatoes, or any fruits or vegetables are frozen, they should be thawed out gradually by being covered with old carpets or woolen cloths. By so doing they will not be much injured by the frost.

The Japanese minister at Washington, Mr. Mori, proposes to form a new language by simplifying the English, and to cause this new language to be substituted for that now in use in his native country. In order to accomplish his desired object he believes that a uniform spelling of words will be necessary, and that the spelling of a word should accord with its sound when spoken. He also proposes to make every verb "regular"—to substitute, for example, as past tenses and past participles, seed for saw and seen, speaked for spoke and spoken, bited for bit and bitten, teached for taught, beared for bore and borne, thinked for thought, buyed for bought, comed for came and come, and so on through the entire list of irregular verbs. Mr. Mori has consulted Professor Whitney, of Yale College, in regard to the feasibility of his project. Whether he has obtained the consent of the Japanese nation to such an innovation we are not informed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SERVANT in the house of a gentleman who was a great collector of old china had the misfortune to break a valuable vase. As he was in the act of picking up the pieces a visitor was shown into the drawing-room. "Oh, Sir," cried the servant, "can you tell me what this is?" "That? Why, old Dresden, to be sure." "Oh, how fortunate, Sir!" was the reply. "I was very much afraid it was new."

"Don't you take rather too much spirit for a single man?" asked a kind man of one who was indulging pretty freely. "I beg pardon, Sir: I have been married these ten years," was the answer.

A punster challenged a sick man's vote at the city election on the ground that he was an *ill* legal voter.

A Frenchman soliciting relief of an English lady said, gravely, to his fair hearer, "Madame, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von vife, vid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make dere bread out of but de perspiration of my own eyebrows."

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS—The rush-light.

What is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker?—One puts his sail up, and the other puts his ale down.

Why is it not good to beat children hard and often?—Because you may beat oft and harden.

A BENEDICTION ON A STONY-HEARTED MILLIONAIRE.

May every blessing that fond Fortune sheds,
With smiles benignant, o'er her favorites' heads—
May every grace that good and great could make you,
Follow you still—and never overtake you!

MEN WITH WINNING WAYS—Successful gamblers.

Mrs. Manooverer says she possesses great resources in her dear daughters, only she has not yet been able to *husband them.*

A HINT.—Those young ladies who make up their *faces* do not always find young men to make up their *minds.*

WEATHER RHYMES.—The following is by an Irish "Clerk of the Weather:"

> "Dirty days hath September,
> April, June, and November;
> From January up to May
> The rain it raineth every day.
> All the rest have thirty-one
> Without a blessed gleam of sun.
> And if any of them had two-and-thirty,
> They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty."

What is the difference between a stock-broker and a critic?—None: because neither having any thing of his own, they live on the property of those who have.

"My brudders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find *sympathy.*" "Whar? whar?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

A LEGITIMATE INFERENCE—That a dentist's office is a *drawing*-room.

When may a ship at sea be said not to be on water?—When she is on fire.

A lady walking on Broadway a short time ago, a gentleman's button caught in the fringe of her shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties were separated. "I am attached to you, madam," said the gentleman, good-humoredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual, Sir," was the equally good-humored reply.

A BAD BOOK TO READ—A naughty biography (an autobiography).

"Pray, Sir," said a person at the back end of a crowd, to another who had just joined it—"pray don't press upon me; there's no one behind you." "But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, Sir, what's the use of being in a crowd if one mayn't shove?"

"Madam," said a certain nameless one to Mrs. Brown the other day, "you are talking simple rubbish." "Yes, Sir," replied the ever-crushing lady, "because I wish *you* to comprehend me."

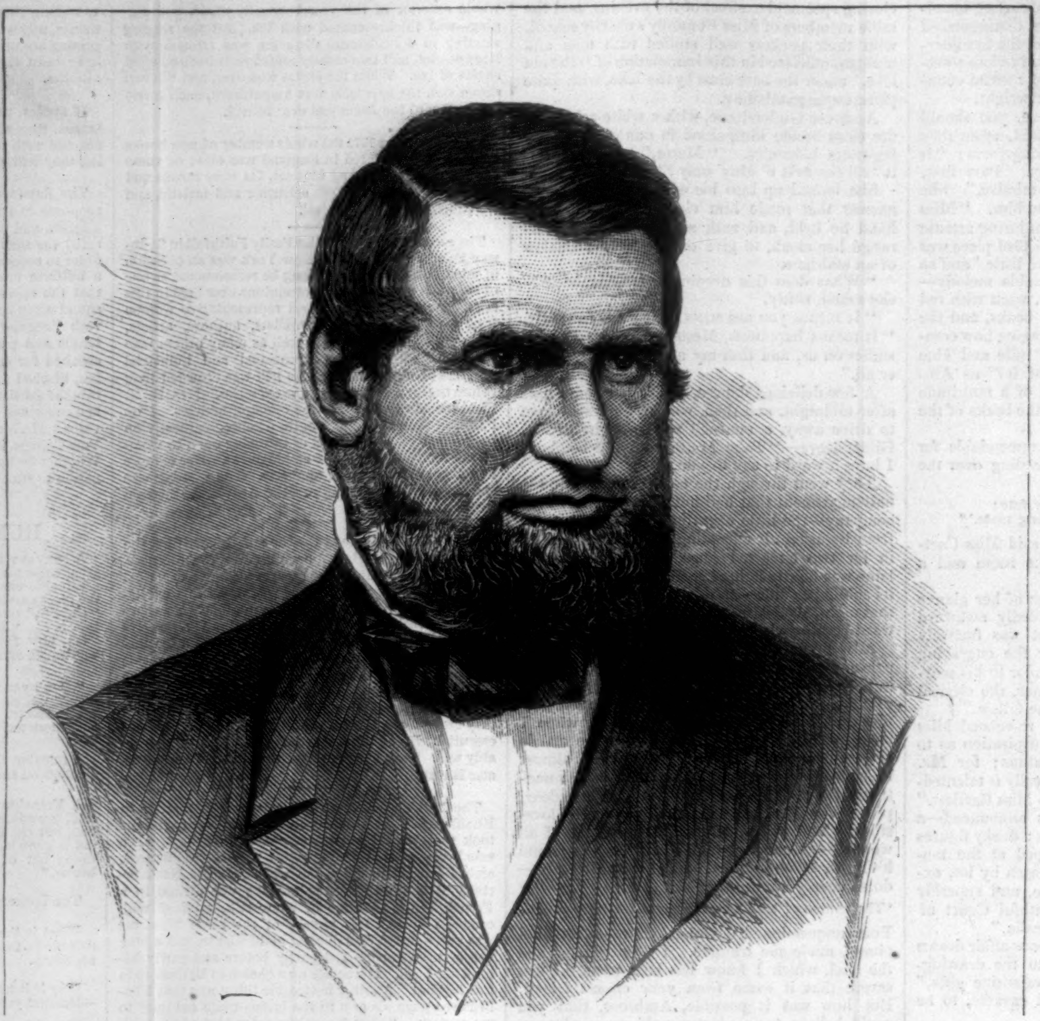
A GROWL FROM GRANDPAPA.

Wish me what? Many happy New-Years?
  When my years at the most must be few!
If one only prove happy, my dears,
  'Twill be more than I ever got through.
Besides, whether they're happy or not,
  Should my last year of all be this New,
You'll come in for whatever I've got,
  And the sooner the better for you.

OUT OF PLACE ALTOGETHER—A frog on a toadstool.

Why is the fire a dissipated character?—Because it goes out every night.

"Arrah, me darlint!" cried Jamie O'Falagen to his loquacious sweetheart, who had given him no opportunity of even answering her remarks during a two hours' ride behind his little bay nags, in his oyster wagon—"are ye afther knowin' why yer cheeks are just like my ponies there?" "Sure an' it's because they're *red*, is it?" quoth blushing Bridget. "Faith, an' a betther raison than that, *mavourneen*. Because there is one uv thim each side of a waggin' (wagon) tongue!"



HON. OAKES AMES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 130.]

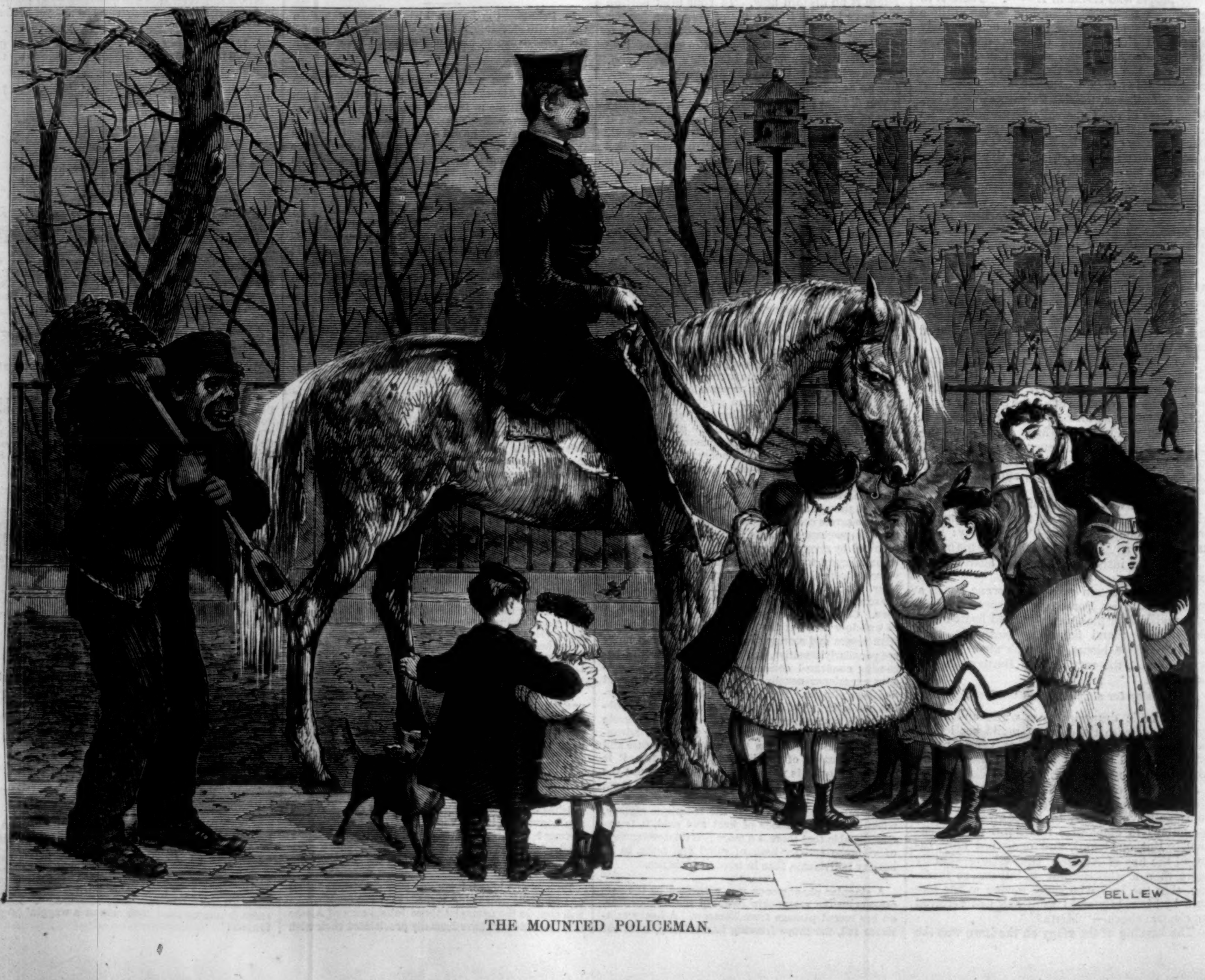
A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

THE following thrilling incident is related by the well-known missionary, Rev. S. H. Kellogg, in a graphic letter to the New York *Christian Intelligencer*, descriptive of a journey to India *via* the Mont Cenis Tunnel:

"We rolled on rapidly down the Italian slope of the Alps, around and around sharp curves, through tunnel after tunnel, over dizzying gorges, along the edge of lofty embankments, and narrow shelves chiseled out of the side of the mountain, when a few miles below the tunnel an accident occurred which filled us all with horror. Most people in America are aware that the cars on the Continent are cut up into separate compartments, each with two doors, one on each side. There is thus no possibility of passing through a train, as in America, and on most railways no bell-rope or any other means of communicating with the engineer or conductor in any emergency. The only way of reaching the engine or passing from car to car is along a very narrow foot-board running along the side of each car, a little above the ground. It is the duty of the guard of the train to open the doors of each compartment on stopping, and shut and bolt them before starting. On this occasion, as it appeared, when he shut the door he omitted to bolt it securely. Our little girl of seven years, stepping across the car, stumbled, fell against the door, which burst open, and let the poor child fall headlong out of the train. The reader can faintly imagine the horror and agony of the father and mother and those with us in the compartment. No way of communicating with the guard or engineer, the train whirling along at full twenty miles an hour! I sprang to the open door, descended to the foot-board, and clambered thus along the side of the long train till I came to the guard's apartment, two or or three cars' distance from the locomotive; the signal was given to stop the train, but we had gone two miles before it could be checked. It was a very heavy train, and I suppose that the reason why they would not return was because it was impossible to start it up so heavy a grade. Whatever the reason may have been, the train, with the heart-broken mother and the rest of our agonized party, went on, while, accompanied by one of our missionary brethren, I started back on foot to find the poor child. We scarcely dared to hope that we should find her alive; still less did we dream that she could be otherwise than most seriously injured. Imagine, then, our overflowing joy when, as we approached the scene of the accident, our darling was brought out of a mountain hut in the arms of a sturdy Italian mountaineer, and save a slight flesh-cut on the head, and the extreme nervous shock, actually uninjured by her fall. A more marvelous and almost incredible deliverance I have never seen. In God's most merciful providence she had fallen, instead of on hard earth or rock, upon an embankment of loose, find sand; a low wire running along from a switch near by had caught her, and kept her from rolling sixty feet down the bank to the bed of the stream below."

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

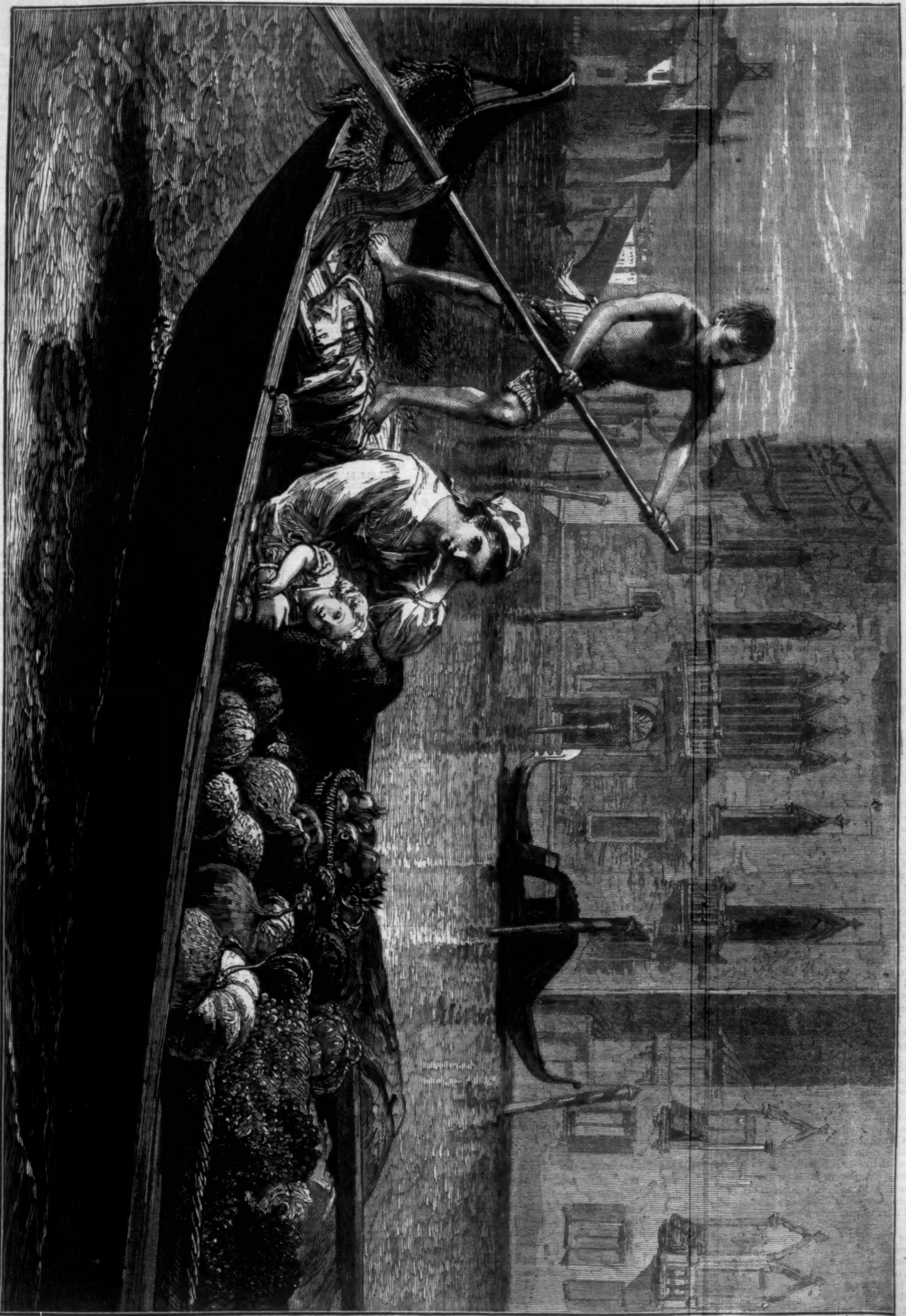
SUPERINTENDENT KELSO may well be proud of a body of men so bravely disposed and well disciplined as the mounted police, one of whose members is pictured on this page in the saddle and ready for duty. The force is divided into two squads, one of sixteen men, under Captain **ALANSON S. WILSON**, stationed at Carmansville; and the other of eighteen men, under Sergeant **WESTING**, with head-quarters in West Thirty-first Street, near Eighth Avenue. It is the duty of Squad No. 1 to patrol, day and night, the roads and lanes between Yonkers and Harlem, to prevent highway robberies or house-breaking, and in case of fires to gallop to the nearest stations with the tidings. The work of the other division is to prevent fast driving and wagon thieving on the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth avenues. Occasionally an emergency may arise (like that of the July riot, where valuable service was rendered) in which both companies may be quickly summoned to head-quarters for orders.



THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

A VENETIAN FRUIT BOAT.

THE pretty picture, drawn by Mr. GOODALL, which is given on this page was on exhibition in England, and is suggestive enough to need no description in words. Of all towns in the world (without even excepting Rome), Venice is the artists' prime favorite, nor do the public readily tire of the delineation of Venetian scenes. There is something in the combined effect of the architecture of these grand old palaces and the dark green waters under their walls which attracts universal sympathy. Of course artists are allowed some license in the arrangement of their subjects: you may meet many fruit boats on the canals of Venice, but you won't often chance on so picturesque a group as this. It is not every day that you find Youth so comely and well-shapen at the prow, or Beauty (we mustn't say "at the helm," for gondolas have no helms) thus keeping watch over the grapes and melons. All the more thanks are due to the artist who, having witnessed these rare sights, was kind enough to draw them for our delectation.



A VENETIAN FRUIT BOAT.—[FROM THE DRAWING BY W. GOODALL.]

A DROLLERY IN MEDICAL PRACTICE.

EVER since the detection of "Scratching Fanny," who ingeniously imposed upon all and sundry as the "Cock Lane Ghost," the skill of young females in playing off tricks and simulating maladies, out of a spirit of mere mischief, often to their own detriment, has been a well-recognized fact in the medical profession. In such performances boys fall far behind. Miraculous wounds, or miraculous cures, do not suit the boyish nature. Girls possess the true inventive faculty and power of endurance for some secret purpose. Yet, with a full knowledge of these qualities in the young female patient, physicians are constantly imposed on. Long ago, when almost every thing unusual was ascribed to supernatural interference, clever young females, with a relish for deception, resorted to a very pretty knack of astonishing simple-minded people, by making mysterious noises, scratchings, tumbling about articles of household furniture, throwing stones at windows, deranging flower-pots, and performing other outrageous antics. In that delightfully amusing old book, *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, we have a variety of incidents, all assumedly supernatural, and very perplexing to the ecclesiastical authorities of the period, but which a sharp London detective would now have at once traced to some clever but very innocent-looking girl, who enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of throwing a whole neighborhood into that state of utter consternation which resulted in an appeal to prayers and exorcisms. A love of deception by such freaks sometimes exceeds all imaginable bounds. Self-accusation, and even self-torture, are well-known phases of this curious disorder of the female mind, for such it really is. A story is told of a lady patient who was in the habit of thrusting needles into her foot, and then submitting to a surgical operation for their removal. But this instance of self-inflicted torture was far outdone in a curious case which occurred at the Carlisle Infirmary, and is mentioned by Dr. Priestly in a lecture delivered at the Middlesex Hospital. We popularize it as follows:

One day a young woman applied at the infirmary to be treated for an ulcer having a very ugly appearance, and which was spreading at a great rate. Suspecting that the patient was secretly causing the irritation, the doctor in attendance caused the part to be covered in such a way that she could not get at it. The result was that, by a course of simple treatment, the sore was speedily healed. The girl did not like getting well. In a short time she tried a new trick. This was the contrivance of a gathering at the end of her finger, leading to the bone—a seemingly bad case, necessitating a surgical operation. To this she would on no account consent, and left the infirmary. She afterward, however, went to Liverpool, and there submitted to an amputation of part of the finger. Taking care that the wound should not heal, the case became so bad that the hand had to be amputated. This did not satisfy the morbid desire for suffering. She still kept the wound in a state of irritation, and amputation above the elbow was resorted to. With the stump nearly healed, she quitted Liverpool and returned to Carlisle, where by-and-by the wound ulcerated, and she was again admitted to the infirmary. Again an amputation—this time the arm off by the shoulder-blade. The poor wretch was still unsatisfied. After being a little time at home she presented herself with the wound in a bad way, at the same time producing two pieces of bone as having come away, but which the doctor saw were only two pieces of bone that had been taken from a leg of mutton. To prevent any fresh manœuvre, she was placed in bed with her remaining arm tied to her side, and in three weeks the shoulder was perfectly healed. Now about to be discharged, she fell on a new device. Her left eye appeared to be badly swollen, and on inspection it was found that she had picked a piece of lime plaster from the wall and placed it under the eyelid! Dismissed from the infirmary, she afterward affected a new malady, but was looked on with suspicion, and died without admitting her deceptions to any one. The girl who perpetrated these oddities is not spoken of as having been insane, and the medical man who relates the case says that her motives for self-torture are not to be divined. The only rational conjecture is that she derived a pleasure in successfully playing off these ridiculous tricks on her medical attendants.

WINTER FARE.

A CURIOUS resemblance exists between certain habits common to some animals and some portion of mankind. Every one who has watched the squirrel in its wild state knows perfectly well that it has two distinct dwellings, one for the summer and the other for the winter. The summer nest is slight, pervious to the air, and placed at the end of a lofty bough; while the winter nest is a large mass of dry leaves, moss, and grass, fixed at the junction of a large branch with the trunk of the tree, so that when the inhabitant is within it can not be disturbed even by a breath of air, though a violent gale may be blowing.

Now there are several parts of the world where men build dwellings of a similar character, light and airy for summer, close and massive for winter. Such, for example, is the habitation of the Kamtchatkan, the summer dwelling being a slight structure of branches supported on a sort of scaffold, while the winter house, or "jurt," is deeply sunk in the ground, built of stones or large timber, and thickly and warmly thatched. The winter huts of the Tschutski, at the northeast of Asia, are constructed after a similar fashion, the roofs looking like low hillocks surrounded with stones. The ancients as well as the moderns had similar huts, the "Ganggraben," or Passage Graves of Scandinavia, so familiar to all ethnologists, being constructed on precisely the same principle as that employed in the Kamtchatkan "jurt."

There has been much controversy about the mole, and its method of passing the winter, some persons thinking that it is one of the hibernators, and others that it is active throughout the winter. In its subterranean abode the frost can not touch it. All who have worked with the spade in winter know perfectly well that, however hard and stone-like the surface of the ground may be, the effect of the severest frost is very superficial, and that at a spade's depth or so the earth is as soft and penetrable as in the middle of summer. Consequently the worms on which the mole lives almost exclusively are able to traverse the soil, and the mole is equally able to pursue them. Moreover, the mole is a creature so strangely unable to endure even a short fast, that it would most probably perish of hunger before it had time to pass into a state of hibernation.

As to the frogs and toads, they contrive to insinuate themselves under-ground in some strange way, and there pass the whole winter. I should think that, of all creatures, the frog would be the least fitted to endure either extreme cold or heat. Being destitute of any clothing of fur or feathers, and having a thin and highly porous skin, through which the moisture of the body rapidly exudes, the creature is necessarily sensitive to changes of temperature. If a frog happen to be in an unsheltered spot on a hot summer day, it soon dies, the sunbeams drawing out through the skin the moisture on which its life depends, and rapidly drying up its dead body until it is like a piece of flat horn. So unprotected a creature would necessarily feel the cold as severely as the heat; and it is very doubtful whether in a really severe frost a frog would traverse a distance of many yards without being first numbed by the cold, and then frozen as stiff as it would be baked stiff in summer.

Snails and slugs are also safely at rest, guarded from the immediate influence of the cold. The reader may possibly have noticed that after an exceptionally severe winter slugs are always more numerous than snails when the spring has brought out the fresh foliage of the new year. The reason is simple enough: slugs, soft as their bodies may be, live for the most part underground, managing in some mysterious manner to force themselves below the surface of the earth. This they do even in the summer-time; so that possessors of gardens, when they see the leaves of their favorite plants gnawed into rags, mostly lay the blame on the wrong creature. For example, they eat off the tender tops of the early pease as soon as they appear above ground; and the sparrow generally gets the blame, and often suffers the punishment due to a delinquency which it did not commit. They even eat tobacco, in spite of the pungency of the leaf. Perhaps they take it as a zest with their ordinary meals, or eat it out of curiosity.

Snails are much more suspected of doing ill than are slugs, because the latter are completely hidden under the earth, while the former can only conceal themselves in crevices. As far as is known, the snail does not retire under-ground, though there is no apparent reason why it should not do so. It is quite capable of burrowing, and always does so when it lays its round, translucent eggs. However, unless disturbed by men or birds, it is quite safe in its retreat, and, like the slug, fasts and sleeps throughout the entire winter.

Many insects are hibernators. Putting aside those which pass the winter in one of the preliminary forms of egg, larva, or inactive pupa, and therefore can scarcely be ranked among insects, there are many which retire to some hiding-place at the end of autumn, and do not make their appearance again until the spring. The great ground-beetles mostly seek a refuge below the surface of the earth, between the bark and the wood of trees, or under the moss. So do the rove-beetles, many of the sunshiners, and others, while many a lady-bird contrives to remain unharmed throughout the winter.

Perhaps the hibernating insects which are most frequently found are the wasps and hornets, which pass the time of their inaction to some purpose. None but the females survive the year. At the end of autumn they have found their mates, and immediately becoming widows, retire to some obscure/ spot, leaving not only their husbands, but their companions and nurslings, to perish from cold and want of food. They themselves have eaten enough to keep up their lives during the period of sleep, and at the beginning of the next spring they issue from their places of concealment, ready and anxious to found a new colony of their own. Thus, then, we see how provision is made for the subsistence of beings who can not obtain food in the winter-time and can not leave the country. The winter to them is a blank, its frost and storms are unknown, and the nourishment stored within them is sufficient for their subsistence during the months of sleep.

Those insects which inhabit the water are much less affected by the cold than those of the land. Even in the depth of winter, if the ice which covers the surface of a pond be broken, and the net passed rapidly through the water, some insects are sure to be found in it, all quite active and lively, though the insects of the land have disappeared for weeks. Water is a very bad conductor of heat. Most of us have seen, or at least read, of the well-known experiment of placing the hand at the bottom of a vessel of water, and making the surface water boil without affecting the hand. Similarly, though a thick coating of ice be on the surface, the water below may be at a comparatively mild temperature. Those who have ever bathed in winter-time will remember that the water itself was always warmer than the external air, especially if any wind were blowing, and that coming into the air required even more courage than going into the water.

IMPROVED LIQUID FOR ETCHING COPPER.

ACCORDING to Erckmann, the etching of copper and silver by means of nitric acid has the inconvenience of disengaging nitrous vapors. This, in addition to the injury to the health and comfort of the operators, often penetrates under the protecting layer of wax or paraffine, and thus produces an undesired action. He therefore recommends the use of chromic acid as not being liable to this inconvenience. The action, indeed, is much slower, but the engraver is not rendered uncomfortable, and the engraving is much more clear and sharp. Gold and platinum are not thus acted upon by the acid, but silver becomes covered with a red chromate of silver, which shows that it is attacked. To prepare the chromic acid, 150 parts of bichromate of potash are dissolved in 800 parts of warm water, and 200 parts of sulphuric acid are added. This forms a solution which may be used for the purpose in question.

THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FEED SEWING-MACHINE is the machine that is to-day—with its perfect operation, beautiful, easy, noiseless movement, and unparalleled range of work—making firm friends and advocates in hundreds of thousands of families in all parts of the globe; it is the machine to buy if you want the best. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.

CAMEOS.

THE bitterest enemies of jewelry and gems have never been able to reason themselves into the belief that Cameos are not works of art, but only "gauds" and "trinkets." The fine Cameo tells its own story, and, in the words of Emerson, is "its own excuse for being." The ancients, with whom in all things the human predominated, esteemed the Cameo and the Intaglio more than any gem of the mine or the ocean, not only because it was absolutely a work of human genius and skill, but also because it was a representation of human interests, feelings, or passions, whether in the persons of mortal actors, or of the deities of Olympus. The antique Cameos, when they are not the portraits of great men or the idealized images of the gods, invariably represent scenes and emotions of human life. These were wrought out with a patient accuracy and power, of which the microscope alone can afford us any fair idea. How were they made without its help? The modern Cameos, of which Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), possess unquestionably the best collection to be seen in this city, have been wrought with this aid, and yet they are certainly not superior to the antiques in the delicacy and precision of their finish, or the variety and force of expression which distinguish them.—[*Com.*]

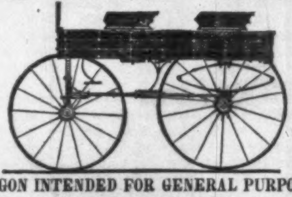
ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSSES.—It is estimated that one person in ten is under the necessity of wearing a truss. This would give four millions, or thereabouts, as the number of trusses worn in the United States; and that number of persons are constantly subjected to *torture*, because nearly all trusses in use are ridged or have metallic springs. And yet there is now a sure relief from all this misery. The Elastic Truss and Supporter (without metallic springs) furnished by the Elastic Truss Company, at 683 Broadway, New York, is a perfect remedy for Hernia. It is worn at all times without suffering, affording a sure relief. In addition to the marvelous ease and comfort this instrument affords, the absolute certainty of effecting a permanent cure makes this one of the most valuable inventions of this age. It has the unqualified indorsement of the best surgical talent in the profession. We commend it to all persons suffering from rupture, and advise them to send to the above address for a descriptive circular.—*N. Y. Independent.*

"FEARFUL!"
The amount of money thrown away in buying poor shoes. Good
CABLE SCREW WIRE
the most economical.

6,000,000 pairs of **SILVER TIPS**
sold in the year 1871, by which
$6,000,000 WAS SAVED
to parents throughout the country.

THE TRADE WAGON.



A WAGON INTENDED FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.
WEIGHS BUT 400 POUNDS.
Is finished ready to paint and trim. Inquire of your carriage-maker, or the ONLY manufacturers,
S. N. BROWN & CO., of Dayton, Ohio.

$100,000 for only $10!
TEN THOUSAND CASH GIFTS aggregating **$500,000** will be distributed by lot to patrons of the **Third Grand Gift Concert** in aid of the **Public Library of Ky.,** at Louisville, Ky., Tuesday, April 8, 1873. Gifts range from **$10 to $100,000, all cash.** Whole tickets $10, halves $5, quarters $2 50. The first Concert, Dec. 16, 1871, and second, Dec. 7, 1872, went off with great success and received universal approval for the scrupulous integrity with which they were conducted and promptness with which gifts were paid. For tickets and full information, address **Hon. Thos. E. Bramlette,** Agent for Trustees Public Library of Ky., Library Building, **Louisville, Ky.**

ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,
Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also to stores, factories, churches, &c.
AGENTS Make $10 a DAY
SELLING THESE LAMPS.
For an Agency, address
WALLACE & SONS,
89 Chambers St., New York.

GUARDIAN SAFETY LAMP.

Principle Entirely New. Tested by the New York Fire Department who pronounced it the *Safest Lamp* for burning Kerosene. Adapted to Dwellings, Hotels, Stores, Churches, Factories, &c. AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive sale guaranteed. Territory given free.
Address DAVID LUBIN,
Care of Edward Miller & Co., 104 Chambers St., N. Y.

CHENEY BRO'S
American Gros-Grain Silks,
IN BLACK STRIPES,
AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS,
Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

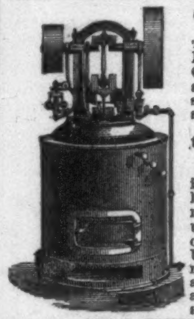
MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR.
Send a stamp for the new price-list.
HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY,
850 Broadway, near 14th Street, New York.

YOUNG LADIES' EDUCATIONAL HOME will admit four new scholars Feb. 10, 1873. Preferences given to first applicants.
Mr. & Mrs. D. S. TROWBRIDGE, Greenwich, Conn.

CANADA
VICTOR
TOMATO

A NEW TOMATO!
I introduce this season a new tomato, the CANADA VICTOR, *which is probably the earliest of all varieties.* It combines just what is wanted, viz., extreme earliness, large size, the round shape, solidity, richness of color, with an entire freedom from greenness and cracking around the stem, and first-class cropping qualities. Single packets of 25 seeds, 25 cents; five packets, $1 00. Packets of 25 seed selected from the few very earliest, 50 cents each. My Seed Catalogue free to all. Dealers supplied at a liberal discount.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

MAHOGANY,
ROSEWOOD, FRENCH WALNUT, SATIN WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, CEDAR, &c,
Large and Choice Stock Foreign and Domestic Woods, in
VENEERS, BOARDS, AND PLANK.
Imported and manufactured by
GEORGE W. READ & CO.,
Office, Mill, and Yard, 186 to 200 Lewis St., cor. 6th, E. R.
Branch Salesrooms, 170 and 172 Centre St., N. Y.
☞ Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

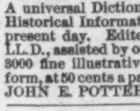


THE BAXTER ENGINE IS MANUFACTURED BY COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING Co. Is made interchangeable in all its parts, and consequently is perfect in construction.
It is simple and safe, so that a child may run it.
No extra insurance to pay.
It occupies less space and is run up to rated power with less fuel than any known motor. Over 50 are now in use in this city, and hundreds of them in use all over the U.S., and the universal judgment confirms all we claim; and, therefore, we fully guarantee them. For Circulars and Price-List call upon or address WM. D. RUSSELL, 18 Park Place, N. Y.

MOTHERS,
SAVE YOUR
NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,
THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.
Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.
INFANTS.

NOVELTY PRINTING PRESSES.
THE BEST YET INVENTED
For Amateur & Business Purposes,
And Unsurpassed for General Job Printers. OVER 8000 IN USE.
Benj. O. Woods, Manufacturer,
And Dealer in Every Description of
PRINTING Material,
349–351 Federal & 152 Kneeland St's, Boston; Branch Store, 543 Broadway & 88 Mercer St., N.Y. Agents, Kelly, Howell, & Ludwig, Phila.; J. F. Edwards, St. Louis, Mo.; A. C. Kellogg, Chicago, Ill. Send for Pamphlet.

THE Grandest Work of Modern Times. Agents Wanted for its Sale.
POTTER'S COMPLETE
BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA,
A universal Dictionary of Biblical, Ecclesiastical, and Historical Information, from the earliest times to the present day. Edited by Rev. WM. BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D., assisted by other eminent divines. With nearly 3000 fine illustrative engravings. Published in serial form, at 50 cents a part. For Circulars and terms, address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.



SAVE YOUR CHILD'S EYESIGHT; buy the **Novelty Carriage**—Cradle and Carriage combined—with Patent Adjustable Parasol. Adopted by Central Park Commissioners, and recommended by the Medical Faculty. Send stamp for circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, N. Y.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.
In great demand. A complete success. Water and Chamber Pails, Slop Jars, Spittoons, Milk Pans, Basins, Fruit Dishes, Trays, &c. Durable and cheap. Trade supplied. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St. (Franklin Square), New York City.

$3000 A YEAR $3000
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW,
Paying Agents
ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT,
AND
100,000 ALREADY SOLD.
Ladies and gentlemen wishing employment should address **PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO.,**
PITTSBURGH, PA.

DRS. REYNOLDS BROTHERS, Surgeon Dentists, 62 West 14th St., New York, have made the study and practice of Dentistry a life work. Painless extraction of teeth.

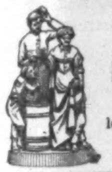
Pomeroy's Trusses.
Unrivaled for the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture.
POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York.

OIL PAINTINGS.—Send for Price-List.
W. LEVIN,
10 Dekalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAVE YOUR EYES,
RESTORE your SIGHT,
THROW AWAY YOUR SPECTACLES,

By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYESIGHT. Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes. *WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE.* **Pamphlet of 100 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to**

DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957.)
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City, N. Y.



ROGERS'
GROUPS OF
STATUARY.

Inclose Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51
Vol. VI.	
DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PRICE $290.
U. S.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.

U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.

---

10 **BEAUTIFUL OIL CHROMOS** sent by mail, postpaid, for 40 cents. Address
C. S. RILEY, HOLLAND, N. Y.

W**IGS, TOUPEES, &c.** DOUBLEDAY, maker, 276 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Enough said."

THE NEW BOOKS
OF
THE SEASON
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS.

1\.

RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Illustrated with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

Uniform in style with "*THE EARTH*," by ÉLISÉE RECLUS. 8vo, Cloth $5 00.

2\.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MIDDLEMARCH. Middlemarch: a Study of Provincial Life. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

3\.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERIC HUDSON. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

4\.

THE WANDERING HEIR. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cts.; Cloth, 60 cts.

5\.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With an Introduction by the Rev. P. SCHAFF, D.D. 618 pp., Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

This work embraces in one volume:

ON A FRESH REVISION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Second Edition, Revised.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT in connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

6\.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "In Silk Attire," "The Monarch of Mincing-Lane," "Kilmeny," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cts.

7\.

A PASSION IN TATTERS. A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Maud Mohan," "Denis Donne," "False Colors," "Played Out," "The Dower House," "Theo Leigh," "Only Herself," "Playing for High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cts.

8\.

NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travelers and Settlers. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $2 00; Cloth, $2 50.

9\.

BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES. A Christmas Story. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "London's Heart," "Joshua Marvel," "Grif," "Blade-o'-Grass," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.

10\.

DR. WAINWRIGHT'S PATIENT. A Novel. By EDMUND YATES, Author of "Black Sheep," "Land at Last," "Wrecked in Port," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

11\.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $4 00.

12\.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE. A Novel. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "Carlyon's Year," "Cecil's Tryst," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," "Found Dead," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

13\.

FOR THE KING. An Historical Novel. By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "For Lack of Gold," "Robin Gray," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

14\.

SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG.

FORCE. Being Vol. IV. of *Science for the Young*, by JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

HEAT.—LIGHT.—WATER AND LAND.—FORCE. 4 vols. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each.

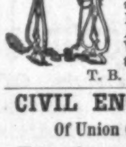
15\.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS. Written or Edited by the Author of "John Halifax." Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY.—THE COUSIN FROM INDIA.—TWENTY YEARS AGO.—IS IT TRUE?—AN ONLY SISTER.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*



1st Premium at Am. Institute, 1871.

STAMFORD SEWING MACHINE.

The *most quiet* and the *Lightest Running* Shuttle Machine in the world. **Not a Cam, Cog, or Roller.** *No intermediate expenses or profits.* We sell directly to those who retail the machine. Agents wanted.

T. B. BISHOP & CO., Stamford, Conn.

CIVIL ENGINEERING SCHOOL,
Of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

Thorough course of instruction and field practice. Unrivaled collection of apparatus. Tuition, $30 per term. Assistance rendered deserving students. For special information, address Prof. C. STALEY. For information concerning the College courses, Classical, Scientific, and Eclectic, address E. N. POTTER, Pres't.

HAVE YOU SEEN the New and Wonderful Method of Showing Ghosts in every Man's House without the aid of a medium? *Innocent Amusement for the Home Circle.* The great demand for this development of Optical Science shows it to be ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE AGE! Sent post-paid for **50** cts., with directions.

M. W. TYLER & CO., Providence, R. I.

H. W. JOHNS
ASBESTOS
ROOFING

Over 15,000,000 square feet now in use.

For steep or flat Roofs, in all climates.

Asbestos Roof Coating & Cement,
For restoring and repairing old Roofs.

ASBESTOS BOILER FELTING,
The best non-conductor, and the lightest and most economical covering for Hot-Air and Steam Pipes, Boilers, Oil Stills, &c., whether housed or exposed to the weather.

These materials are prepared ready for use, and can be easily applied by any one.

ROOFING & SHEATHING FELTS, ASBESTOS BOARD & PAPER, ASBESTOS, ASPHALTUM, &c.

Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, Terms to Dealers, &c.

H. W. JOHNS,
{*Established* *in* 1858.} New Offices, 87 MAIDEN LANE, cor. GOLD STREET, New York.

Largest Organ Establishment in the World.

7 Extensive Factories.

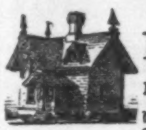
J. ESTEY & COMPANY,
Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

THE CELEBRATED
ESTEY COTTAGE ORGANS.

The latest and best improvements. Every thing that is new and novel. The leading improvements in Organs were introduced first in this establishment.

Established 1846.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.

150 DESIGNS and PLANS for Houses of moderate cost. $1 50, postpaid.

ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ Send for Catalogue of all the best books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, & the Horse.

A GREAT OFFER FOR FEBRUARY.

Horace Waters & Son, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of **100** PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of first-class makers, including Waters's, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, during THIS MONTH. New 7-octave PIANOS, modern improvements, for **$250 and $275, cash.** The WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS, are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. Prices at bargains, for cash. Monthly installments received, running from one to three years. Illustrated Catalogues mailed.

HOW 'TIS DONE OR THE SECRET OUT

An Illustrated Book of 64 pages, that every one should have. Sent *free* post paid, by BOND, MARTIN & CO. Springfield, Mass.

"YET THERE IS ROOM."

Although working night and day to send Chromos to the thousands who are renewing their subscriptions, there STILL IS ROOM for 100,000 new subscribers. Elegant Prang Chromo and splendid story-paper a whole year for only $1. Send AT ONCE and secure ALL the papers and Chromo, which is sent by FIRST mail. No humbug or swindle. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, or we give back your money. Try it NOW. Agents wanted. Specimens 6 cts. Only $1 for a whole year. Send now. Refer to *N. Y. Tribune, Wood's Magazine,* all the great News Co.'s. *Now is the time* to invest $1. Address Star-Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

STAMMERING.—New York Stammering Institute. Est. 1870. MANN & COLVIN, 107 W. 23d St. No pay for board or services until cured. Send for Prospectus.

RUBBER STAMPS, Steel Letters, the Little Gem, Stencil Dies, &c. U. S. M'f'g Co., 97 W. Lombard St., Balto. $10 a day to Agents.

OUR **NEEDLE-CASE** is the best, sells fastest, pays best. Send 50 cts. for sample. Agents wanted.
H. N. McKINNEY & CO., Philadelphia.

IF YOU WISH TO BUY ANY THING in New York, or to obtain information about any thing, write to F. S. CABOT, New York Buyer, Room 9, No. 57 Cedar St. Box 3313, N. Y.

$30 PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every County in the U. S. Address *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

$475 A MONTH to good canvassers—articles new and as staple as flour. Samples free.
C. M. LININGTON, Chicago.

$72 00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted every where. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address
J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS can do better with YOUMAN'S DICTIONARY of EVERYDAY WANT, than with any other book published. Extra terms. $30 weekly *guaranteed.* Send for Circulars to F. M. REED, 139 Eighth St., N. Y.

$325 A MONTH and expenses to good Canvassers. Samples free. Address
H. G. DEAN, New Bedford, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

R**IVERVIEW Military Academy**, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys.

---

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

FREE.—Sample worth $10 for 10 cts., or Circular for a fortune free. Box 71, Newark, N. J.

TWO ELEGANT $5 OIL CHROMOS—Whittier's Barefoot Boy, and companion; The Barefoot Girl (new)—given away to every subscriber to OURS ILLUSTRATED, $2 50 per year. Third volume. Printed at the celebrated "Riverside Press," on toned paper, using artistic full-page illustrations. Having won the compliment of being THE HANDSOMEST PAPER IN AMERICA. Large commissions. Stylish outfits free. Write us AT ONCE.
WEBB BROS. & CO., Publishers, Providdence, R. I.

IMITATION GOLD WATCHES & CHAINS.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold. Prices $15, $20, and $25 each. Chains from $2 to $12 each. Goods sent C. O. D. by express; by ordering six you get one free. Send stamp for our Illustrated Circular. Address
COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, N. Y. City.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1873.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.
Pleasure and Instruction

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

CANVASSING BOOKS SENT FREE FOR
Prof. FOWLER'S Great Work

ON MANHOOD, WOMANHOOD, AND THEIR MUTUAL INTERRELATIONS: LOVE, ITS LAWS, POWER, &c. Agents are selling from 20 to 30 copies of this work a day; and we send a canvassing book free to any book agent. Address, stating experience, &c.,
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

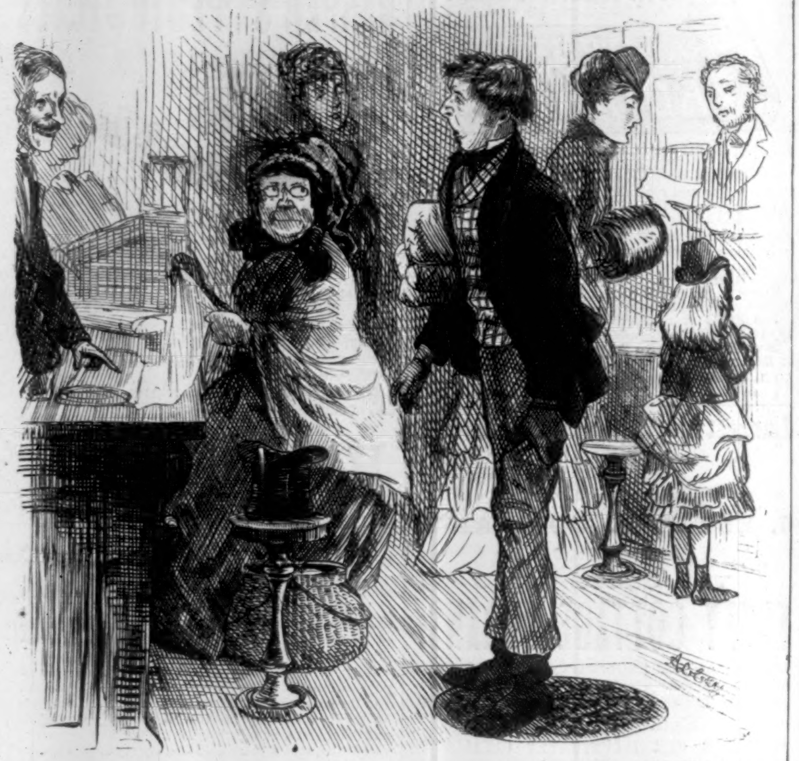
Persons of either sex, who have the tact and energy requisite to make successful Book Agents, can secure an opportunity for lucrative employment by applying in person or by letter as below. The subscriber is selling through his agents some of the most desirable publications ever offered to the public. Such persons as *mean business* are requested to address

AVERY BILL,
Care Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

M**ASONIC**—WANTED, ON SALARY OR COMMISSION, members of the fraternity as agents for the unique and splendid New Work. A rare chance. Send for descriptive catalogue and terms. REDDING & CO., Publishers of Masonic Works, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

T**O the WORKING CLASS**, male or female, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods to start with, sent free by mail. Address, with 6-cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Courtlandt Street, New York.

100**-YEAR ALMANAC.**—For **50** cts. we send *postpaid* an Almanac giving every Year, Month, Week, and Day of the Century, also a Pocket Calendar for 1873. Extra inducements to Agents. Address
George A. Heard & Co., Boston, Mass.



JOSHUA (*for the first time on a register*). "Mother, I think I'm gittin' a fevier. I feel hot streaks sorter crawlin' up my legs like."

Investment Bonds.

NO. 20 WALL STREET, Feb. 4, 1873.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company now has in full operation, with regular daily trains, 321 miles of road. A distance of nearly 200 miles more is constructed. The Minnesota section, immediately on its completion, entered upon a satisfactory business, including local traffic and the large carrying trade of the Northwestern British Settlements and the Hudson's Bay Company. The recently completed section of sixty-five miles, on the Pacific Coast, at once commands a profitable business between Puget Sound and the Columbia River, heretofore done by coastwise steamers. On the opening of spring, with more than **500** miles of Road in regular operation, the Company will control the extensive and productive trade of the Upper Missouri, much of Montana and the Northwest. The earnings of the Road for 1873 will be large.

Arrangements for pushing construction vigorously the coming year are progressing satisfactorily.

Of the nearly Ten Million acres of land accruing to the Company in connection with the portion of Road now virtually constructed, some Two Million acres of excellent average quality are in market, and their sale and settlement progressing. The average price thus far realized is **$5 66** per acre—which is at the rate of more than **$100,000** per mile of road for the whole grant.

The Company has already begun the process of redeeming and canceling its First Mortgage Gold Bonds, as they are now being received at **1.10** in payment and exchange for the Company's Lands.

With these accomplished results and most favorable prospects, the Company is now selling its First-Mortgage 7-30 Bonds for the purpose of completing its line of road. We recommend them as a well-secured and unusually profitable investment. They have the following elements of strength and safety: They are the obligation of a strong corporation; they are a First Mortgage on the Road, its Right of Way, Telegreph Line, Equipments, and Franchises, and a first lien on its Net Earnings. In addition to this usually sufficient security there is pledged for the payment of principal and interest a Land Grant of **12,800** acres per mile of road through the States, and **25,600** through the Territories.

The rate of interest (seven and three-tenths per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8¼ currency. *Gold Checks for the semi-annual interest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the post-office address of the owner.*

All marketable securities are received in exchange on most favorable terms. For sale by Banks and Bankers generally.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
New York, Philadelphia, & Washington.

ACCIDENTS, Insure in the TRAVELERS, of Hartford.

POST-OFFICE GAZETTE. Only official Postal Paper in the U. S. Contains all new rulings. Terms $1 a year. JUDD & DETWEILER, Washington, D.C.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.
51,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOME
Insurance Company,
OF
NEW YORK.
OFFICE, No. 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital - -	$2,500,000 00
Assets Jan. 1, 1873 -	4,446,858 78
Liabilities - - -	590,914 19

CHAS. J. MARTIN, Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Sec'y.

STECK
GRAND, SQUARE, & UPRIGHT
PIANOS
ARE
THE CHEAPEST
BECAUSE THE
Best and Most Durable.
WAREROOMS, 25 East 14th St., N. Y.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!

The **Scientific American** is the cheapest and best illustrated weekly paper published. Every number contains from 10 to 15 original engravings of new machinery, novel inventions, Bridges, Engineering works, Architecture, improved Farm Implements, and every new discovery in Chemistry. A year's numbers contain 832 pages and several hundred engravings. Thousands of volumes are preserved for binding and reference. The practical receipts are well worth ten times the subscription price. Terms, $3 a year by mail. Specimens sent free. May be had of all Newsdealers.

PATENTS obtained on the best terms, Models of new inventions and sketches examined, and advice free. All Patents are published in the Scientific American the week they issue. Send for Pamphlet, 110 pages, containing laws and full directions for obtaining Patents.

Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents, MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y. Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D.C.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
BRESLIN, PURCELL, & CO.

Having become proprietors of the above well-known Hotel, we propose conducting it on a very liberal basis, and so as to command the patronage of the traveling public.

Its Central Location, each room with an outside exposure; its great variety of elegantly furnished apartments for either **Families** or **Single Gentlemen,** the rooms with **Bath, Closet, &c.,** attached, make it especially desirable for parties visiting the city, whether for pleasure or business.

The proprietors hope that their individual reputation will afford reasonable assurance that their friends and patrons will receive every comfort and attention while under their charge.

To their city patrons they have to announce that the

RESTAURANT

for **Ladies** and **Gentlemen** will receive their special attention, **with Reduced Rates of Charges in every Branch,** while the material and service shall be of the best.

BOARD, FOUR DOLLARS A DAY.

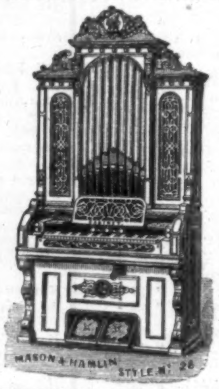
JAMES H. BRESLIN, PETER GARDNER,
EDWARD C. PURCELL, HENRY GILSEY.
JOHN P. ACKER.

GILSEY HOUSE,
Corner of BROADWAY and TWENTY-NINTH Street, New York.
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
FURNISHED IN THE MOST ELEGANT MANNER.
BRESLIN, GARDNER, & CO., Proprietors.

GRAND UNION HOTEL,
SARATOGA SPRINGS.
BRESLIN, GARDNER, & CO., Proprietors.

WICKES' ECLECTIC OIL
RECEIVED THE
MEDAL OF SPECIAL AWARD,
AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, 1872,
AS THE
"Best and Safest Illuminating Oil, and deserving of the Highest Encomium."
It is designed for all styles of KEROSENE LAMPS and BURNERS.
J. H. WICKES, 120 Maiden Lane, New York.

MASON AND HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.



New and Elegant Styles. The ONLY Cabinet Organs containing all modern improvements. Recommended by musicians GENERALLY as unrivaled. ALWAYS awarded highest premiums, including Medal at Paris Exposition. The ONLY American Organs having large sale in Europe.

The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. undertake to furnish the BEST and CHEAPEST instruments of this class in the world, and invite all interested to send for their NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, containing much information which may save some from disappointment in purchasing inferior or defective organs, or paying high prices. Sent FREE and POST-PAID.

Unfailing Recreation; Attraction to Home; Leaders in Worship and Innocent Amusement; Means of Refinement, Cultivation, and a Valuable Accomplishment.

The Cabinet or Parlor Organ is, since recent vast improvements, the MOST VALUABLE AND POPULAR OF LARGE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. 40,000 of them are sold annually. One to twenty stops; $55 to $500, and upwards, each; Elegant and Durable; not liable to get out of order, and do not require tuning. Packed so that they can be sent anywhere by ordinary freight routes all ready for use.

WAREROOMS: 154 Tremont St., BOSTON; 25 Union Square, NEW YORK; 80 & 82 Adams St., CHICAGO.

THE
(ORIGINAL)
Continental Life Insurance Co.,
Of HARTFORD, CONN.
INCORPORATED, MAY, 1862.

SAM'L E. ELMORE, *President.* JOHN S. RICE, *Vice-President.*
FRANCIS D. DOUGLASS, *Secretary.* H. R. MORLEY, *Actuary.*

The CONTINENTAL especially commends itself, by its past experience and present management, to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing *reliable and absolute insurance* at as *reasonable cost* as is consistent with *perfect security.*

☞ A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

"Best in the Market."
ASHWORTH'S
SIX-CORD
SPOOL COTTON.
SOLD BY
The GROVER & BAKER Sewing-Machine Company.
ALEX. KING & Co., Agents, New York.

HENRY CAPT,
Of GENEVA,
Now has a beautiful assortment of Watches and Traveling Clocks, of his own make, at
No. 23 Union Square, New York.
E. LOUPPE, Agent.

TURF FIELD AND FARM

THE SPORTSMAN'S ORACLE & COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER.
A WEEKLY REVIEW AND CHRONICLE OF THE
TURF, FIELD, & AQUATIC SPORTS,
AGRICULTURE, ART, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, CHESS, DRAUGHTS, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY, SHOOTING, FISHING, TRAPPING, ATHLETIC PASTIMES, NATURAL HISTORY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.
Published every Friday by the TURF, FIELD, & FARM ASSOCIATION, Office, 37 Park Row, New York.

School Apparatus

Priced Catalogues sent to any address, 10 cents each.

Part 1st.	Mathematical Instruments....	153 pages
" 2d.	Optical Instruments..........	107 "
" 3d.	Stereopticons..................	90 "
" 4th.	Physical Apparatus...........	66 "

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
535 Broadway, New York; 924 Chestnut St., Philada.

[CONTINUED FROM No. 841, PAGE 119.]

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "A GIRL'S ROMANCE," "FOR HER SAKE," "A BRIDGE OF GLASS," "MATTIE: A STRAY," "NO MAN'S FRIEND," "POOR HUMANITY," "STERN NECESSITY," "TRUE TO HERSELF," ETC., ETC.

Published from early Sheets by Arrangement with the Author.

Book the Fourth.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTRODUCTIONS.

YES, it was Martin Westmair, down at Lowestoft some ten hours before his time, who came toward us, with the smiles quenched strangely from his face. As he advanced he glanced askance at my sister, who was pale as he now.

"Faith," said my lover, in a low voice, and with an anxious look in his eyes. He did not offer to shake hands. I had surprised him as much as he had surprised me, or else my companion's presence had disturbed his equanimity.

"This is my sister Kate, Martin," I said; "you have heard me speak of my sister.—Katie, Mr. Martin Westmair."

Martin Westmair bowed in a stately manner, and with a grim expression of countenance that reminded me of his uncle; and my sister courtesied in so elaborate a fashion that, had it not been for her own solemn visage, I should have thought that she was burlesquing etiquette by an excessive display of formality. Then the two stared at each other, and had nothing to say. Was it possible that Martin had recognized my sister as a singer at a music-hall? I had met him once entering the Hall of Harmony, and more than once had he boasted of his memory for faces. Well, if he had seen her before, what did it matter? It had been a poor, pitiful secret at the best, that I had not hoped to keep—that I knew might escape at any moment. If Martin were angry with me for not telling him of this, why, the explanation was an easy one which would exonerate me presently.

"How did you get here?" I asked, making an effort to relieve the embarrassment of the position.

"I came by boat, and have been steaming along all night," said Martin.

"Why did you not come to the villa?"

"I breakfasted at the hotel," he answered. "I thought that I would wait here for an hour on the chance of surprising you."

"You are fond of surprises, Mr. Westmair?" Katie inquired.

She had recovered her color, and was herself again. She smiled as she addressed him, but he did not smile back in return. Was he so proud a man, after all, and yet so petty in his pride as this?

"When surprises are agreeable, I am somewhat partial to them," he replied, with much of his uncle's formality, to match the new austerity stamped upon his countenance.

"No one is partial to disagreeable surprises, Mr. Westmair," Katie said, satirically. "I was not speaking of the shocks that shiver us like lightning."

"It is possible to find people who are even fond of them," said Martin, sententiously.

"Their imaginations are diseased, poor things."

"Very possibly, Miss Kirby.—How is my mother getting on, Faith," he said, turning to me, "and Abel, and the old man, and Ettie?"

"They are all well, thank you."

"I shall be glad to see them," he said.

"They are at the villa still."

"If they come out I will—"

He stopped, and added,

"No—I will wait for them. Why should I run away from you and your sister in so unorthodox a fashion?—You like the sea, Miss Kirby?" he said to Katie.

"Yes, very much."

"I have not been lucky enough to enjoy a great deal of it, my holidays having been few and far between," he said. "Now that I am off duty, with leave of absence freely accorded, I hope to enjoy life thoroughly."

He spoke with less restraint—he had recovered himself; having caught my reproving glance, he had shaken off his *mauvaise honte*, which had oppressed him; he was the Martin Westmair whom I had always known. Certainly he did not talk much to my sister, but he addressed her occasionally with politeness, and his manner to me was almost as pleasant and genial as when no third person was between us and our young affections.

Still I am not quite certain that he was not glad when Abel Westmair came down the pier for a blow before the visitors had gathered strength, he rose with so great an amount of alacrity to greet him.

"Martin!" said Abel, in mild surprise, shutting up the book which he had been reading *en route*. He had not expected his nephew before the evening, but he was far from startled at his appearance. Possibly he thought it natural that Martin should leave the polish to take care of itself while he came to Lowestoft to take care of me.

"I thought that I might as well run down by the Yarmouth night boat," said Martin, half in explanation, half by way of apology.

"Yes," said Abel, absently, "I dare say you did.—Your sister, Miss Kirby," he added, turning to me.

"Yes, my sister Kate," I replied.

He raised his hat, and said, with grave politeness,

"I remember your face. I hope that you are well."

"Thank you," answered Katie, "I am very well."

I was surprised at my sister's smile and general air of affability toward the new-comer. It was in contrast to her reception of Martin; it even impressed Abel Westmair, who entered into conversation with her, and spoke of Lowestoft and the sea-air and the visitors, in a friendly, commonplace way that was new to him. He was taken out of the commonplace element very unceremoniously by Katie, however. He had carefully avoided all mention of my father's name, and it was my sister who introduced it.

"I have not had an opportunity of thanking you in person for your kindness toward my father, Mr. Westmair," she said, suddenly, "but I hope you will believe that, with my sister Faith, I am not unmindful of all that you have done for us."

Abel Westmair inclined his head slowly, and replied,

"I haven't done much that is deserving of your thanks."

"Liberation from the prison has brought about a change for the better in his health. In Holloway Jail he would have died," said Katie, decisively; "and he is grateful for your exertions, as well as his daughters are."

"It is a painful subject," muttered Abel; "but if he is grateful he is penitent, and I am glad."

"It is a subject which it would be affectation to disguise," said Katie, "and useless to attempt to evade."

"You have your sister's courage, Miss Kirby," Abel Westmair remarked; "and frank speaking is so great a virtue in these days that one is compelled to admire it. Still, the subject is not only painful to dwell upon, but unnecessary."

"I am not quite sure of that," said Kate. "My father is a visitor here, and will remain several months. What shall we do with him, Mr. Westmair?"

"Pardon me, but I do not comprehend you very clearly."

He was interested in my sister. He sat down, and put the book which he had been reading on the seat while he talked to her. Martin and I sat and listened attentively; the conversation seemed to interest us more than any thing that we might have to say to each other.

"In a place like this my father and I can not escape my sister and her friends," Kate explained. "My sister is engaged to be married to your nephew. How are we to meet, and on what footing? We are, of course, in your hands, Mr. Westmair," she added, with strange deference to the will of the firm man at her side. "My father has injured you, and can not force himself upon you; but your nephew is going to marry his daughter."

"My nephew's actions are beyond my control," said Abel, dryly; "his inclinations I do not oppose in any way."

"You may resent them."

"Resent his speaking to your father, do you mean?" he inquired. "Your father is not my enemy."

"Oh, Sir!" said Katie, earnestly, "can he ever be your friend?"

"No," replied Abel, very quickly, "I don't think he can."

"This business of his, in which he is likely to be successful—"

"Has nothing to do with the question," said Abel, interrupting her: "I am tired of business, and am not likely to consider it."

"He would be very glad to see you," said Katie, thoughtfully.

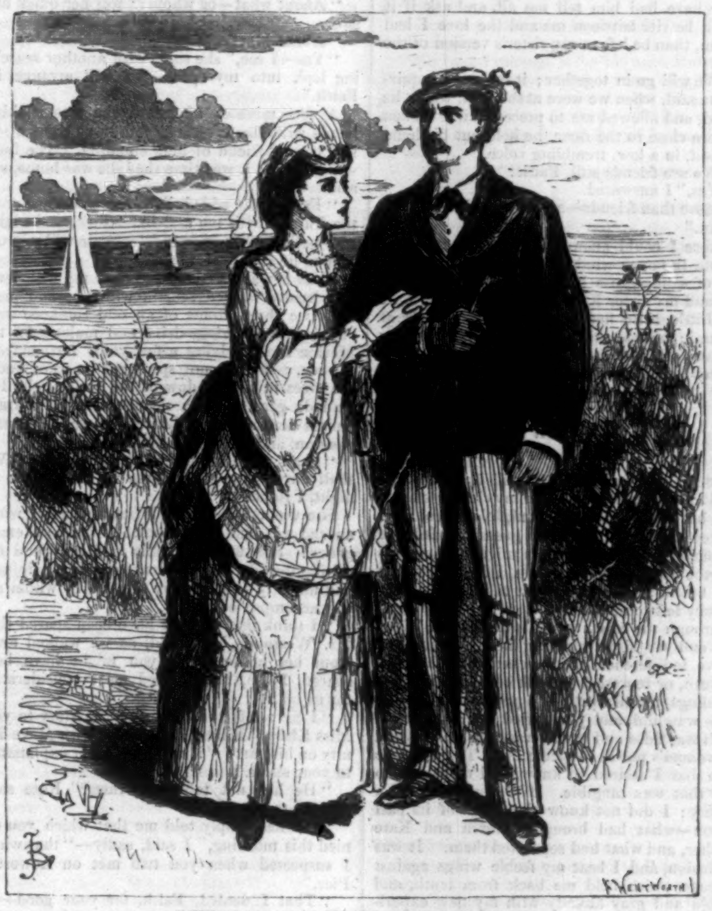
I remembered his hasty retreat from the pier last night, and looked round at Katie; but she was studying the boards at her feet with great intentness.

"I will call upon him before I leave Lowestoft," said Abel. "What is his address?"

"When he is not yachting he is at 214 Marine Parade."

"Shall I find him at home now?" inquired Abel, rising.

"Spare him for a day or two. He is far from well again."



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY SISTER?"

"I will make it a duty to see him when he is better," said Abel.

"Thank you; it will honor him," said Katie, sighing. "You will find him truly penitent. And now, Mr. Westmair, what is the position? How am I to understand it as regards myself? Will it please you if I hide away from my sister—I who stand by my father, and believe in him? Faith is one true friend whom I would like to help and love still."

"Pray do not call upon me for a decision," said Abel Westmair; "I am not the ruling agent of your lives. If I were, what harm have you ever done me, that I should seek to separate you from your sister?"

"You might see harm in our companionship."

"On the contrary, I see good."

"You are generous," said Katie, thoughtfully. "I will not hide away from Faith, as I have done.—Forgive me, Sir," she added, with almost mock humility, as she turned to Martin Westmair, "for forgetting you so completely—you whose consent is of so much greater importance to me, and affects my relationship with Faith so much more. Between my sister and myself you will not stand, I hope?"

Martin only bowed his head and murmured, "No."

"I will do her no harm—we were always fond of each other, Faith and I. I should like to be her friend while I have the opportunity," Katie said. "When I have felt very unhappy, very wretched and alone, I have prayed for my sister Faith to come back—and see, gentlemen, my prayer is answered, and the Kirby girls—they used to call us two the Kirby girls when we were children in Dorset Street—are once more together."

What an incomprehensible mixture of satire and pathos all this was to me! I hardly knew in what to believe. She bewildered me as much as she did her listeners. I could have taken it all for bitter irony had I not seen that the tears were in her eyes again, as uncle and nephew went down the pier, and left us together.

"Katie, what does it mean?" I cried. "Are you unhappy?"

"Not much—not at all," she said. "Sit down by my side, and let them go away. We don't want them—you will see enough of them presently; they thought that we should like to be left together. They are sensible fellows, both of them."

"And this story which you were going to tell me?"

"Oh, not now," cried Katie; "it's long and tedious, and the mood for confession, humble and contrite, has vanished away. Not forever—God forbid!"

"Kate, how strange you are!"

"It's a strange world, and we take our coloring from it. We are all strange; you are awfully so!"

"I am."

"Awfully strange in your credulity, your want of knowledge of the world, your faith in human nature generally. Poor mother must have christened you 'Faith' by instinct—you believe in no ill, no evil, no treachery, no lies. You trust every body. I am afraid of you," she cried, with excitement.

"Whom have I to suspect?" I asked.

Her manner changed, and she became very sarcastic again.

"Every one by whom you are surrounded, until the opportunity comes to prove men and women more honest than they seem—which opportunity comes but seldom in life," said Katie, snatching up the book which Abel Westmair had left behind him, and turning its leaves carelessly.

"Would you have me suspect Abel Westmair still?" I asked.

"I don't like him—I never shall."

"Then you were *not* grateful?"

"No. I want to see you very often while we are at Lowestoft, and my humility flatters your master. That's all."

"And father?"

"He hates him, of course."

"No, no—don't say that."

"He hasn't much cause to love him, I am disposed to believe."

"Oh! I will not speak of this," I cried; "I can not bear to think of it."

"It belongs to the by-gones, and we should always forget them, or they gather weight on the brain, and crush it by degrees," said Katie. "So we sink the past; I am with my father, you are with the Westmairs, and still we trust in each other a little."

"A great deal."

"In good time we will," she said, "but not yet, while you love our enemies so much."

"Our enemies!" I cried: "you do not admire my choice, then?"

"Not at all."

"I thought so," I cried, "and yet Martin Westmair is—"

"Yes, yes, I know what you are going to say; but spare me a rhapsody," she cried. "I may judge hastily, but at present I dislike him worse than his uncle. Tell him so, Faith, if you will—it will be a frank statement that will not shock him very much. He sees it already."

"Kate," I said, suddenly, laying my hand upon her arm, "have you and he ever met before?"

It was a new suspicion, born of Katie's eccentricity; but there was that in her last words which seemed to clear away a mist about me. It was a momentary doubt, for I could believe in little Kate still, when, after a pause, she looked up from Abel Westmair's book and said, very calmly,

"I have not seen Martin Westmair before. If," she added, after a pause, "I do not see him again, I shall not break my heart. Now—will you leave me, Faith."

"Leave you here, do you mean?"

"Some of our friends, men to whom I do not care to introduce you, friends of my father and of my late suitor, Thomas Pounce, are rowing across the harbor to fetch me for a sail. I shall go with them."

"Then father is not ill?"

"No—not yet. I shall persuade him to be," she replied; "it will suit my purpose better."

I turned toward her my curious and horror-stricken face, and she stamped her little foot petulantly.

"Faith, do go. These hateful people must not know you."

I moved away reluctantly—thinking the instant afterward of Abel Westmair's book, and returning for it.

"No, I want this," cried Kate, in her more natural manner, as she laughingly clasped the book to her bosom. "I am going to read it on my trip instead of flirting with the brandy-bibbers."

"What book is it?"

"Poetry—real poetry, I think, by the look of it," she replied; "and as I have had enough of sober prose this morning, I shall go out to sea with the Muses."

It was in a fairer, brighter mood, after all, that I parted with little Kate Kirby.

CHAPTER IX.

I GROW CUNNING.

I DID not see my sister Kate again that day. All that bright summer Friday I had my lover to myself; the Westmairs were discreet and kind, and left us to our own pursuits. We were to be married very shortly. I did not think of Ettie's lessons much. Ettie and her father, in fact, went out once more for one of those long drives against which Aunt Jane had already recorded a protest, old Mr. Westmair was left with his daughter-in-law for company, and Martin and I, in the early evening, walked along the country lanes, and came back by the Pakefield cliffs, with the great blue sea on our right, dotted by the sails of innumerable pleasure craft.

When we were close to the town, and before the dip in the cliff commences which leads down to the Esplanade, we lingered in the twilight talking of our future, and looking out to sea. He had been kinder in his manner than I had ever known him; he had been solicitous about the keenness of the air upon the cliff, the dew upon the grass, and their effects upon me; he had been less exuberant in his spirits, and far more thoughtful in himself, as well as in his love for me. All our long ramble together we had not spoken of my sister Kate; she had passed away as if by magic from our thoughts. On setting out together I had intended to talk a great deal of Katie, but we had drifted into a happy state of selfishness, and if he had thought of her, he had not cared to break the spell and bring her to the foreground I was certain that he had not taken to my sister at first sight, but it was not till we were lingering on the cliff in sight of home that I spoke of her again.

That was the beginning of the trouble, as that evening was the end of that perfect happiness which blesses at times, even in these scoffing days, the courtship of the young. It is altogether a day to look back upon—what a long, long way distant to me it is now! I see it only through the mist.

If I had spoken sooner, my doubts would have arisen sooner, and my perfect happiness been by so many half hours less. And yet I wondered and regretted afterward that I had not spoken of Kate Kirby before. Looking out to sea and watching the yachts glide along the water reminded me of my father's prosperity, and of her who shared it with him.

"What do you think of my sister, Martin?" I asked, suddenly.

If he had been prepared for this inquiry earlier in the day, it came upon him with a shock then. It was his sudden and eager look toward me that startled me in my turn, that brought vividly before me the strange manner with which he had met Katie on the pier, and suggested again the old suspicion. He was not a great adept at disguise; he had never practiced it; his want of self-command was against that from the first. He did not know how much of Katie's life and his my sister had told me on the pier that morning when he had not met Katie as a friend.

"I think that she is pretty," he said, slowly.

"The introduction was hardly a success, Martin," I said.

"In what way?" he asked, regarding me very attentively.

"You did not appear to rejoice very much at becoming acquainted with another member of my family. You looked surprised—I could have almost fancied that you had met before."

"Did you tell her of this fancy?" he asked, standing with his hands clasped behind him, and looking down at the sea-shore.

"Yes, Martin, I did."

"Well," he said, "what did she say?"

Was it some of my sister's shrewdness—that ready wit of the Kirbys in which my father believed—that rendered me a cautious, even a cunning, woman on the instant?

As my heart sank very suddenly and deeply, so the instinct of self-defense, of secret indignation, prompted me to deceive him in my turn. If those two had been playing a part, it had become my right to take up the cue, and play out the comedy, or tragedy, in my own fashion.

"What did she say!" I cried: "can you, after all that has passed, ask me what she said?"

"Well, no," he replied, after another moment's hesitation, "I have no right to ask you, and, Faith, it is against my inclination to deceive you."

"You have met?"

"Why should I tell you a lie, and say No?"

"Why did she tell me a lie, and say No?" I burst forth with; "will you answer that, Martin, and let this wretched mystery collapse beneath the truth which she evaded? Will you be more honest than my sister?"

I was a riddle to him now.

"Faith," he said, "I have never seen you like this."

"I have never known the misery of being duped before," I answered.

"Have I duped you—in what way?" he asked, reproachfully.

"Will you tell me why my sister said that she had never met you?"

"I will try and guess at it. Give me a moment's time to think."

He still looked down at the sands beneath him, as if to read his lesson there; then he turned to me with so outspoken and so earnest a look that I felt my trust had not died out completely, and that I had not been deceived past all forgiveness.

"Your sister thought it would be better to let the past drop away completely, as I have thought myself. Neither she nor I acted a wise part in it; we did not trust each other, and circumstances arose which tested us, and set us utterly aside. And so we got angry, and quarreled, and never saw each other again."

"Do you—do you mean that she and you were once engaged to be married?" I gasped forth.

How my heart sank then—or rather collapsed within me!

"Yes," he said.

"This is the story which you were going to relate one day—which you had not the courage to tell me before," I said.

"Yes, the same story. Is it a very dreadful one, after all, Faith?"

"I don't know; I don't understand it," I murmured. "Let me get home and try to think it out."

"You are offended with me," he said, tenderly; "jealous of all that happened before I knew you and had learned to love you. Why, Faith, this is hardly the sensible little woman who is all in all to me."

"I don't understand," I pleaded once more; "it has come upon me so suddenly. I—I am not offended; I—I don't believe that I have lost you yet!"

"Lost me! Lost me, Faith!" he cried again, in his indignant astonishment.

"She is so beautiful; so different from me—you loved each other once. I begin to remember now."

He did not ask me what I had begun to remember, and I did not tell him. From my recollection of the story I shrank back; the figure of my sister brooding over the fire-light, the letter which she burned, the words that had escaped her heart's fullness on that night, and that told me of her love for him, were all parts of a past which I could not share with him. She had lost her lover, and I had won him—which was the better off that August night?

We went down the cliff together—this was the hour in which Martin had been expected at Lowestoft, and he and his secret had come before their time. The sea-side home was very different already. It was not like home to me any longer. We were silent and thoughtful till the Esplanade was reached; even now he did not care to tell me of his love for Kate, and I was far too proud to ask for it. He might have thought that it would be fairer that I should learn the facts from Katie, as if I would not rather have had him tell me all, and ask if it stood a barrier between me and the love I had for him, than be left to my sister's version of the truth.

"We will go in together; it will save inquiries," he said, when we were at the gate, which he opened, and allowed me to precede him. When we were close to the door, he held out his hand and said, in a low, trembling voice,

"We are friends still, Faith?"

"Yes," I answered.

"More than friends—as we have always been, I mean."

Before I could answer him voices called to us from the open window, which opened on the strip of sandy grass before it, and Abel Westmair and my sister Kate stood there to welcome us. Little Kate had taken Abel Westmair at his word; he had said that he saw good in her companionship with me, and she had promised him not to keep away.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE MIST.

The mist about that day still lingered with me; it did not pass away with my clearer knowledge, but deepened with the night's on-coming. Forever through the mist I guessed vainly at conclusions. Its suddenness might presage almost the waking from a dream, I fancied at that time, but in the after-daylight there was but little fancy left to me.

Through the mist, then, I saw Martin Westmair and my sister meet again, with the same reserve, indifference, or coldness that might stand for truth, or represent a mask before their deeper feelings, for all that I had power to estimate. I was watchful, and yet I tried not to watch—which was false and which was true was beyond my woman's power to pierce out. There was so much that I desired to know, and there was so little that was tangible. The story was still a mystery; I did not know the depth of its past passion—what had brought Martin and Kate together, and what had separated them. It was an illusion, and I beat my feeble wings against the cage which held me back from truth, and felt old and gray already with my new experience of humanity.

Yes, it was very misty. When Abel Westmair stood suddenly at my side, I gave a little jump as if he were the last man on earth whom I had expected to see.

"Your sister is rapidly becoming a favorite with us," he said.

I murmured something in reply which intimated my pleasure at the news.

"I admire her frankness," he added.

My sister Katie's frankness! I thought, a little bitterly.

"She understands now that Mrs. Jane Westmair and my daughter Ettie know nothing of your father's antecedents, and that has set her at her ease; though, like a friend I wot of, she was inclined to rebel at first."

Abel Westmair was in one of his best moods. He even condescended to smile at me as he spoke. Katie's presence, Katie's lightness and grace, had brought a charm with them to that dull home, and Aunt Jane had brightened up considerably. Ettie and old Mr. Westmair sat and wondered at it all, and did not intrude upon the conversation—at least I did not hear them, and I hardly saw them in the mist, till a child's hand was slipped into mine at a late hour of the evening.

"What spirits your sister has!" Ettie whispered to me, "and yet how very different she is from you!"

"Which do you prefer?" I asked, a little jealously.

"Oh! I should never care for Miss Kate a great deal," Ettie said, in a tone still lower. "I can't make out exactly whether she likes us or not. She is very amiable and gracious, and all that, but I don't think she likes any of us much."

The child's observation was more truthful than her father's; for had not Katie confessed to me that she looked upon the Westmairs as her enemies?

"Don't tell her so, Faith," Ettie whispered, "for I think that she is trying to like us for your sake."

The child faded back into the mist; and her words, which had seemed only empty echoes at my brain, returned not to my memory till the after-time when I brooded on every little incident of the night. Some things I have never remembered to this day; whether Aunt Jane addressed me that evening, and complimented me on my sister's general deportment, and assured me that in her opinion Katie was a very superior young person, or told me all this at a future period, I have no recollection; and I can not remember Grandpapa Westmair wearying me with his gossip of the day's adventures. I only knew that Martin seemed afraid of me, and that when he was speaking to me I was troubled and not myself, and that finally he held aloof altogether, or else Katie at my side kept him, in his sullen thoughtfulness, at a distance from us both.

It was late when Kate was looking searchingly into my eyes.

"What is the matter?" she asked at once.

"Nothing."

We women always answer "Nothing" to inquiries of this character, or else utter a vehement "You know" to those who, after all, may not know a great deal.

Katie echoed "Nothing?" in a doubtful sense, and I came more to myself, and said,

"That is, almost nothing, you will think presently, Katie."

"And you think differently now?"

"I don't know what I think," I answered, wearily. "I am not well. I wish to speak to you alone."

"About what—or whom?" was her quick answer.

"About Martin Westmair."

"Yes—I see," she said, with another searching look into my eyes. "I will arrange it, Faith."

A few minutes afterward she was shaking hands with the Westmair family as though she had been a friend of long standing. The hour was late, and it was time that she was home, she said.

"Faith," she added, lightly, "you must cross the Parade with me and bid father good-night, and perhaps Mr. Martin Westmair will not object to be your escort back."

Thus it was arranged—against my will, for I had hardly wanted Martin with us—and presently we three atoms of an odd romance were crossing the carriage-drive and making for the Marine Parade, lying a few yards further from the sea. We did not speak till we were under the trees in the shadow of the wall of the Esplanade gardens, with the long row of Parade houses across the roadway. It was a strange position, and Katie was the first to speak.

"Shall we turn this way?" she said. "We shall have something to say to each other to-night, I think."

She was on defense. What a singular woman she was, and how prompt to meet an emergency! She was very calm and cold, and full of dignity, like one who had been deeply injured and unjustly suspected by the two by whom she was accompanied.

"I think that I might have been spared this, Mr. Westmair," she said, as we walked away from her house—"as you might have been spared, Faith, had he had more consideration for us both."

"I have left the telling of the story to you, Miss Kirby," Martin said to her, with grave dignity on his part; "it will be a fairer explanation to your sister."

"He has not told you, then?" Kate said, turning to me.

"He has simply told me that which you denied this morning," I said, sadly—"that which I suspected when you two met on Lowestoft Pier."

"That I denied, Faith, for your good—for that peace of mind which, it is said, passes all understanding," she answered, mockingly. "It was a miserable confession to own that I had once loved this man, and thought him all that was honorable, good, and true, and that I had found him as false and worldly and suspicious as the rest. You had confidence in him, Faith: you were a simple woman who would believe on to the end of life, and I had not the heart to show you of what hollow stuff your idol was composed. But you force me to it—and I tell him what he was, and what I think he is still."

I marveled no longer at her self-possession, which she had flung to the winds which were moaning out at sea that night. She was a woman at bay. As she passed under the street lamps I could see that she was very beautiful in her anger and scorn, and that Martin gazed at her as at a vision which had come to dazzle and perplex him. He scarcely seemed to believe his own ears; he had not been prepared for this outburst against him and his past; he held his breath to listen to her.

"Is it your wish to part Faith and me, that you say this?" he asked at last.

"She may be happier without you," Kate said, carelessly, "and you have compelled me to speak."

"You have spoken without reason or excuse."

"It is false!" cried Katie: "you know how false it is!"

What a strange and miserable position mine was between these two who had loved, and quarreled, and separated—who were pleading before me as to a judge who should decide which had been the more deceived! I did not seem to care about the explanation now; my heart was heavier, and the mist was thicker along my path ahead. These two had loved each other very passionately—I was sure of that—I could not be the umpire as to the force and depth of their affections.

"Let me go home," I murmured. "I do not care to hear more."

"You must hear all now—it is not a long statement," said Kate, laying her hand upon my arm, "and we have no listeners about. Mr. Westmair has left the confession to me, and you are to judge between us how far he was right and I was wrong, and how far both of us have willfully deceived you. I was a singer at a music-hall, under a false name, and this gentleman, under a false name too—you see I had never met Mr. Martin Westmair, as I told you this morning!—followed me from one place to another, obtained an introduction, professed a love for me, offered at last to marry me if I would give up my profession and share poverty—for he was a poor man in his way—along with him. Am I misstating the case, Mr. Westmair?"

"Not yet," said Martin, severely. He had not forgiven her past estimate of his character.

"And, Faith, I believed in his attachment, and promised to marry him, and love him forever, and be forever a good and faithful wife. I waited for him, and thought of the happiness that might come some day. My only fault was prudence," she continued. "I had known what poverty was, and I could not descend to it again, preferring my own artificial life to that existence," she said, shuddering. "I took his word that he would raise a home for me—I did not want to be rich—and he trusted me for a while, and, oh my God! I learned to love him with all my heart and soul and strength!"

"Kate!" cried Martin. "Oh, Kate!"

It was a wild, yearning, grief-ful cry, that might have escaped some dumb animal in its agony, and it told more of his past life than all that Kate had torn the veil from. It struck me down too, as it quivered in my heart like an arrow aimed by Fate to take my simple life away.

"And then," cried Kate," he suspected every word and look, and when I was at my truest and my best, and so weary of my wretched trade that poverty with him seemed opening out like heaven to me, he killed me with distrust. He was tired of me, and he threw me off for a hasty word which had escaped me in my bitterness of grief."

"I wrote to you," he cried.

"And forced me to choose between my pride and you—knowing what a proud woman I was, who would rather die than give way! You did not come to me when I was battling with my doubts, or save me by a word when I was praying night and day to see you."

"Oh, Kate! I did not know that. I thought that you had grown fascinated with your profession, and that there were others to be preferred before me. I was jealous and mad. On that night we parted I locked myself in my room with my pistols, and thought that it was better to die than to live on without you."

"But you lived," said Katie.

"I had not the courage to die. I was never a brave man—and, Kate—I—"

"My sister, Mr. Westmair!" said Kate, meaningly.

"Oh, Faith, forgive me!" he cried, turning to me. "I am very weak—I don't know what I am saying. Let us return to Abel."

"Don't come with me, please," I stammered forth. "I will go back alone—you two have more to say and explain, and I don't wish to hear. I must be alone—I don't want any one to come. For mercy's sake, let me be!"

I turned away from them, not heeding their words—not knowing or caring what their purport was. The mist through which I groped my homeward way seemed grayer and denser through my blinding tears.

CHAPTER XI.

NOTICE TO QUIT.

It was all over! I felt that the romance of my life—its ideality, its poetry, its happiness—had vanished with Martin Westmair's meeting with my sister. The driving rain of my tears beat down the mist at last, and it was clear cold daylight, in which no fancies lived. I had come suddenly to earth, and it was a selfish crowd amidst which it would be my lot to fight my way. There would be no one to trust and no one to protect me. I believed no longer in my lover, now that I had seen the strength of his passion for the woman whom he had hidden from me. Living without her, he had regarded me as a pale reflex of his lost love; meeting her, his affection had betrayed itself, and his agony and grief at losing her had leaped once more to the light. I fell back in shadow. What had I been to him after all? How natural it seemed that he should love Katie better than me! I was more sorry than angry; I felt that I had unconsciously stood between two beings who had loved each other very much. They had broken through the restraint of a long silence, and I had left them to explain—to take each other as lovers again if they would, if they dared! I was content to fall back into my place; I did not believe in Martin Westmair. He had never cared for me a great deal; he would be glad to be free, and I should be less unhappy when I had unfastened his fetters and let him pass away.

In the morning I waited for him with a patience that seems now very strange to me. I had made up my mind, and outwardly I was calm and philosophic. More than twelve months since I had found it hard to meet him on the morning following his wild talk of love to me; but I was very anxious now to see him and to give him back his promise. There seemed nothing to save our separation; I had made up my mind, and I was very firm.

It had not been daylight long when I was standing on the cliff where we had been last night, and

where he came to meet me, as though there had been an appointment for that hour and place. I had believed in his restlessness, even his unhappiness and dissatisfaction bringing him as by instinct to me, and I was not disappointed. As he stepped on to the Esplanade he saw me on the higher ground, and came on with swift, long strides that brought him quickly to my side.

He was pale and haggard, and there was a depth of sorrow on his face which touched me, for it was sorrow for me and humiliation for himself.

"Oh, Faith!" he said, as he advanced, "what can you think now? Can you forgive me all the folly and madness of last night? can you be to me as you have ever been?"

"I can forgive every thing, Martin," I replied.

"And—"

He waited for me to echo the last words of his appeal, but I answered in that fashion to which I had steeled myself by degrees all the long night of my disappointment.

"And end all," I said, "not in anger, not in reproach, only in sorrow that you and I should have been so foolish as to think it best that we should marry, and only in gratitude to think that I have escaped."

"These are very bitter words."

"No bitterness is intended to be conveyed by them. I am sorry for past folly, and I am very, very grateful for my present knowledge of you."

"How you must despise me!"

"No."

"She does in her heart, but she is less forgiving than her sister."

"She has no right to despise you—and she is not unforgiving," I replied.

My manner had checked many words which he would have addressed to me, had I been the woman whom he had always met; but he did not know me that day, and my pride placed him at a fitting distance.

"I did not think you would regard it in that light," he muttered as we went on slowly together.

"What did you think?" I asked.

"That you would forgive the—the rashness of last night," he replied—"that you would see nothing in it but a wish to exculpate myself from the blame which your sister cast upon me—and that we two together might forget my madness, and be very happy in good time."

"That is your wish, then?"

"Yes," he said.

"Because you think it is best?"

"Because I know it is best."

"And yet you love my sister Kate," I said, almost contemptuously; "you let her and me see last night that she was first of all women in your heart, and you would marry me still."

"I am bound in honor to marry you—I—I do not own that I have this affection for your sister—I am only wild and excited and incoherent now—give me time, Faith, to be my old self."

"Rather let me give you time to be your true self," I replied, turning and retracing my steps toward Lowestoft, he turning and keeping step with me; "that will be more honorable of us both. I release you from every promise, Martin; I only ask you not to see me again—you are free."

There was a little engaged ring which he had given me upon my finger, and I took it from my ungloved hand and dropped it into his.

"Faith!" he said, his hand closing upon mine, "how glad you must be to shake me off! How easy it seems for you to forget twelve months of my long and patient service, and of the new life which hoping for you gave me!"

"You will be glad too, presently. This is mere sentiment, which I can not measure by the extent of a momentary profession. I am doing you a service—I am acting as your best friend."

"Have you thought—"

"Oh, I have thought of every thing as it affects myself," I cried, impatiently, for my philosophy was giving way, "for I am very selfish; I am not called upon to consider you—I wish to say good-by here, if it's possible."

"That is not possible," he muttered.

"I can not play the hypocrite—I can not meet you hour by hour in this place. You or I must quit your uncle's house to-day."

"I will quit it, Faith," he said; "I will explain to Abel the position. God forbid that I should give you any more trouble, any more care, after this. Will you say again that you forgive me?"

"I forgive you," I replied.

"Will you believe that I do not resign you willingly?"

"I will try and believe that you did not know your own heart when we were first engaged," I answered.

"And even now—"

"And even now you are very weak and childish," I said, interrupting him. "I thank Heaven that I am the stronger of the two."

I walked away from him—the gesture which I made for him to leave me was understood, and he stopped abruptly, and sat down in the long grass on the cliff's verge, planted his elbows on his knees, and took his head between his hands like a man crushed down by grief, or stunned by the new life which his release had brought to him. The future was not very clear to him; he did not see his way as I did.

CHAPTER XII.

A STORM BREWING.

IF Martin Westmair had said frankly that he had outlived his love for Kate, I could have forgiven him with all my heart. If I had not seen that love for her in the incoherence of his raving, the past romance would not have mattered to me. I was naturally prosaic—at least I tried to think so. If there had been one faint illusion that I might have been deceived, and that I might have judged too hastily, how quickly his first words had dispelled it!

It was all over then—I had fought bravely through it—I had not given way; it was my pride to think that he had not seen one tear upon my cheek. My one anxiety seemed to be to decently inter my past affections without any fuss over the burial. If I could have stolen away to my father's house, I should have been glad; but Kate was there, and I did not care to face her. She had taken my lover from me, and, though I was not a vindictive woman, I did not want to see her yet awhile. She had passed from the sister to the rival, and I was not a woman without jealousy. She had not loved Martin Westmair as I had done, for she had engaged herself to Pounce for his money; but Martin would turn from me to her, and was surely glad in his heart that I had released him.

As I reached the house in the Esplanade the door opened, and Abel Westmair came out, with a big white towel across his arm. He took his morning bath at preternaturally early hours, before any one was stirring in the town. My appearance opposite his establishment was a surprise, and he said,

"Miss Kirby! This is beginning the day in a praiseworthy manner."

"It was so beautiful a morning that I thought that I would venture out."

It was a poor excuse for my presence, and he saw through it at once, he who always hated excuses.

"It's rather a dull, bleak day, in my opinion," he said, looking round. "I suppose you expect to meet Martin?"

"No."

His quick eyes detected the figure in the distance on the higher ground, and he shaded his eyes with his hand to gaze more intently in that direction.

"Is that he?" he asked at last.

"Yes, it is your nephew, Mr. Westmair."

"Why do you keep him waiting?" he asked, curiously.

"I—I have seen him already."

"Seen him!" he muttered; then, after one more glance in the direction of his nephew, he looked still more intently into my face.

"You two have quarreled," he said, eagerly.

"No, we are good friends," I replied; "but—"

I came to a full stop. I was indignant at his questioning, my wound was too fresh, and I was easily irritated that morning.

"Go on, please," he said, impatiently.

"I can not go on," I said; "the little that there is to explain, Martin will explain for us both, Mr. Westmair."

"I would prefer to hear the facts from you."

"You have no right to ask me," I cried, indignantly; "I can not tell you any thing."

"It is a serious difference, then, between you—or, at least, you think so," said Abel, still persistent; "it is out of my line, but you must allow me to be peace-maker."

"No, no!"

"It is something about the mother—she has said—"

"She has not said any thing," I cried. "I can not bear questioning. Ask Martin—please ask Martin."

I had been tried too much within the last eight hours of my life, and I gave way. It vexed me more than I can explain to give up before him, or before any one—I who had been strong for so long a time; but it did me no harm. I sat down on one of the iron seats facing the sea, turned my head away from my tormentor, and cried for a little while, till his voice close to my ear brought me back to myself. He had sat down by my side, and was waiting patiently till I had recovered, with his towel across his knees, his dark hands crossed upon it, and his face as inflexible as the Sphinx's.

"I wish you would tell me all about it," he said, when he saw that I had dried my eyes; "my advice might be of service. I am a practical man, and I know Martin so well."

I shook my head.

"This is a mere love quarrel, I should have thought, only you are not naturally quarrelsome, Miss Kirby, and," he added, obstinately, "I think that I have a right to an explanation."

"When your nephew is able to explain, more clearly than I, the little that is worth your attention?"

"I hate my nephew's explanations," he said, tartly, as he rose; "they are diffuse, and never to the point. Four words of yours would give me a clearer idea of the position, and I hope that I am not undeserving of your confidence."

I gave way; his perseverance had conquered the feeble resistance that I had made. I gave him the four words which he had wished.

"The engagement is ended," I replied.

He leaped to his feet, and wound his Baden-Baden round his arm in his excitement. His face was dark with passion, and his eyes flashed with the angry fire that was in them.

"Pardon me, but it is not ended," he said; "neither he nor you can set aside a compact of this kind, solemnly entered into, and presaging so much happiness for both. I say it is not at an end, Miss Kirby—I wish it for both your sakes. I despise people who do not know their own minds, and who lose their tempers for nothing. Where is he? It is all his fault, I am sure—his aggravating and cursed—I'll go to him at once."

Before I could urge another word in protest, or recover from my surprise, he was walking down the Esplanade at a tremendous pace, swinging his long arms to and fro as he strode onward. I wished that I had offered some further explanation before he had left me; I was nervous concerning Abel, concerning Martin's manner of receiving his uncle's reproof, concerning the result of all this, and the motive for his indignation. I watched him ascend the higher ground, and then I looked toward the place where I had left my faithless lover last. Martin was no longer visible; he had caught sight of his uncle advancing, and had passed down the shelving cliff to the seashore. Presently Abel Westmair was standing on the cliff's edge looking for him, and he too disappeared, after a moment's consideration as to the practicable character of the descent. It was to be a long chase—my love story seemed almost turning into burlesque from the actions of these men.

There was not much sign of burlesque, however, in the visage of Abel Westmair when he came in to breakfast two hours later, and took his place at the table where his father and daughter, Mrs. Westmair and myself, were waiting. The signs of the storm to come were strikingly visible in his grave aspect.

"Where is Martin?" he said, hastily, as he sat down.

"I have not seen him," said Aunt Jane; "I think he went out for an early walk."

"Yes, I am sure of that," was his reply.

"Have you seen him, then?"

"At a distance," was the dry answer, as he chipped fiercely at his egg.

He had not overtaken his nephew, and I hardly knew whether I was sorry or glad. If the storm were to break in my presence, I should be sorry enough; I had had enough of the argument for all time. If Martin were prudent—if he had not the moral courage to face his uncle, as he had not the moral courage to tell me once the troubles of my father—I should be spared, and perhaps even for my sake he would keep away.

"I can't think where he can be," said Aunt Jane, looking out of the window; "he is generally so very punctual."

"He is the most unpunctual man whom I have ever met," said Abel, flatly contradicting her.

"Now, Abel, I—"

"And the man of the least amount of moral courage, or he would have been here."

"Is any thing the matter?" asked old Mr. Westmair, nervously.

"Nothing that will affect you in any way, father," Abel replied, "and nothing of any importance, I hope, after all," he added, glancing at me from under his black eyebrows.

"Miss Kirby, do you know?" Martin's mother asked of me.

"Yes; and if you will—"

"Oh, I am the last to know any thing, of course," cried Aunt Jane.

"Mrs. Westmair, you will oblige me by leaving Miss Kirby to herself this morning," said Abel, with severe politeness, "or by waiting till you are alone with her for any statement she may care to make. I can not be harassed like this by all of you."

He glared at us as if we were implicated in a gigantic conspiracy against him, and the breakfast was continued without further interruption. I had grown very indignant again at Abel Westmair's dictatorial manner; he had taken up my quarrel in a hard, unpleasant, straightforward way, the publicity of which jarred upon me terribly. The trial was not over for the day yet: the storm was coming up thick and fast. How much of it had I brought upon myself by my own weakness, and why did Abel Westmair take the lead in it?

"He will not come," said Abel, referring to his watch, and then thrusting it back into his pocket; "that is like your estimable son, Mrs. Westmair," he added, bitterly. "He is afraid to meet us."

"I am not afraid to meet any man or woman," said a deep voice without. Martin entered the room through the open French casement, and sat down, hat in hand, by the window, and looked steadily at his uncle. "What is it that I should fear, Abel?"

Abel Westmair's brow contracted at the question, but he did not reply. He turned to his daughter.

"Ettie dear, take your grandpapa for a walk," he said; "we four have a little business to settle together."

Ettie glanced nervously from her father to her cousin, and then went away leading her grandfather by the hand, who followed with a child's docility. Of late old Mr. Westmair seemed to have broken up very much—to be less capable of taking his share in life's turmoil. As they went away the mutterings of the storm began. I was biding my time to escape or to protest, but I was powerless at present.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORM BURSTS.

AUNT JANE made one faint effort to tide away the storm, or to postpone it. She was terribly afraid of Abel Westmair now—some past reminiscence, of a previous quarrel, perhaps, seemed to blanch her cheek and give a restless watchfulness to her eyes.

"You have not had any breakfast yet, Martin," said his mother; "let me ring and—"

"Thank you, I have breakfasted at a friend's," said Martin, in reply.

At a friend's!—at my father's, where he had offered an earlier explanation, which had detained him longer than he had bargained for. He looked gravely, almost reproachfully, across the room at me, and then turned to his uncle.

"Now, Abel—will you tell me why I should be afraid to meet you?" he said, fearlessly.

I was proud even then of his new courage—glad that he was there to stand his ground—beset by a wish to side with him, and against the man who had thus strangely taken up, as he fancied, my cause. The mistake that he had made seemed to suggest itself to Abel at last, and for the first and last time that morning he hesitated for an instant.

"It might be as well, Jane, if you and Miss Kirby were to withdraw," Abel suggested; "for though it concerns both of you, this interview must be necessarily very painful."

"I would prefer to remain," said Aunt Jane, folding her arms; "I would prefer Miss Kirby remaining also, under the circumstances."

I had no wish to withdraw; it was as well that the battle should be fought out in the presence of Mrs. Westmair and myself—the combatants would have some consideration for their witnesses' feelings, possibly.

"Martin," said Abel, turning to his nephew, "had I been told by any one save Miss Kirby that the engagement between her and you was at an end, I should not have believed it. But I see that there has been a quarrel between you of no ordinary kind."

"What difference there is between Miss Kirby and myself is scarcely the business of Abel Westmair," said Martin, with dignity, "and I dispute his right, or any man's, to interfere."

"Without fair reason," answered Abel—"granted. But I have more reasons than one for adopting this course."

"State them," said Martin, indifferently; "if I agree with you, and Miss Kirby gives me permission, I will offer you and her any explanation that is necessary."

"The engagement is at an end?" said Abel, almost doubtfully still; "you tell me this, as well as Miss Kirby?"

"I am in her hands," said Martin, respectfully; "it is her wish."

"It is my wish," I answered.

"And it is not yours?" cried Abel, with more eagerness.

"I pledged my word to make her my wife—Miss Kirby has only to claim its fulfillment."

Abel Westmair was puzzled.

"But you are not sorry that this engagement is broken off? you mean that you would keep your word at any sacrifice to your inclination, if she were disposed to hold you to your contract?" he cried.

"Will you tell me, Abel, why you interfere?" said his nephew—"why you think it better to behave in this absurd way than to leave us to ourselves?"

"I will tell you—yes!" cried Abel, passionately, "because Miss Faith Kirby is without a friend in the world, and I, as head of the house, stand in the light of her guardian. Because under my roof she has been treated dishonorably by my own kinsman; because you are to blame in every way for this miserable conclusion, and I share its humiliation with you."

"In what way?"

"I wished this match; I gave my sanction to it; you were attached to each other. I am sure that something very heinous in your conduct could alone have brought about this separation."

"No, Sir," I said, quickly, "do not think that of your nephew."

"Let him think what he will," said Martin, defiantly.

I was anxious to be peace-maker between them, even to defend one who, before me, would not defend himself. I seemed to guess what was at stake better than Martin did, and how his future—his and little Katie's—depended upon me.

"Martin loves my sister; it is a long attachment; he thought that she was dead, perhaps," I burst forth, and both Abel and Aunt Jane glared with amazement at me; "and when she came back to his life, and I saw that he still loved her very dearly, I released him from his promise."

"That is the story?" asked Abel of his nephew.

"With some little variation it may stand for it," said Martin, thoughtfully.

"It is a miserable story at the best," Abel replied, contemptuously; "if Miss Kirby can excuse it, and see any virtue in your vacillation, I can not."

"I do not seek to excuse myself to Miss Kirby," Martin answered, as he regarded me very wistfully. "I have done her a great injury. I have acted foolishly; I am willing by any means in my power to make amends."

"But you love her sister as she says?" said Abel.

Again Martin's brow lowered at his uncle's questions, his uncle's interference; but he answered him.

"I can not deny it," he said at last, and my heart seemed to sink a fathom deeper at his answer. "I loved Kate Kirby very much, and I did her an injustice. When we parted in anger from each other, I thought that she was lost to me forever. I could not believe that she had cared for me; and meeting a true, good woman in her sister, and guessing not of the relationship between them, I found happiness in my second love, though I have acted like a coward to her. Yes, Faith," he said, passionately, "I own it, I am a coward; I am stabbing you with every word of the explanation that this man extorts from me."

"Pray say no more," I urged, "or let me go."

"I don't understand a word of what any body says," cried Mrs. Westmair, in piteous bewilderment. "Oh, what does it mean? Will any one explain?"

"We have had enough of explanation," said Abel, sternly; "it is neither better nor worse than I had imagined, Martin. All my life I have distrusted your stability, and seen trouble in store for those with greater faith in it than I. I had a hope of you when you had tricked this lady into an engagement: for the first time in my life I saw your life opening out more brightly, and making of you a better and stronger man. More than twelve months ago I told you that on the day you married Faith Kirby I would constitute you a partner in my firm—in breaking your bond, you break with me for good."

"Oh, Abel!" exclaimed the mother.

"It is what I expected," said Martin, coolly, "what I am quite prepared for."

"I can not share my future with one so utterly untrustworthy as you have proved yourself to be," Abel continued; "I would prefer to part with you. You have the secret of my prosperity at your command—do the best with it that you can, and go your way."

"Do you think that I could make use of your secret to my own advantage?" cried Martin, indignantly—"that I would not rather starve than use it?"

"What you would do, or not do, is beyond my guessing at," said Abel, bitterly: "you are utterly dishonest."

"You exceed the limits of my forbearance," cried Martin, with a sudden fury, as he advanced close to his uncle, and looked him fiercely in the face; "I have borne enough to-day—I will take your dismissal willingly, but not another insult will I receive from you."

"I am not to be frightened into silence by big words," said Abel, "or by threatening looks. I tell you once more that you are utterly dishonest."

Martin raised his hand, but I was alert, and rushed between them, while Mrs. Westmair flung herself upon the couch, and screamed and kicked.

"No, you shall not quarrel about me," I cried, "it is I whom he has injured, Mr. Westmair, and I forgive him freely. He did not know—he did not think—Martin, will you go away now?"

"It is forever," he said, turning to me; then he put his hat on his head and strode toward the window.

"Martin, don't leave me!" shrieked his mother; "I will go with you—I will not stop with this dreadful man, for whom I have slaved and toiled so long."

"As you will," said Abel.

"No, no—stay for a while," said Martin, hastily. "I have no home—you will hamper my movements—I don't know what I am going to do. I will write to-morrow."

He passed through the French window, and went swiftly along the little garden to the broad Esplanade beyond. He looked back at the house and at me, and it was not a happy face that was turned to us at parting.

This was the end of my engagement. It had ended very miserably for me and Martin. It had brought about more trouble and grief than I had bargained for.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORM CONTINUES.

AFTER the departure of her son Aunt Jane continued to kick and weep demonstratively upon the sofa, as if her grief and disappointment were the hardest to bear. Abel, after looking grimly at her, walked into the garden, and went up and down the lawn at a great pace, the wailing of his sister-in-law, her complaints and her reproaches, not wholly escaping him even there.

"All that dear boy's expectations blown to the winds!" she moaned forth; "and this poor excuse made for breaking with him, and my long and faithful and arduous service reckoned as nothing in the balance. I can't stop—I will not put up with indifference and neglect, and black looks and harsh words any longer. I have friends who will be glad to see me, and to console me for the sacrifice of years of faithful service to this ungrateful man. Oh, if my poor husband had been living, to speak up for his boy and me!"

If report were to be believed as to her husband's character, the late Mr. Westmair would have hidden himself away till the storm was over, and been the last man to speak up for any thing or for any body.

"To ruin and cast upon the world my handsome boy, for a few high-spirited words! I can't stop—I shall leave this unhappy home to desolation—I will go back to London by the next train—will shake the dust of the place from my feet."

Abel Westmair returned to the room he had quitted.

"There is no occasion for this noise, Mrs. Westmair," he said; "people on the Esplanade can hear you."

"Mr. Westmair, I am not going to stop here."

"Very well," he said, coldly.

"Unless you recall my boy—unless you are brought back to a more fitting state of mind, and see the unnatural cruelty of blighting the prospects of your dead brother's son, because—because—he—"

"Silence, please," said Abel, with a sudden sternness that caused Aunt Jane to leap spasmodically upon the couch; "we are not going into the question again of his dishonorable conduct."

"*She* does not consider it dishonorable—you do not wish to cast him into the world without a penny, Miss Kirby, do you?" she asked, suddenly.

"I am very sorry that any difference between Martin and me should have brought about a misunderstanding between him and his uncle," I replied. "I can not see—I can not think—that—"

Abel Westmair interrupted me in my turn.

"You are only indirectly the cause, Miss Kirby. He proved his untrustiness, and I have lost my confidence. I hope," he added, "that I may never see him again in all my life."

Aunt Jane half rolled herself from a recumbent to a sitting position, and set her front hair at a proper angle.

"You mean that, Abel?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Then I shall leave you this very day."

"As you please."

"I shall go back to town at once."

"There is a train at 1.40," said Abel, coolly.

"And my boy and I will starve together, if it's necessary."

"It is perfectly unnecessary," Abel replied; "he has the means of making his fortune at his fingers' ends."

"You heard him say that he would never avail himself of them."

"But he will, nevertheless," said Abel.

"I shall go away," cried Mrs. Westmair, decisively, "and leave you to your own dreadful self. I have borne with you for Martin's sake, not my own."

"It is probable," Abel muttered.

"And Miss Kirby will go away too. She can not stop in this house with you, to be talked about, if she has a proper sense of her own position and character, and of the world's opinion."

There was a quick glance in my direction as he said,

"Miss Kirby will remain with my daughter as long as she lives."

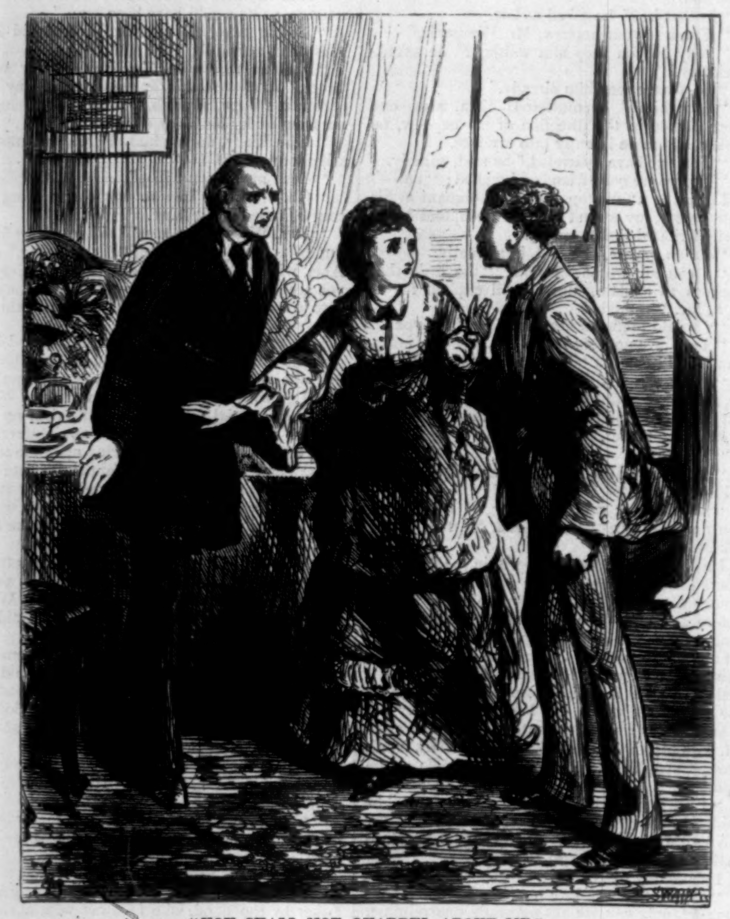
"She can not do it," cried Aunt Jane, passionately, as she turned to me with a steely glitter in her eyes; "she dare not do it, for the sake of all that society will say. You, Abel, have turned away your nephew for that young woman sitting there—you have constituted yourself her champion—"

"Her champion!" he cried, indignantly.

"You have broken with us all on her account; and for her to remain after I have quitted this house is an impossibility, if she has that regard for her good name which she has always affected to have," said Mrs. Westmair, spitefully.

"Miss Kirby will remain," said Abel, still more decisively, "if she is the woman that I believe her to be."

I did not answer. The position was an embarrassing one, and now that Aunt Jane had unfurled the flag of defiance and spoken out very plainly as to her opinion of my remaining in Abel Westmair's establishment, I could not see my way. What the world would say, what Aunt Jane would say for herself and against me if I staid, I guessed already, and I was already thinking seriously of what I should do after Mrs. Westmair had gone.



"YOU SHALL NOT QUARREL ABOUT ME."

"Miss Kirby already sees the imprudence of remaining with you," said Aunt Jane, shrewdly; "she is a sensible young woman, who is not to be entrapped into a false and delicate position with her eyes closed, because you choose to say that she must stop."

"Miss Kirby will remain," he said, so sharply, for the third time, that Aunt Jane winced and shut her eyes for an instant; when she opened them he was walking up and down the lawn again.

"Just like a wild beast, you see—exactly like that nasty hyena in the Zoological Gardens," murmured Aunt Jane—"going mad like his father—it's in the family!—only he will be very dangerous and wear strait-waistcoats. You can't stay, Miss Kirby—you will not be safe—he's a dreadful man—come away with me at once, and act like a sensible woman."

"No, I can not do that," I said.

"Can not leave him!" she ejaculated.

"I can not leave Ettie and him wholly without a friend," I replied; "I can't go away at once—as if I had sided with you in every thing that you have said against him."

"You can't stop—understand that."

"Yes, I think I begin to understand that," I said, in reply.

The restless and hyena-like Abel Westmair had entered the room again, and was looking from me to Aunt Jane, with a new fierceness.

"Mrs. Westmair," he said, severely, "you will lose your train if you have many boxes to pack."

"Oh, good gracious!—oh, worse and worse!" she cried, flinging up her hands. "He will turn me out of the house next! I am going, Mr. Westmair—going joyfully, thank Heaven!"

She sprang up and rushed out of the room, slamming the door noisily behind her. I was alone with this man, who was clearing the house of his relatives with rapidity. He was not a dreadful man, as Aunt Jane had said, but he might be dangerous. Might he not be even now like his father, as the indignant woman had asserted, and had I not great cause to be afraid of him?

"'You can not leave me and Ettie wholly without a friend,'" he said, quoting my last words; "thank you, but the friend who fades away with the summer is hardly to my liking. You begin to understand that you can not remain in my house, or with me—and so this woman wins the game!"

"Oh, why will no one give me time to think," I cried, impatiently, "or think for me a little?"

Abel Westmair in two long strides was in the garden again, round which he perambulated swiftly, and then came back to me, darker, stranger, and madder than ever.

"Miss Kirby," he said, coming straight toward me, and speaking harshly and fiercely, and without a grain of tenderness in his voice, "will you remain here as my wife?"

CHAPTER XV.

THE END OF THE STORM.

To receive the offer of a second lover on the day which has witnessed the dismissal of the first, along with all the love-dreams and love-luggage appertaining to him, may be flattering to one's vanity, consolatory to one's wounded feelings, pleasant evidence that one is, after all, somebody in the world, for whom somebody else cares besides the man who has galloped away on his high horse; but to receive it in the manner which Abel Westmair thought fit to adopt seldom falls to the lot of woman.

Dark and lowering as the thunder-cloud, this eccentric man stood before me, and asked me to become his wife. He did not wish Aunt Jane to win the victory; I was of service to his daughter, of some little use in his establishment, and it would solve an intricate problem as to what was to become of me if I said "Yes" to his proposal.

As he held his right hand toward me in earnest of good faith, I shrank from it, and he let it drop to his side the instant afterward. I was angry with him now; I felt my lip quivering with indignation rather than with grief; like the rest of them, he had had no consideration for me, and for the great trouble which I had fought with all that day. This was one more bitter drop in the cup of my overflowing, and he might have spared me—might have thought better of me—might have known me better altogether.

"Will you remain here as my wife?" he asked, a second time.

"You know that I will not, Mr. Westmair," I cried, vehemently, at this appeal; "you have no right to address me thus."

"I take you by surprise?" he said, in the same hard tones.

"You insult my grief and me," I answered.

The scroll end of the couch on which Aunt Jane had plunged was close to me, and I spread my arms upon it and buried my face within them, and away from him. There was a long silence; had it not been for his deep breathing, I should have thought that he had quitted the room. When he spoke again, it was in a new tone of voice, and with all the harshness of it gone away. It was clear and incisive—not unkind, but far from tender—oh, so different from my Martin's!

"No man insults a woman by an offer of marriage made in sober earnest," said Abel; "he may be foolish, ambitious, weak, imprudent, but not insulting, Miss Kirby. To offer you an indignity would be the last thing in the world that I could do."

"At such a time as this—when—when—" I wailed forth; then I could not continue, or trust my voice any further.

"At such a time as this, I thought that I would speak," he said, "for you are thinking of going away, and you are of use to all of us."

Yes—that was his reason—I had thought so from the first.

"It will break Ettie's heart—kill her outright, perhaps—if you leave us, and my child is every thing to me," he continued; "without her, what is the world to me but utter loneliness? You don't think of this!" he added, with a faint degree of his old sharpness suddenly returning.

I tried to say something in reply, but my voice failed me. I had given way beneath this last blow; he had had no mercy in all the trials of that dreadful day, and I was completely broken down.

"This is hasty and impolitic," he said, "and I am setting myself in my worst light before you, but I have felt compelled to speak out. I knew that I should surprise you very much."

His voice sounded more remote. He had begun to walk up and down the room again; I could hear his footsteps advancing and receding, and the voice gathering strength or losing force according to his progress. It was a long narrow room, but he steered his way skillfully among the furniture, and did not pause again to address me.

"I have made a false step," he continued, "*that* I perceive very clearly. I was almost certain of it before, but it was beyond my power to allow you to leave us without hearing me plead in my own cause. I was not wholly without hope that you would consider this, for you are a practical and unromantic girl, and waking suddenly to my nephew's deceit I thought might turn you from him forever."

"No—no—I can't turn my love away so readily," I cried. "Oh, he was—he is—every thing to me!"

I found words to say this amidst my grief and bewilderment, and the footsteps ceased for several moments, and then went on more slowly.

"Such a man as Martin Westmair is only to be despised," he muttered.

"I can't despise him," I said, feebly; "it is my greatest grief that by my haste and jealousy I have brought about his ruin."

"He is not worth a thought," said Abel, with an angry stamp of his foot.

I did not answer him. I had defended my lost lover, and Abel Westmair was annoyed once more. He walked into the garden, and came back, and went once more round the room, with an increase in his rate of progression. Presently the footsteps ceased, and I knew that he was looking down upon me.

"Miss Kirby," he said, in the same clear, calm tones of voice that he seemed to command at will, "I did not wish to talk of love to you; that is past my age, and beneath the position which I take as Ettie's father. I did not dream for an instant of your passing, as some women can very readily, from one man to another, loving, or affecting to love, each with the same amount of fervor, or shallowness of sentiment. I am not a fool—but—"

He took breath to continue, or forgot what he was going to say, or paused to make up his mind to say something, it was doubtful which, but there was a strange hesitation before he went on again.

"But it suggested itself to me suddenly that you were alone in the world," he continued, "a being as friendless as I, and with no better chance of making one true friend; equally disappointed in the humanity about you, and equally in doubt as to the life before you. It struck me you might see that I was not a bad man, and that you might learn in time to regard me with less aversion, to like me by degrees, perhaps, for little Ettie's sake, to put up with my bad tempers, and respect me. I did not build upon your love for my unsympathetic nature—I had never an ambition to win that—I never had a right to expect it."

"And you would be content with so poor a return!" I murmured, wonderingly—"you, so proud and exacting a man!"

"Yes, I would be content," he answered.

"Then you are no wiser than your nephew," I cried, almost contemptuously.

"I think that I am wise enough to know that I might trust my life, my home, and my child with you," he answered; "to feel that in your companionship there would come peace and rest. If, Miss Kirby, you—"

"I have been greatly tried to-day," I murmured, restlessly; "if you would spare me now it would be merciful."

"I have nothing more to say," Abel responded, in the same measured tones; "possibly I only desired to offer you the choice of two evils, going into the world or remaining with me. What my own feelings are toward you I need not prolong this painful interview by explaining; they are difficult to analyze, and in the result you would not place any credence. If I had not said a word, it would have been far better for us both."

"Yes," I answered.

"You would have gone away with some amount of confidence in me—or you might not have gone away at all," he muttered, "and now, in that miserable selfishness which is an attribute of our miserable family, I have expedited your departure."

"I must go."

"Certainly, you must go now," he replied; "you have nothing to stop for, and only a little

girl to consider. I am nothing—less than nothing."

I did not answer, and his voice changed again, and had less of a metallic ring in it. He was more natural in his last words to me.

"You will pardon the impulse which led me to speak this morning," he said. "I thought that I was acting for your good—and, after all, I did not take myself so much into consideration as you may be disposed to believe. Try and think that presently, Miss Kirby—when you are away from us. Try and think, too—if you will, if you can teach your heart to do me so much justice—that your happiness has been on my mind for a longer period than you dream, and that when I saw it rested with my nephew Martin to promote it, I strove my hardest to complete it for you. There," he added, angrily, again, "they are the last words that I shall ever trouble *you* with."

He was standing at the window, with his felt hat pulled over his brows: I looked up with some faint curiosity and surprise as he stood there.

"I am going now," he said, grimly.

"Going!" I echoed; "going where?"

"Away from you—any where—what does it matter?" he answered, speaking very rapidly; "you will not be able to endure my presence any longer. I shall not be able to endure yours, knowing the reproaches you could heap upon me. I will write to you this evening and complete our business relations. I shall not return to this house till to-morrow; favor me by remaining with Ettie until then, and by breaking to her the necessity that there is for your departure. Good-day."

He marched once more down the garden, opened the gate, and set off in his favorite direction of the Pakefield cliffs. There was an end of Abel Westmair, as well as of Martin, after that; and now there was Ettie to prepare, and to lose also. How fast my friends were drifting from me! how close I was getting to that old loneliness, that weird isolation, which began with the fog in Watling Street one October afternoon! There was no one whom I could trust, and surely my last estate would be worse than the first, without a hope to keep me strong. I followed with my eyes the strange man proceeding on a way as lonely as my own, trying to read him aright and failing utterly, seeing him pass along the distant hill-side, the second man—the last!—who had spoken of love to me, taking his final words for sober truth, as I could always take Abel Westmair's, and wondering as I watched if he were going away forever with the rest of them.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE FORGIVENESS.

WHEN Aunt Jane had gone, I was left alone in the house, waiting for Ettie's return with her grandfather. Mrs. Westmair kept her word, and departed; the game was played out; she was sure that Abel would not relent, and that there was nothing worth staying for. She made no professions to me before she went; she had never liked me, and possibly I stood the foremost figure in the chaotic landscape which the end of my engagement had appeared to create. She simply said, "Good-day, Miss Kirby," and without any inquiry as to the whereabouts of her brother-in-law, or her niece Ettie, or Mr. Westmair, Senior, she and her luggage were whirled away toward the railway station. Thus this woman, whom I might have called mother, whom I had tried hard to like, and with whom more than twelve months had been spent in close association, went away without a word of pity for me, or one atom of regret for the desolate condition in which her son's faithlessness had left me. I sighed once or twice over her indifference; then I stretched myself upon the sofa, a woman weary with the world, and tried to think of what I should say to Ettie, and how I should get through this cruel task which had been imposed upon me, and from which there was no escaping. Yes, Abel Westmair was selfish to leave this new ordeal for me—as selfish as the rest of them. How much did they all think I could bear, I wondered, as I lay there in my loneliness.

Presently—how long it was I never knew—two arms stole round my neck, and I became conscious that some one was kneeling by the side of the couch embracing me.

"Ah, Ettie!" I said, without looking up, "what a time you have been away from me—and I wanted to talk to you so much!"

"It isn't Ettie," murmured the voice beside me, "but a poor little woman who wants to be forgiven—who thought herself very strong, and found out that she was as weak as all the rest—who meant well, and failed, and who will be forever very wretched if her sister shuts her heart against her."

"Katie!" I cried; then in my first impulse I struggled away from her, and sat back on the couch with my sister clinging to my skirts. This was she who had robbed me of my lover, and after all I was only a jealous woman; I could be firm and philosophic with every one save her; but in the first moments of our meeting there rose before me her duplicity, and Martin's, and the terrible consciousness that it was she who had been the cause of all my trouble. Without her I might have believed in Martin Westmair, and he would have never guessed in all his life how little he had cared for me.

"Oh, Faith!—don't look like that—it can't be you!" she cried, regarding me with amazement.

"Did you expect to find me looking very happy, after all that has happened?" I replied.

"You did not know—I did not know—" she began.

"No, I did not know any thing," I said, interrupting her. "I was kept in the dark by Martin, and when it came to your turn to enlighten me, you only added to the deceit by which I was misled. But there, there! keep your lover, Kate, and leave me to myself. I don't wish to interfere—I never wish to see him or you again!"

"I did not tell you that I had met Martin Westmair before," said Katie, after a long wondering stare at me, "because I thought that I might mar your happiness by telling you how much I hated him. I thought that it was all over between him and me—I could not believe in his honesty, and I could not crush your confidence by telling you my reasons for it. Oh, Faith! that was at least for your sake; blame me for all that followed—not for this—and I will not say a word in my defense; I will own how wrong and weak and cruel I have been; but I will ask you to forgive me, for old times' sake, for our mother's sake, for the sake of the little girl who has been so much alone!"

"Alone!" I said. "Ah! what have I been?"

"Alone too, but not in a bad world, and with bad thoughts for company—not struggling desperately, and growing worldly, selfish, uncharitable, and deceitful, but still keeping what the world calls good—you have not been so terribly alone as that!" she cried.

"No, Katie, I have not," I answered, less firmly. "I—I bear you no malice, but we stand apart from this day."

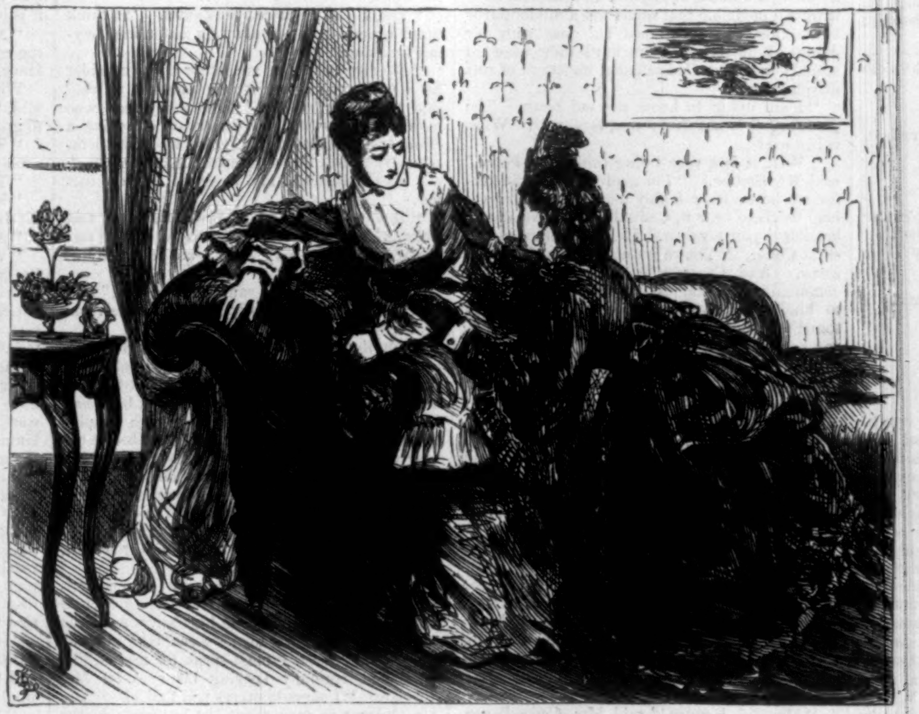
"No, no—I hope not!"

"I could not bear to see you with him—not for years could I meet you both together—only yesterday I loved him very much!"

It was an honest confession—I did not care to disguise it; but as she looked up quickly, I added,

"Now I pity him—in good time I shall forget him. He is not the man for whom I shall break my heart," I answered, with increasing spirit—"though you are not the woman who will ever make him happy."

"Oh, Faith!—why not?"



"AND WILL YOU NOT FORGIVE ME?"

"Because you are afraid of the truth. Because he is weak—more morally weak than I could have believed—and you will never be strong, and by a brave example save him from himself."

"You do not know how I loved him once," cried Katie, more warmly, "or you would be more charitable toward me in my weakness now. I did not know how much I loved him, Heaven bear me witness, until I found out yesterday how one great mistake, one cruel misconception, had parted him and me."

"Will you think of me a little?" I said, struggling to rise. "Kate, will you go away from me, please?"

"Not till I am forgiven, Faith—not till you have forgiven him," said Katie. "Our happiness is in your hands—I will not see him again if you remain relentless. I can't think of your misery and of my love together. I want to tell you all the story. I have come in simple trust to answer every question, and conceal nothing from you."

She was wild in her entreaties, and her arms clung round my knees and held me fast. She was crying—it was a dramatic scene which I made every effort to end, but which I could not wholly sympathize with, though her earnestness affected me.

"Kate," I said, firmly, "I don't wish to hear this story—let me guess at it—let me believe in the error which separated two such faithful lovers, and spare me the recital for all time."

"Ah! you are satirical, but—"

"I will not hear it," I cried, indignantly.

"And will not forgive me?"

"Yes, yes—I forgive you. I bear no malice—you will leave me now?" I said, wearily.

"And you—what will you do?"

"God knows—nobody else yet."

"Then you will—"

"I am going away to-morrow," I said. "There, don't look surprised; don't worry me with questions—I can't bear any more; please return to your happiness, and leave me to myself."

"I think, Faith, you will be sorry that you have not listened to me, for then you would have judged Martin and me more fairly," she said, as I rose and stood by the window, looking out.

"I do not judge you at all. The truth you offer me could only wound me more deeply."

"You have not forgiven us," cried Katie again.

"Yes, yes—I have—on my honor!"

I did not wish her to go away with the impression that I was a vindictive woman, that I envied her happiness, that I was heart-broken at Martin's loving her better than me. I only desired to be spared from her romantic raptures, and to be left alone until Ettie came back.

"And this is our last parting," said Katie, reproachfully; "it is in this manner that you and I say good-by!"

"For a time."

"What shall I say to him?"

She pointed to the cliff-path, along which Abel Westmair had gone a little while ago, and I said, very naturally,

"To Abel Westmair?"

"No—to Martin, whom I am going to meet."

"Has he gone by the cliff-path too?" I asked. "They will meet again, unless you intercept them and save more angry words."

"Why should I attempt to spare Abel Westmair from his nephew's accusations? He has acted like a tyrant—he had no right to— There, Faith, don't mind me," she cried; "the only weight upon my mind is yourself. If I could go away believing that you do not hate me, as I have a right to be hated, as I felt that I hated you when you told me who your lover was—though I hoped the moment afterward that you would be happy with him—I hoped that, Faith, until—"

"Yes, yes, don't say any more," I cried. "I forgive you, Kate—once more, I tell you so."

"With all your heart?"

"With all my heart."

"And him—with all your heart too?"

"Early this morning I said that."

"You are a generous girl. God bless you, Faith! Don't think too hardly of me."

She wound her arms round me and kissed me many times. I kissed her back once and let her go. I had forgiven her—ay, with all my heart!—but that heart was too full—or too much contracted by the morning's storms—to respond to all her demonstrations of affection. She was sorry for me and glad for herself—what woman who has loved deeply, and regained her lover, would not have been glad of so happy a finale? She would have disguised her joy in her regret at my isolation; she would have explained away my old lover's perfidy, if I had dared to listen to the explanation; but the disguise my jealous eyes saw through, and upon the explanation I had set my ban and interdict. Poor little Kate Kirby!—after all, had she been more happy in life than I? and should I feel aggrieved because her happiness had arisen from my misery? Let her have her share of the sunshine, and let me suffer. I was stronger to bear suffering than my sister, and by-and-by I should forget all this, with God's help. There was nothing worth remembering, surely!

CHAPTER XVII.

IN DEEPER SHADOW.

I DID not tell Ettie upon her return that I was going away by the next morning's train. I had the weakness to defer the evil hour of my revelation; I had been tried sufficiently that day, and needed rest; I could not endure further conflict; and this child loved me for myself—the only one of all of them! How the day passed I hardly knew. Abel Westmair did not return, and it was my place to *amuse* Ettie! She did not ask any questions, and I did not volunteer any explanation as to the silence and emptiness of the establishment. She guessed something of the nature of the storm, and was watchful but not inquisitive; she spared me questioning, with a consideration for which I was grateful. Even her aunt's absence was not commented upon until a later hour in the afternoon, when old Mr. Westmair woke up from his nap in an easy-chair, and looked round him curiously.

"Where are they all?—where's Jane?" he asked.

"Aunt Jane has gone away, I think," said Ettie, with a strange look in my direction.

"Gone away! You don't mean for good?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"I don't know, grandpapa," said Ettie, in reply; "we must wait till papa comes home, and not worry Miss Kirby."

The answer was conveyed in a low tone, but my ears were sharp, and not a word escaped me.

"Thank you, Ettie," I said, gratefully; "if you will leave all explanations to papa I shall be glad. I am scarcely strong enough to enter into details."

"I'll not say another word, dear," said Ettie. "Try and sleep a bit. You don't know how ill you are looking."

I knew how ill at heart I was feeling, but I had had faith in my disguise until Ettie had assured me of its fallacy. The child guessed at much of the truth, and did not pain me with inquiries, but the old man was far less reticent, now that his granddaughter had given him the cue to speak. He peered round at me, and said,

"Yes, you are not looking well. What is the matter? Has any thing happened besides Jane's going away? I don't mind that a bit, and I am sure Abel will not—it's rather a blessing than otherwise, and there's no occasion for any one to grieve about it. But if—"

"Grandpapa, you and I will go for another walk," cried Ettie, with alacrity.

"You're very kind, but I don't want to walk any more," said the old gentleman.

"Then I can tell you why Aunt Jane has gone away," she added.

"You can tell me here," was the reply, "and then Miss Kir—"

"Yes, yes, but this room is hot and close, and I can't have too much sea-air, papa says. You know how cross he will be when he comes back and finds me at home this beautiful evening."

"Well, we don't want any of *his* tempers," muttered the old man, taking his walking-stick from the corner; "and if he's going to fly into a rage about that, why, the sooner we get out of the house the better. Still it's very hard to be continually walking about in this manner, and I don't much like it."

He preceded his granddaughter out of the house, and Ettie flew toward me and embraced me.

"There, Faith! you will thank me for this, and—you will tell me all to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Try and rest till we come back—or take a little walk before the sun goes down—I am unhappy about my little mother."

She kissed me again, and hurried away after her grandfather, leaving me to ponder upon her last words. Her little mother! It was an odd name to call me, symbolic of her trust in me, and her love for me, but she had never used it before. How near the truth it might have been, too, had I accepted that unceremonious offer which Abel Westmair had fired off at me, as from the mouth of a gun!

I adopted the first portion of Ettie Westmair's advice. I tried to rest again. My old awful sense of heart-weariness took me to the couch; I could not think of leaving the solitude and dullness of that house for the light and air beyond it. I only desired to be alone—to feel assured that there was no one of my troubled world to vex me further. If I could sleep off that numbness of the brain which now oppressed me; if I could only feel bolder and stronger after sleep, and a fitter woman to set out upon to-morrow's journey! I tried hard for slumber; I yearned for forgetfulness of all that had happened—only for a little rest, and the power to shut myself within myself, and lock out every thought which had crushed me down that day! To sleep long and heavily, or to cry like a child, I did not mind which—either might save me from a bed of sickness, I fancied, at that moment.

I slept at last; I was tired by vain disputes, and from the turmoil at my brain I drifted by slow degrees away. It was not a deep sleep; I scarcely lost myself entirely. I remained half conscious of the flapping of the blind against the window, the buzzing of flies within the room, the breaking of the surf upon the distant sands, the voices of children at their play, the melancholy grind, grind of a barrel-organ over the march in *Faust*, blending with the murmurs of the sea. But I had forgotten my love-troubles; they lay only as a dead dull weight at my heart, and kept me from enjoying that complete rest for which I yearned. I slept like a woman to whom something had happened; after a deep grief, a great loss, a dire calamity, most of us sleep like this, in the shadow of the sorrow-land that the morning will bring again, and time will only set more distant.

I woke up with a start, to find that the room was full of shadow, and the night had stolen in upon me. There was a gas-lamp at a little distance from the house, on the Esplanade, and this threw a fitful pattern of the open window and the moving blind upon the wall, and of some one standing in the garden, or close to the casement, watching the room or me. The servants had left me to the darkness, and to the sleep I craved, or had thought me absent with the rest of the strange-family. I sat up, looking at the fitful light and shadow opposite, and endeavoring in a dazed way to comprehend it, when the figure grew more large upon the wall, and a man stepped into the room, and stood upon the threshold of the window, clutching at the blind-cords, and glaring into the darkness where I was.

"Is any body here?" he asked, in a deep, hoarse voice. "Is Mr. Abel Westmair at home, or—or Miss Kirby? For the Lord's sake, some one speak!"

"Miss Kirby is here," I said, in as firm a voice as the suddenness of the occasion could command. "Go back into the garden, and I will come to you."

"I would rather enter," the voice responded.

"Step back, or I will alarm the house!" I cried.

The figure stepped back, thus adjured, and I followed the man to the lawn in front of the house, where I felt that I was safe. There were loiterers on the strip of gravel between the house and the sea, and I could call to them if evil were intended, of which I had only thought for a moment before guessing at bad news.

"What has happened?" I cried.

The man did not answer, and with a sudden courage I went close to him, and looked hard into his face. It was Dick Simmons.

"You here!" I cried. "Oh, what is it? Speak!"

"I have come to tell you that Kate Kirby is dead!" he gasped forth; then he flung himself face foremost on the grass, and lay there as though dead himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAIL! AND FAREWELL!

Hail! and farewell! Such is the frail condition
Of earthly intercourse. We meet to part.
Joy perishes in rapture of fruition:
Alas! my heart!
The flowers we gather wither in the grasping;
On Beauty's cheek no fadeless lilies dwell;
The hand we clasp grows throbless in the clasping;
Hail! and farewell!

Hail! and farewell! The smile of welcome beameth
Brief as effulgent upon lovers' lips.
In hope exultant youth but little dreameth
Of hope's eclipse;
Nor cares to think that Time, who looks so radiant,
Is disenchanting Fancy's magic spell,
To dust dissolving all her fairy pageant:
Hail! and farewell!

Hail! and farewell! 'Tis thus each short-lived pleasure
Fades from our vision like a phantom wan;
We turn to gaze upon our new-found treasure,
And lo! 'tis gone!
'Mid the delights that we most keenly covet
Still are we startled by fond Memory's knell,
Ave! et vale! Oh, my heart's belovéd,
Hail! and farewell!

NATURE OF CROUP.

Dr. Jordan, in a recent lecture upon croup, as reported in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, takes occasion to refute the hypothesis that croup is the result of a membranous exudation in the larynx or trachea, and maintains that whenever this occurs the actual disease is diphtheria. The usual cause of croup is a membranous inflammation of the mucous membrane of the larynx and trachea, accompanied with secretion of tenacious mucus, and also considerable swelling, caused by effusion into their submucous areolar tissue—in fact, a catarrhal inflammation of the larynx and trachea. The chief danger of the disease is in consequence of the obstruction to the entrance and exit of air to and from the lungs, which frequently requires a very prompt treatment. For this the patient is to be placed in a warm room having no draughts, at a temperature of at least 70° F. The air breathed is to be thoroughly saturated with moisture, this being sometimes accomplished very effectually by the steam from a boiling kettle in the room.

Whatever application be adopted, it is to be remembered that the soft moist vapor is an important agent in the treatment. A linseed poultice to the throat helps, and has a soothing power. These external applications being attended to, an emetic of ipecacuanha is then to be given, and repeated every twenty minutes or half hour until not only copious vomiting but copious perspiration is induced. The result of this is to cause the secretions of the air-passages to become thinner and more easily got rid of, a looser cough always bespeaking a lessened danger. Other modifications of the treatment are, of course, to be suggested by the attendant physician.

DESIRE TO REMAIN YOUNG.

The desire to retain an appearance of youthfulness seems natural; and the Madame Rachels might retire from business did they not appeal to this touch of nature which makes us all so much akin. It is a common theory that unemotional people do so as a rule; but we doubt this, for even where they keep the freshness of face and fullness of contour, there is generally greater fascination in the young in heart—of cheerful disposition and lively manner. Something of this prolonged juvenescence must have constituted the charm of some of the celebrated women of whom we read in the chronicles and poems of all ages, and whether the heroine be Dido or Héloise, Helen or Ninon de l'Enclos, the words spoken of Cleopatra will equally apply:

> "Age can not wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety."

Like those we have known who died young, they are never old to us.

As we grow out of youth into middle life we are sometimes disagreeably reminded of the fact. We sit us down confidently beside a young lady, as we did in days of yore, with the intention of making ourselves agreeable, and it is not till we mark the averted look, the unconcealed indifference, or the constrained politeness that the truth is forced upon us that the old charm has left us, that we belong to another era, that our time for flirtation is gone. When we won't believe that we can not remain at fifteen or five-and-twenty, we require the administration of something unpleasant in the shape of a corrective. There are suitable enjoyments for all ages, and the paterfamilias has as genuine satisfaction in his business and his rising family as the youth has in successful love and bright prospects. Happy is the man who marries young, and who lives his youth over again in his rising boys and girls. Suppose you had a daughter as attractive as one of these young women to whom you are sometimes so attentive, would you in any wise congratulate yourself if you saw a gray-haired fellow—whatever his qualifications or position—dangle after her as you do after another man's? We think not.

(Continued from No. 841, page 123.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK VIII.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.—(*Continued.*)

Mr. Brooke was evidently in a state of nervous perturbation. When he had something painful to tell, it was usually his way to introduce it among a number of disjointed particulars as if it were a medicine that would get a milder flavor by mixing. He continued his chat with Sir James about the poachers until they were all seated; and Mrs. Cadwallader, impatient of this driveling, said,

"I am dying to know the sad news. The gamekeeper is not shot: that is settled. What is it, then?"

"Well, it is a very trying thing, you know," said Mr. Brooke. "I'm glad you and the rector are here; it's a family matter—but you will help us all to bear it, Cadwallader. I've got to break it to you, my dear." Here Mr. Brooke looked at Celia. "You've no notion what it is, you know. And, Chettam, it will annoy you uncommonly: but, you see, you have not been able to hinder it any more than I have. There's something singular in things: they come round, you know."

"It must be about Dodo," said Celia, who had been used to think of her sister as the dangerous part of the family machinery. She had seated herself on a low stool against her husband's knee.

"For God's sake, let us hear what it is!" said Sir James.

"Well, you know, Chettam, I couldn't help Casaubon's will; it was a sort of will to make things worse."

"Exactly," said Sir James, hastily. "But *what* is worse?"

"Dorothea is going to be married again, you know," said Mr. Brooke, nodding toward Celia, who immediately looked up at her husband with a frightened glance, and put her hand on his knee.

Sir James was almost white with anger, but he did not speak.

"Merciful Heaven!" said Mrs. Cadwallader. "Not to young Ladislaw?"

Mr. Brooke nodded, saying, "Yes, to Ladislaw," and then fell into a prudential silence.

"You see, Humphrey!" said Mrs. Cadwallader, waving her arm toward her husband. "Another time you will admit that I have some foresight; or rather you will contradict me, and be just as blind as ever. *You* supposed that the young gentleman had gone out of the country."

"So he might be, and yet come back," said the rector, quietly.

"When did you learn this?" said Sir James, not liking to hear any one else speak, though finding it difficult to speak himself.

"Yesterday," said Mr. Brooke, meekly. "I went to Lowick. Dorothea sent for me, you know. It had come about quite suddenly—neither of them had any idea two days ago—not any idea, you know. There's something singular in things. But Dorothea is quite determined—it is no use opposing. I put it strongly to her. I did my duty, Chettam. But she can act as she likes, you know."

"It would have been better if I had called him out and shot him a year ago," said Sir James; not from bloody-mindedness, but because he needed something strong to say.

"Really, James, that would have been very disagreeable," said Celia.

"Be reasonable, Chettam. Look at the affair more quietly," said Mr. Cadwallader, sorry to see his good-natured friend so overmastered by anger.

"That is not very easy for a man of any dignity—with any sense of right—when the affair happens to be in his own family," said Sir James, still in his white indignation. "It is perfectly scandalous. If Ladislaw had had a spark of honor he would have gone out of the country at once, and never shown his face in it again. However, I am not surprised. The day after Casaubon's funeral I said what ought to be done. But I was not listened to."

"You wanted what was impossible, you know, Chettam," said Mr. Brooke. "You wanted him shipped off. I told you Ladislaw was not to be done as we liked with; he had his ideas. He was a remarkable fellow—I always said he was a remarkable fellow."

"Yes," said Sir James, unable to repress a retort, "it is rather a pity you formed that high opinion of him. We are indebted to that for his being lodged in this neighborhood. We are indebted to that for seeing a woman like Dorothea degrading herself by marrying him." Sir James made little stoppages between his clauses, the words not coming easily. "A man so marked out by her husband's will that delicacy ought to have forbidden her from seeing him again—who takes her out of her proper rank—into poverty—has the meanness to accept such a sacrifice—has always had an objectionable position—a bad origin—and, *I believe*, is a man of little principle and light character. That is my opinion," Sir James ended, emphatically, turning aside and crossing his leg.

"I pointed every thing out to her," said Mr. Brooke, apologetically—"I mean the poverty, and abandoning her position. I said, 'My dear, you don't know what it is to live on seven hundred a year, and have no carriage, and that kind of thing, and go among people who don't know who you are.' I put it strongly to her. But I advise you to talk to Dorothea herself. The fact is, she has a dislike to Casaubon's property. You will hear what she says, you know."

"No—excuse me—I shall not," said Sir James, with more coolness. "I can not bear to see her again; it is too painful. It hurts me too much that a woman like Dorothea should have done what is wrong."

"Be just, Chettam," said the easy, large-lipped rector, who objected to all this unnecessary discomfort. "Mrs. Casaubon may be acting imprudently: she is giving up a fortune for the sake of a man, and we men have so poor an opinion of each other that we can hardly call a woman wise who does that. But I think you should not condemn it as a wrong action, in the strict sense of the word."

"Yes, I do," answered Sir James. "I think that Dorothea commits a wrong action in marrying Ladislaw."

"My dear fellow, we are rather apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us," said the rector, quietly. Like many men who take life easily, he had the knack of saying a home truth occasionally to those who felt themselves virtuously out of temper. Sir James took out his handkerchief and began to bite the corner.

"It is very dreadful of Dodo, though," said Celia, wishing to justify her husband. "She said she *never would* marry again—not any body at all."

"I heard her say the same thing myself," said Lady Chettam, majestically, as if this were royal evidence.

"Oh, there is usually a silent exception in such cases," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "The only wonder to me is that any of you are surprised. You did nothing to hinder it. If you would have had Lord Triton down here to woo her with his philanthropy, he might have carried her off before the year was over. There was no safety in any thing else. Mr. Casaubon had prepared all this as beautifully as possible. He made himself disagreeable—or it pleased God to make him so—and then he dared her to contradict him. It's the way to make any trumpery tempting, to ticket it at a high price in that way."

"I don't know what you mean by wrong, Cadwallader," said Sir James, still feeling a little stung, and turning round in his chair toward the rector. "He's not a man we can take into the family. At least, I must speak for myself," he continued, carefully keeping his eyes off Mr. Brooke. "I suppose others will find his society too pleasant to care about the propriety of the thing."

"Well, you know, Chettam," said Mr. Brooke, good-humoredly, nursing his leg, "I can't turn my back on Dorothea. I must be a father to her up to a certain point. I said, 'My dear, I won't refuse to give you away.' I had spoken strongly before. But I can cut off the entail, you know. It will cost money, and be troublesome; but I can do it, you know."

Mr. Brooke nodded at Sir James, and felt that he was both showing his own force of resolution and propitiating what was just in the baronet's vexation. He had hit on a more ingenious mode of parrying than he was aware of. He had touched a motive of which Sir James was ashamed. The mass of his feeling about Dorothea's marriage to Ladislaw was due partly to excusable prejudice, or even justifiable opinion, partly to a jealous repugnance hardly less in Ladislaw's case than in Casaubon's. He was convinced that the marriage was a fatal one for Dorothea. But amidst that mass ran a vein of which he was too good and honorable a man to like the avowal even to himself: it was undeniable that the union of the two estates—Tipton and Freshitt—lying charmingly within a ring fence, was a prospect that flattered him for his son and heir. Hence, when Mr. Brooke noddingly appealed to that motive, Sir James felt a sudden embarrassment; there was a stoppage in his throat; he even blushed. He had found more words than usual in the first jet of his anger, but Mr. Brooke's propitiation was more clogging to his tongue than Mr. Cadwallader's caustic hint.

But Celia was glad to have room for speech after her uncle's suggestion of the marriage ceremony, and she said, though with as little eagerness of manner as if the question had turned on an invitation to dinner, "Do you mean that Dodo is going to be married directly, uncle?"

"In three weeks, you know," said Mr. Brooke, helplessly. "I can do nothing to hinder it, Cadwallader," he added, turning for a little countenance toward the rector, who said,

"*I* should not make any fuss about it. If she likes to be poor, that is her affair. Nobody would have said any thing if she had married the young fellow because he was rich. Plenty of beneficed clergy are poorer than they will be. Here is Elinor," continued the provoking husband; "she vexed her friends by marrying me: I had hardly a thousand a year—I was a lout—nobody could see any thing in me—my shoes were not the right cut—all the men wondered how a woman could like me. Upon my word, I must take Ladislaw's part until I hear more harm of him."

"Humphrey, that is all sophistry, and you know it," said his wife. "Every thing is all one—that is the beginning and end with you. As if you had not been a Cadwallader! Does any one suppose that I would have taken such a monster as you by any other name?"

"And a clergyman too," observed Lady Chettam, with approbation. "Elinor can not be said to have descended below her rank. It is difficult to say what Mr. Ladislaw is, eh, James?"

Sir James gave a small grunt, which was less respectful than his usual mode of answering his mother. Celia looked up at him like a thoughtful kitten.

"It must be admitted that his blood is a frightful mixture!" said Mrs. Cadwallader. "The Casaubon cuttle-fish fluid to begin with, and then a rebellious Polish fiddler—or dancing-master, was it?—and then an old clo—"

"Nonsense, Elinor," said the rector, rising. "It is time for us to go."

"After all, he is a pretty sprig," said Mrs. Cadwallader, rising too, and wishing to make amends. "He is like the fine old Crichely portraits before the idiots came in."

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Brooke, starting up with alacrity. "You must all come and dine with me to-morrow, you know—eh, Celia, my dear?"

"You will, James—won't you?" said Celia, taking her husband's hand.

"Oh, of course, if you like," said Sir James, pulling down his waistcoat, but unable yet to adjust his face good-humoredly. "That is to say, if it is not to meet any body else."

"No, no, no," said Mr. Brooke, understanding the condition. "Dorothea would not come, you know, unless you had been to see her."

When Sir James and Celia were alone, she said, "Do you mind about my having the carriage to go to Lowick, James?"

"What, now, directly?" he answered, with some surprise.

"Yes, it is very important," said Celia.

"Remember, Celia, I can not see her," said Sir James.

"Not if she gave up marrying?"

"What is the use of saying that? However, I'm going to the stables. I'll tell Briggs to bring the carriage round."

Celia thought it was of great use, if not to say that, at least to take a journey to Lowick in order to influence Dorothea's mind. All through their girlhood she had felt that she could act on her sister by a word judiciously placed—by opening a little window for the daylight of her own understanding to enter among the strange colored lamps by which Dodo habitually saw. And Celia the matron naturally felt more able to advise her childless sister. How could any one understand Dodo so well as Celia did, or love her so tenderly?

Dorothea, busy in her boudoir, felt a glow of pleasure at the sight of her sister so soon after the revelation of her intended marriage. She had prefigured to herself, even with exaggeration, the disgust of her friends, and she had even feared that Celia might be kept aloof from her.

"Oh, Kitty, I am delighted to see you!" said Dorothea, putting her hands on Celia's shoulders, and beaming on her. "I almost thought you would not come to me."

"I have not brought Arthur, because I was in a hurry," said Celia, and they sat down on two small chairs opposite each other, with their knees touching.

"You know, Dodo, it is very bad," said Celia, in her placid guttural, looking as prettily free from humors as possible. "You have disappointed us all so. And I can't think that it ever *will* be—you never can go and live in that way. And then there are all your plans! You never can have thought of that. James would have taken any trouble for you, and you might have gone on all your life doing what you liked."

"On the contrary, dear," said Dorothea, "I never could do any thing that I liked. I have never carried out any plan yet."

"Because you always wanted things that wouldn't do. But other plans would have come. And how *can* you marry Mr. Ladislaw, that we none of us ever thought you *could* marry? It shocks James so dreadfully. And then it is all so different from what you have always been. You would have Mr. Casaubon because he had such a great soul, and was so old and dismal and learned; and now, to think of marrying Mr. Ladislaw, who has got no estate or any thing. I suppose it is because you must be making yourself uncomfortable in some way or other."

Dorothea laughed.

"Well, it is very serious, Dodo," said Celia, becoming more impressive. "How will you live? and you will go away among queer people. And I shall never see you—and you won't mind about little Arthur—and I thought you always would—"

Celia's rare tears had got into her eyes, and the corners of her mouth were agitated.

"Dear Celia," said Dorothea, with tender gravity, "if you don't ever see me, it will not be my fault."

"Yes, it will," said Celia, with the same touching distortion of her small features. "How can I come to you or have you with me when James can't bear it?—that is, because he thinks it is not right—he thinks you are so wrong, Dodo. But you always were wrong; only I can't help loving

you. And nobody can think where you will live: where can you go?"

"I am going to London," said Dorothea.

"How can you always live in a street? And you will be so poor. I could give you half my things, only how can I, when I never see you?"

"Bless you, Kitty," said Dorothea, with gentle warmth. "Take comfort: perhaps James will forgive me some time."

"But it would be much better if you would not be married," said Celia, drying her eyes, and returning to her argument; "then there would be nothing uncomfortable. And you would not do what nobody thought you could do. James always said you ought to be a queen; but this is not at all being like a queen. You know what mistakes you have always been making, Dodo, and this is another. Nobody thinks Mr. Ladislaw a proper husband for you. And you *said* you would never be married again."

"It is quite true that I might be a wiser person, Celia," said Dorothea, "and that I might have done something better, if I had been better. But this is what I am going to do. I have promised to marry Mr. Ladislaw, and I am going to marry him."

The tone in which Dorothea said this was a note that Celia had long learned to recognize. She was silent a few moments, and then said, as if she had dismissed all contest, "Is he very fond of you, Dodo?"

"I hope so. I am very fond of him."

"That is nice," said Celia, comfortably. "Only I would rather you had such a sort of husband as James is, with a place very near, that I could drive to."

Dorothea smiled, and Celia looked rather meditative. Presently she said, "I can not think how it all came about." Celia thought it would be pleasant to hear the story.

"I dare say not," said Dorothea, pinching her sister's chin. "If you knew how it came about, it would not seem wonderful to you."

"Can't you tell me?" said Celia, settling her arms cozily.

"No, dear; you would have to feel with me, else you would never know."

CHAPTER LXXXV.

> "Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, Mr. Implacable, who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterward unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth! Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very look of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose; for he would be always condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

When immortal Bunyan makes his picture of the persecuting passions bringing in their verdict of guilty, who pities Faithful? That is a rare and blessed lot which some greatest men have not attained, to know ourselves guiltless before a condemning crowd—to be sure that what we are denounced for is solely the good in us. The pitiable lot is that of the man who could not call himself a martyr even though he were to persuade himself that the men who stoned him were but ugly passions incarnate—who knows that he is stoned not for professing the Right, but for not being the man he professed to be.

This was the consciousness that Bulstrode was withering under while he made his preparations for departing from Middlemarch, and going to end his stricken life in that sad refuge, the indifference of new faces. The duteous, merciful constancy of his wife had delivered him from one dread, but it could not hinder her presence from being still a tribunal before which he shrank from confession and desired advocacy. His equivocations with himself about the death of Raffles had sustained the conception of an Omniscience whom he prayed to, yet he had a terror upon him which would not let him expose them to judgment by a full confession to his wife: the acts which he had washed and diluted with inward argument and motive, and for which it seemed comparatively easy to win invisible pardon—what name would she call them by? That she should ever silently call his acts Murder was what he could not bear. He felt shrouded by her doubt: he got strength to face her from the sense that she could not yet feel warranted in pronouncing that worst condemnation on him. Sometime, perhaps—when he was dying—he would tell her all: in the deep shadow of that time, when she held his hand in the gathering darkness, she might listen without recoiling from his touch. Perhaps: but concealment had been the habit of his life, and the impulse to confession had no power against the dread of a deeper humiliation.

He was full of timid care for his wife not only because he deprecated any harshness of judgment from her, but because he felt a deep distress at the sight of her suffering. She had sent her daughters away to board at a school on the coast, that this crisis might be hidden from them as far as possible. Set free by their absence from the intolerable necessity of accounting for her grief or of beholding their frightened wonder, she could live unconstrainedly with the sorrow that was every day streaking her hair with whiteness and making her eyelids languid.

"Tell me any thing that you would like to have me do, Harriet," Bulstrode had said to her; "I mean with regard to arrangements of property. It is my intention not to sell the land I possess in this neighborhood, but to leave it to you as a safe provision. If you have any wish on such subjects, do not conceal it from me."

A few days afterward, when she had returned from a visit to her brother's, she began to speak to her husband on a subject which had for some time been in her mind.

"I *should* like to do something for my brother's family, Nicholas; and I think we are bound to make some amends to Rosamond and her husband. Walter says Mr. Lydgate must leave the town, and his practice is almost good for nothing, and they have very little left to settle any where with. I would rather do without something for ourselves, to make some amends to my poor brother's family."

Mrs. Bulstrode did not wish to go nearer to the facts than in the phrase "make some amends;" knowing that her husband must understand her. He had a particular reason, which she was not aware of, for wincing under her suggestion. He hesitated before he said,

"It is not possible to carry out your wish in the way you propose, my dear. Mr. Lydgate has virtually rejected any further service from me. He has returned the thousand pounds which I lent him. Mrs. Casaubon advanced him the sum for that purpose. Here is his letter."

The letter seemed to cut Mrs. Bulstrode severely. The mention of Mrs. Casaubon's loan seemed a reflection of that public feeling which held it a matter of course that every one would avoid a connection with her husband. She was silent for some time; and the tears fell one after the other, her chin trembling as she wiped them away. Bulstrode, sitting opposite to her, ached at the sight of that grief-worn face, which two months before had been bright and blooming. It had aged to keep sad company with his own withered features. Urged into some effort at comforting her, he said,

"There is another means, Harriet, by which I might do a service to your brother's family, if you like to act in it. And it would, I think, be beneficial to you: it would be an advantageous way of managing the land, which I mean to be yours."

She looked attentive.

"Garth once thought of undertaking the management of Stone Court in order to place your nephew Fred there. The stock was to remain as it is, and they were to pay a certain share of the profits instead of an ordinary rent. That would be a desirable beginning for the young man, in conjunction with his employment under Garth. Would it be a satisfaction to you?"

"Yes, it would," said Mrs. Bulstrode, with some return of energy. "Poor Walter is so cast down; I would try any thing in my power to do him some good before I go away. We have always been brother and sister."

"You must make the proposal to Garth yourself, Harriet," said Mr. Bulstrode, not liking what he had to say, but desiring the end he had in view, for other reasons besides the consolation of his wife. "You must state to him that the land is virtually yours, and that he need have no transactions with me. Communications can be made through Standish. I mention this, because Garth gave up being my agent. I can put into your hands a paper which he himself drew up, stating conditions; and you can propose his renewed acceptance of them. I think it is not unlikely that he will accept when you propose the thing for the sake of your nephew.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

> "Le cœur se sature d'amour comme d'un sel divin qui le conserve: de la l'incorruptible adhérence de ceux qui se sont aimés dès l'aube de la vie, et la fraîcheur des vieilles amours prolongés. Il existe un embaumement d'amour. C'est de Daphnis et Chlöe que sont faits Philémon et Baucis. Cette vieillesse là, ressemblance du soir avec l'aurore."—Victor Hugo: *L'homme qui rit.*

Mrs. Garth, hearing Caleb enter the passage about tea-time, opened the parlor door and said, "There you are, Caleb. Have you had your dinner?" (Mr. Garth's meals were much subordinated to "business.")

"Oh yes, a good dinner—cold mutton and I don't know what. Where is Mary?"

"In the garden with Letty, I think."

"Fred is not come yet?"

"No. Are you going out again without taking tea, Caleb?" said Mrs. Garth, seeing that her absent-minded husband was putting on again the hat which he had just taken off.

"No, no; I'm only going to Mary a minute."

Mary was in a grassy corner of the garden, where there was a swing loftily hung between two pear-trees. She had a pink kerchief tied over her head, making a little poke to shade her eyes from the level sunbeams, while she was giving a glorious swing to Letty, who laughed and screamed wildly.

Seeing her father, Mary left the swing and went to meet him, pushing back the pink kerchief and smiling afar off at him with the involuntary smile of loving pleasure.

"I came to look for you, Mary," said Mr. Garth. "Let us walk about a bit."

Mary knew quite well that her father had something particular to say: his eyebrows made their pathetic angle, and there was a tender gravity in his voice: these things had been signs to her when she was Letty's age. She put her arm within his, and they turned by the row of nut-trees.

"It will be a sad while before you can be married, Mary," said her father, not looking at her, but at the end of the stick which he held in his other hand.

"Not a sad while, father—I mean to be merry," said Mary, laughingly. "I have been single and merry for four-and-twenty years and more: I suppose it will not be quite as long again as that." Then, after a little pause, she said, more gravely, bending her face before her father's, "If you are contented with Fred?"

Caleb screwed up his mouth, and turned his head aside wisely.

"Now, father, you did praise him last Wednesday. You said he had an uncommon notion of stock, and a good eye for things."

"Did I?" said Caleb, rather slyly.

"Yes, I put it all down, and the date, *anno Domini*, and every thing," said Mary. "You like things to be neatly booked. And then his behavior to you, father, is really good—he has a deep respect for you; and it is impossible to have a better temper than Fred has."

"Ay, ay—you want to coax me into thinking him a fine match."

"No, indeed, father. I don't love him because he is a fine match."

"What for, then?"

"Oh dear! because I have always loved him. I should never like scolding any one else so well; and that is a point to be thought of in a husband."

"Your mind is quite settled, then, Mary?" said Caleb, returning to his first tone. "There's no other wish come into it since things have been going on as they have been of late?" (Caleb meant a great deal in that vague phrase); "because, better late than never. A woman mustn't force her heart—she'll do a man no good by that."

"My feelings have not changed, father," said Mary, calmly. "I shall be constant to Fred as long as he is constant to me. I don't think either of us could spare the other, or like any one else better, however much we might admire them. It would make too great a difference to us—like seeing all the old places altered, and changing the name for every thing. We must wait for each other a long while; but Fred knows that."

Instead of speaking immediately, Caleb stood still and screwed his stick on the grassy walk. Then he said, with emotion in his voice, "Well, I've got a bit of news. What do you think of Fred going to live at Stone Court, and managing the land there?"

"How can that ever be, father?" said Mary, wonderingly.

"He would manage it for his aunt Bulstrode. The poor woman has been to me begging and praying. She wants to do the lad good, and it might be a fine thing for him. With saving, he might gradually buy the stock, and he has a turn for farming."

"Oh, Fred would be so happy! It is too good to believe."

"Ah, but mind you," said Caleb, turning his head warningly, "I must take it on *my* shoulders, and be responsible, and see after every thing—and that will grieve your mother a bit, though she mayn't say so. Fred had need be careful."

"Perhaps it is too much, father," said Mary, checked in her joy. "There would be no happiness in bringing you any fresh trouble."

"Nay, nay—work is my delight, child, when it doesn't vex your mother. And then, if you and Fred get married"—here Caleb's voice shook just perceptibly—"he'll be steady and saving; and you've got your mother's cleverness, and mine too, in a woman's sort of way; and you'll keep him in order. He'll be coming by-and-by, so I wanted to tell you first, because I think you'd like to tell *him* by yourselves. After that I could talk it well over with him, and we could go into business and the nature of things."

"Oh, you dear good father!" cried Mary, putting her hands round her father's neck, while he bent his head placidly, willing to be caressed. "I wonder if any other girl thinks her father the best man in the world!"

"Nonsense, child; you'll think your husband better."

"Impossible," said Mary, relapsing into her usual tone; "husbands are an inferior class of men, who require keeping in order."

When they were entering the house with Letty, who had run to join them, Mary saw Fred at the orchard gate, and went to meet him.

"What fine clothes you wear, you extravagant youth!" said Mary, as Fred stood still and raised his hat to her with playful formality. "You are not learning economy."

"Now that is too bad, Mary," said Fred. "Just look at the edges of these coat cuffs! It is only by dint of good brushing that I look respectable. I am saving up three suits—one for a wedding-suit."

"How very droll you will look!—like a gentleman in an old fashion-book."

"Oh no, they will keep two years."

"Two years! Be reasonable, Fred," said Mary, turning to walk. "Don't encourage flattering expectations."

"Why not? One lives on them better than on unflattering ones. If we can't be married in two years, the truth will be quite bad enough when it comes."

"I have heard a story of a young gentleman who once encouraged flattering expectations, and they did him harm."

"Mary, if you've got something discouraging to tell me, I shall bolt; I shall go into the house to Mr. Garth. I'm out of spirits. My father is so cut up—home is not like itself. I can't bear any more bad news."

"Should you call it bad news to be told that you were to live at Stone Court, and manage the farm, and be remarkably prudent, and save money every year till all the stock and furniture were your own, and you were a distinguished agricultural character, as Mr. Borthrop Trumbull says—rather stout, I fear, and with the Greek and Latin sadly weather-worn?"

"You don't mean any thing except nonsense, Mary?" said Fred, coloring slightly, nevertheless.

"That is what my father has just told me of as what may happen, and he never talks nonsense," said Mary, looking up at Fred now, while he grasped her hand as they walked, till it rather hurt her; but she would not complain.

"Oh, I could be a tremendously good fellow then, Mary, and we could be married directly."

"Not so fast, Sir; how do you know that I would not rather defer our marriage for some years? That would leave you time to misbehave, and then if I liked some one else better, I should have an excuse for jilting you."

"Pray don't joke, Mary," said Fred, with strong feeling. "Tell me seriously that all this is true, and that you are happy because of it—because you love me best."

"It is all true, Fred, and I am happy because of it—because I love you best," said Mary, in a tone of obedient recitation.

They lingered on the door-step under the steep-roofed porch, and Fred, almost in a whisper, said,

"When we were first engaged, with the umbrella-ring, Mary, you used to—"

The spirit of joy began to laugh more decidedly in Mary's eyes, but the fatal Ben came running to the door with Brownie yapping behind him, and, bouncing against them, said,

"Fred and Mary! are you ever coming in?—or may I eat your cake?"

FINALE.

Every limit is a beginning as well as an ending. Who can quit young lives after being long in company with them, and not desire to know what befell them in their after-years? For the fragment of a life, however typical, is not the sample of an even web; promises may not be kept, and an ardent outset may be followed by declension; latent powers may find their long-waited opportunity; a past error may urge a grand retrieval.

Marriage, which has been the bourne of so many narratives, is still a great beginning, as it was to Adam and Eve, who kept their honeymoon in Eden, but had their first little one among the thorns and thistles of the wilderness. It is still the beginning of the home epic—the gradual conquest or irremediable loss of that complete union which makes the advancing years a climax, and age the harvest of sweet memories in common.

Some set out, like Crusaders of old, with a glorious equipment of hope and enthusiasm, and get broken by the way, wanting patience with each other and the world.

All who have cared for Fred Vincy and Mary Garth will like to know that these two made no such failure, but achieved a solid mutual happiness. Fred surprised his neighbors in various ways. He became rather distinguished in his side of the county as a theoretic and practical farmer, and produced a work on the "Cultivation of Green Crops, and the Economy of Cattle-Feeding" which won him high congratulations at agricultural meetings; but in Middlemarch admiration was more reserved: most persons there were inclined to believe that the merit of Fred's authorship was due to his wife, since they had never expected Fred Vincy to write on turnips and mangel-wurzel.

But when Mary wrote a little book for her boys, called "Stories of Great Men, taken from Plutarch," and had it printed and published by Gripp and Co., Middlemarch, every one in the town was willing to give the credit of this work to Fred, observing that he had been to the University, "where the ancients were studied," and might have been a clergyman if he had chosen.

In this way it was made clear that Middlemarch had never been deceived, and that there was no need to praise any body for writing a book, since it was always done by somebody else.

Moreover, Fred remained unswervingly steady. Some years after his marriage he told Mary that his happiness was half owing to Farebrother, who gave him a strong pull-up at the right moment. I can not say that he was never again misled by his hopefulness: the yield of crops or the profits of a cattle sale usually fell below his estimate; and he was always prone to believe that he could make money by the purchase of a horse which turned out badly—though this, Mary observed, was of course the fault of the horse, not of Fred's judgment. He kept his love of horsemanship, but he rarely allowed himself a day's hunting; and when he did so, it was remarkable that he submitted to be laughed at for cowardliness at the fences, seeming to see Mary and the boys sitting on the five-barred gate, or showing their curly heads between hedge and ditch.

There were three boys; Mary was not discontented that she brought forth men-children only; and when Fred wished to have a girl like her, she said, laughingly, "That would be too great a trial to your mother." Mrs. Vincy in her declining years, and in the diminished lustre of her housekeeping, was much comforted by her perception that two at least of Fred's boys were real Vincys, and did not "feature the Garths." But Mary secretly rejoiced that the youngest of the three was very much what her father must have been when he wore a round jacket, and showed a marvelous nicety of aim in playing at marbles, or in throwing stones to bring down the mellow pears.

Ben and Letty Garth, who were uncle and aunt before they were well in their teens, disputed much as to whether nephews or nieces were more desirable; Ben contending that it was clear girls were good for less than boys, else they would not be always in petticoats, which showed how little they were meant for; whereupon Letty, who argued much from books, got angry in replying that God made coats of skins for both Adam and Eve alike—also it occurred to her that in the East the men too wore petticoats. But this latter argument, obscuring the majesty of the former, was one too many, for Ben answered, contemptuously, "The more spooneys they!" and immediately appealed to his mother whether boys were not better than girls. Mrs. Garth pronounced that both were alike naughty: but that boys were undoubtedly stronger, could run faster, and throw with more precision to a greater distance. With this oracular sentence Ben was well satisfied, not minding the naughtiness; but Letty took it ill, her feeling of superiority being stronger than her muscles.

Fred never became rich—his hopefulness had not led him to expect that; but he gradually saved enough to become owner of the stock and furniture at Stone Court, and the work which Mr. Garth put into his hands carried him in plenty through those "bad times" which are always present with farmers. Mary, in her matronly days, became as solid in figure as her mother; but, unlike her, gave the boys little formal teaching, so that Mrs. Garth was alarmed lest they should never be well grounded in grammar and geography. Nevertheless, they were found quite forward enough when they went to school; perhaps because they had liked nothing so well as being with their mother. When Fred was riding home on winter evenings, he had a pleasant vision beforehand of the bright hearth in the wainscoted parlor, and was sorry for other men who could not have Mary for their wife; especially for Mr. Farebrother. "He was ten times worthier of you than I was," Fred could now say to her, magnanimously. "To be sure he was," Mary answered; "and for that reason he could do better without me. But you—I shudder to think what you would have been—a curate in debt for horse-hire and cambric pocket-handkerchiefs!"

On inquiry it might possibly be found that Fred and Mary still inhabit Stone Court—that the creeping plants still cast the foam of their blossoms over the fine stone-wall into the field where the walnut-trees stand in stately row—and that on sunny days the two lovers who were first engaged with the umbrella-ring may be seen in white-haired placidity at the open window from which Mary Garth, in the days of old Peter Featherstone, had often been ordered to look out for Mr. Lydgate.

Lydgate's hair never became white. He died when he was only fifty, leaving his wife and children provided for by a heavy insurance on his life. He had gained an excellent practice, alternating, according to the season, between London and a Continental bathing-place; having written a treatise on Gout, a disease which has a good deal of wealth on its side. His skill was relied on by many paying patients, but he always regarded himself as a failure: he had not done what he once meant to do. His acquaintances thought him enviable to have so charming a wife, and nothing happened to shake their opinion. Rosamond never committed a second compromising indiscretion. She simply continued to be mild in her temper, inflexible in her judgment, disposed to admonish her husband, and able to frustrate him by stratagem. As the years went on, he opposed her less and less, whence Rosamond concluded that he had learned the value of her opinion; on the other hand, she had a more thorough conviction of his talents now that he gained a good income, and instead of the threatened cage in Bride Street provided one all flowers and gilding, fit for the bird-of-paradise that she resembled. In brief, Lydgate was what is called a successful man. But he died prematurely of diphtheria, and Rosamond afterward married an elderly and wealthy physician, who took kindly to her four children. She made a very pretty show with her daughters, driving out in her carriage, and often spoke of her happiness as "a reward"—she did not say for what, but probably she meant that it was a reward for her patience with Tertius, whose temper never became faultless, and to the last occasionally let slip a bitter speech which was more memorable than the signs he made of his repentance. He once called her his basil plant; and when she asked for an explanation, said that basil was a plant which had flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains. Rosamond had a placid but strong answer to such speeches: why, then, had he chosen her? It was a pity he had not had Mrs. Ladislaw, whom he was always praising and placing above her. And thus the conversation ended with the advantage on Rosamond's side. But it would be unjust not to tell that she never uttered a word in depreciation of Dorothea, keeping in religious remembrance the generosity which had come to her aid in the sharpest crisis of her life.

Dorothea herself had no dreams of being praised above other women, feeling that there was always something better which she might have done, if she had only been better and known better. Still, she never repented that she had given up position and fortune to marry Will Ladislaw, and he would have held it the greatest shame as well as sorrow to him if she had repented. They were bound to each other by a love stronger than any impulses which could have marred it. No life would have been possible to Dorothea which was not filled with emotion, and she had now a life filled also with a beneficent activity which she had not the doubtful pains of discovering and marking out for herself. Will became an ardent public man, working well in those times when reforms were begun with a young hopefulness of immediate good which has been much checked in our days, and getting at last returned to Parliament by a constituency who paid his expenses. Dorothea could have liked nothing better, since wrongs existed, than that her husband should be in the thick of a struggle against them, and that she should give him wifely help. Many who knew her thought it a pity that so substantive and rare a creature should have been absorbed into the life of another, and be only known in a certain circle as a wife and mother. But no one stated exactly what else that was in her power she ought rather to have done—not even Sir James Chettam, who went no further than the negative prescription that she ought not to have married Will Ladislaw.

But this opinion of his did not cause a lasting alienation; and the way in which the family was made whole again was characteristic of all concerned. Mr. Brooke could not resist the pleasure of corresponding with Will and Dorothea; and one morning when his pen had been remarkably fluent on the prospects of municipal reform, it ran off into an invitation to the Grange, which, once written, could not be done away with at less cost than the sacrifice (hardly to be conceived) of the whole valuable letter. During the months of this correspondence Mr. Brooke had continually, in his talk with Sir James Chettam, been presupposing or hinting that the intention of cutting off the entail was still maintained; and the day on which his pen gave the daring invitation, he went to Freshitt expressly to intimate that he had a stronger sense than ever of the reasons for taking that energetic step as a precaution against any mixture of low blood in the heir of the Brookes.

But that morning something exciting had happened at the Hall. A letter had come to Celia which made her cry silently as she read it; and when Sir James, unused to see her in tears, asked anxiously what was the matter, she burst out in a wail such as he had never heard from her before.

"Dorothea has a little boy. And you will not let me go and see her. And I am sure she wants to see me. And she will not know what to do with the baby—she will do wrong things with it. And they thought she would die. It is very dreadful! Suppose it had been me and little Arthur, and Dodo had been hindered from coming to see me! I wish you would be less unkind, James!"

"Good Heavens, Celia!" said Sir James, much wrought upon, "what do you wish? I will do any thing you like. I will take you to town to-morrow if you wish it." And Celia did wish it. It was after this that Mr. Brooke came, and meeting the baronet in the grounds, began to chat with him in ignorance of the news, which Sir James for some reason did not care to tell him immediately. But when the entail was touched on in the usual way, he said, "My dear Sir, it is not for me to dictate to you, but for my part I would let that alone. I would let things remain as they are."

Mr. Brooke felt so much surprise that he did not at once find out how much he was relieved by the sense that he was not expected to do any thing in particular.

Such being the bent of Celia's heart, it was inevitable that Sir James should consent to a reconciliation with Dorothea and her husband. Where women love each other, men learn to smother their mutual dislike. Sir James never liked Ladislaw, and Will always preferred to have Sir James's company mixed with another kind: they were on a footing of reciprocal tolerance which was made quite easy only when Dorothea and Celia were present.

It became an understood thing that Mr. and Mrs. Ladislaw should pay at least two visits during the year to the Grange, and there came gradually a small row of cousins at Freshitt who enjoyed playing with the two cousins visiting Tipton as much as if the blood of these cousins had been less dubiously mixed.

Mr. Brooke lived to a good old age, and his estate was inherited by Dorothea's son, who might have represented Middlemarch, but declined, thinking that his opinions had less chance of being stifled if he remained out-of-doors.

Sir James never ceased to regard Dorothea's second marriage as a mistake; and indeed this remained the tradition concerning it in Middlemarch, where she was spoken of to a younger generation as a fine girl who married a sickly clergyman, old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death gave up her estate to marry his cousin—young enough to have been his son, with no property, and not well-born. Those who had not seen any thing of Dorothea usually observed that she could not have been "a nice woman," else she would not have married either the one or the other.

Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions. Among the many remarks passed on her mistakes, it was never said in the neighborhood of Middlemarch that such mistakes could not have happened if the society into which she was born had not smiled on propositions of marriage from a sickly man to a girl less than half his own age—on modes of education which make a woman's knowledge another name for motley ignorance—on rules of conduct which are in flat contradiction with its own loudly asserted beliefs. While this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collisions such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it. A new Theresa will hardly have the opportunity of reforming a conventual life, any more than a new Antigone will spend her heroic piety in daring all for the sake of a brother's burial: the medium in which their ardent deeds took shape is forever gone. But we insignificant people, with our daily words and acts, are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

THE END.

NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the following books by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ *For a full List of Standard Works in the various departments of literature, suitable for Presents, see* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *and* HARPER'S TRADE-LIST, *which will be sent by mail on receipt of Six Cents.*

SANTO DOMINGO, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti. By SAMUEL HAZARD. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth. (*In Press.*)

The following short summary of contents will give some idea of the nature and importance of this work:

CONTENTS.—St. Domingo—The Conquest—The Early Spaniards—The Decline of St. Domingo—The Buccaneers and Early French—The Joint Occupation of the French and Spaniards—The Revolutions of French St. Domingo—Toussaint's Rule—The Independence of Hayti—Toussaint's Capture—Rebellion—Dessalines's Discomfiture—His Cruelties—The whole Island united under One Empire—Civil War—Co-operation of the English—The Republic of Dominica—Land Ho!—Arrival in the Tropics—The Dominican Coast—A Night Visit—Samana and the South Coast—Voyage round—Present condition of the City—Trade and Prospects—Schools—San Carlos—The Harbor as a Port—Well of Columbus—Mahogany Trade—Vicinity of St. Domingo City—Natural Caves—Salt Mines—Sugar Plantations—History of the Dominican Republic—Journey Overland—Crossing the Ozama Tropical Forests—Lunching "al fresco"—First Night's Experiences—La Tosa—Natural Farm—Grand Scenery—Cotuy—The Yuna River—Swimming a River—The only Steam-Engine—A Paradise—Pretty Girls—From Mocha to Santiago—Description of Santiago and the Gold Regions—From Santiago to Monte Cristo—Fording the Yaqui—A Dangerous Insect—Tobacco Culture—A Long Ride—The Agave Species—Monte Cristo—Crocodiles and Iguanas—The North Coast from Monte Cristo to Puerto Plata—Lack of Water—Tobacco Preparation—Country Hospitality—Used-up Horses—Domestic Economy—A Long Ride—Journey to Hayti—"Cosa Dominica"—Dauphin Bay—Tropic Night at Sea—A Cuban Horror—Cape Haytian—The Paris of the West Indies—Ruins of French Civilization—Beautiful Views—Trip to Millot—Arrival at Sans Souci—Strange Treatment—Horrible Cruelties—Hayti from the Departure of Boyer, in 1843, to the Advent of Sagil, in 1870—Coasting the Island—Passengers and Tropical Mode of Travel—Lack of Hotels—Old French Places—Visit to the Interior—Sugar Plantations—A Storm in lieu of Dinner—A Long Ride in Bad Weather, &c.

A very useful and pleasantly written book. * * * A deep interest attaches to the island of St. Domingo—the classic ground of the discoveries of Columbus—the most lovely spot on the earth's surface, so trebly blest by nature, but so cruelly cursed by man. * * * Mr. Hazard is a most agreeable companion.—*Athenæum*, London.

Genuinely interesting. * * * His descriptions of that island at the present day are instinct with all the vitality of intelligent observation and buoyance of spirit. * * * The book is from first to last thoroughly fresh and enjoyable.—*Daily Telegraph*, London.

This gentleman has a facile pen, also a skillful pencil. Few works of travel have had as many or as good representations of the features of the country, and his skill is equally great in little things as in large. * * * We heartily recommend Mr. Hazard's volume.—*Standard*, London.

There can be no doubt of the great value of Mr. Hazard's work, or of the truthfulness of his bright and vivacious sketches of the people and scenery of St. Domingo. The illustrations are also abundant and excellent.—*Nonconformist*, London.

RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Profusely Illustrated with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00. (Uniform in style with *Reclus's Earth.*)

It is a companion work to "The Earth," by this author, and the two taken together make up a complete descriptive account of the globe we inhabit. Very many works have been written about the sea, from different points of view, in its physical and emotional aspects, in its influence on the life of the planet, and its connection with mental development, but not one of them all is more remarkable than this, or contains a greater amount of information concerning "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."—*Evening Post*, N.Y.

In execution is as admirable and thorough as the subject is large. The style is clear and pleasing, and the method excellent.—*Appleton's Journal*, N. Y.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERIC HUDSON. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

There is no man better qualified to write the history of *American Journalism* than Mr. Hudson, and, accordingly, his history is well written. He possesses the various knowledge thereof that it is necessary to impart, and the skilled power that enables a man to impart his knowledge agreeably, and therefore usefully. * * * He has brought together an immense number of facts, and these facts are generally well arranged; and the entire book is highly entertaining, and must be capital reading to all journalists—now a very large body of men; and almost as much so to the yet larger body of men who take an interest in the history of human progress, one of the greatest illustrations of which is afforded by the growth of the press. * * * His book is a good book—an excellent book—in spite of some defects, and reading it will reward any one; and to journalists it is of the highest value.—*Boston Traveller.*

NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California: For Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $2 00; Cloth, $2 50.

All those good Americans who desire to see the magnificent pictures of the West before they die and go to Paris, will find in Mr. Nordhoff a guide at once entertaining and considerate. It might well be that the enthusiasm of an Eastern observer, used to a less generous soil, should lead to an unmeant exaggeration of the agricultural forces of California; but the writer, with his almost incredible facts, seems to be a very Gradgrind in the matter of figures—a beneficent Gradgrind to the emigrants who need to know something of the new Eden before that way they turn their hopeful steps. The first part of the book is given to the instruction of travellers, to definite details of ways, and places, and expenses. The description of the trip across the Continent, with its palace cars and its unexpected little luxuries, reads like nothing so much as an Arabian Nights' tale wherein the happy possessor of the lamp, or the ring, or the purse summons any number of obliging and comfort-bearing genii at will.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MIDDLEMARCH. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

It will probably be adjudged George Eliot's masterpiece, and by consequence it will take rank among the highest works of genius of the age. The secret of this wonderful woman's power is her profound insight into the working of the human heart in conjunction with the rare mastery of language by which she has always exactly the proper words to unfold them. Characterization is, therefore, her strongest point, and with this superiority to other great masters, that nothing of caricature, of extravagance, or of exaggeration is needed by her to impress her men and women on the reader's mind. The charm of George Eliot is undoubtedly her wonderful style, of which it may be said that grace and fitness characterize every sentence. In "Middlemarch" it reminds us of the elaborate and delicate work of the cameo-cutter, or the exquisite finish of a drinking-cup. But the pains that have been bestowed upon it have brought out many types of character in as strong relief as the head of Cæsar on the shell or the figures of Bacchante and Bacchanal on the goblet. The provincial English town is set before us with wonderful reality, and its population lives and moves in our sight; while that pretty Puritan, Dorothea, the heroine, enters as fully into our sympathies as if it had been our privilege to take her by the hand and look into her fathomless eyes. The book abounds in those pithy sayings which made Mrs. Poyser as individual as Dogberry, Sancho, or Sam Weller.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The author exhibits an insight into the secret heart of our nature scarcely less subtle and manifold than that of Shakspeare, and with the incisive, masterly touches of her pen produces a series of images, glowing with the warm breath of vitality, and so consonant with the revelations of experience, as scarcely to awaken the suspicion of art. Her delicacy of conception is fully matched by her vigor of execution. * * * Such a rare cabinet of character-sketches is perhaps not to be found in any other single production of English literature. With no grimace or distortion of feature, each personage exhibits some salient trait which takes him out of the sphere of commonplace, and furnishes a new study for the illustration of human nature.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With an Introduction by the Rev. P. SCHAFF, D.D. 618 pp., Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

This work embraces in one volume:

I. ON A FRESH REVISION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Second Edition, Revised. 196 pp.

II. ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT in Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 194 pp.

III. CONSIDERATIONS ON THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By J. C. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 178 pp.

Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., has done the Christian public a valuable and timely service in editing a popular edition of the "Revision of the English Version of the New Testament," as discussed by Lightfoot, Ellicott, and Trench. Heretofore the able writings of these authors on this important subject have only been obtainable in separate volumes. Here they are presented in one compact book, with an able and scholarly introduction by Dr. Schaff, which gives a clear account of the origin and expediency of the revision now in progress, the composition and ability of the commission engaged upon it, and concise illustrations of the changes to be made. The volume is to be warmly commended, and is emphatically a *multum in parvo.*—*Watchman and Reflector.*

There is no work of equal interest to all Christian bodies, and hardly any that appeals so strongly to Hebrew, Greek, and English scholars. Its nature is sketched in this abstract of the aim and history of the Commission, by those most able to report correctly. The probable result would seem to be a verbal purification of the text rather than any striking change. Those interested can find no better guide to the essay than this, that appeals quite as much to philologists as to communicants.—*American and Gazette*, Phila.

Not the least acceptable portion of the resultant octavo is the brief introduction by Mr. Schaff himself, wherein is a short account of the revision movement, an indication of the work assigned the American Committee, and, more than all, very many suggestions as to particulars of the revision.—*Christian Leader*, N. Y.

THE WANDERING HEIR. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Hard Cash," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," "Put Yourself in His Place," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 60 cents.

We defy any body to begin it without going breathlessly to the end.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

Is in some respects the best story that he has written since "Hard Cash." It is intensely interesting. We doubt if there is a more absolutely enchaining novel in existence. No reader can approach it, be his culture greater or less, without yielding to its spell. This begins almost with the first page, and never relaxes its hold for a moment to the end. The sketches of Irish character and habits of the last century are very graphic. Epigrammatic phrases stud them all over.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "In Silk Attire," "The Monarch of Mincing-Lane," "Kilmeny," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A charming book, full of beautiful scenery, and just such a bright and pleasant thread of story as beguiles the reader on. The book is really a novel one.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DR. WAINWRIGHT'S PATIENT. A Novel. By EDMUND YATES, Author of "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "Kissing the Rod," "Land at Last," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

FOR THE KING. An Historical Novel. By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "For Lack of Gold," "Robin Gray," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.